THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A[illegible]nj. Franklin

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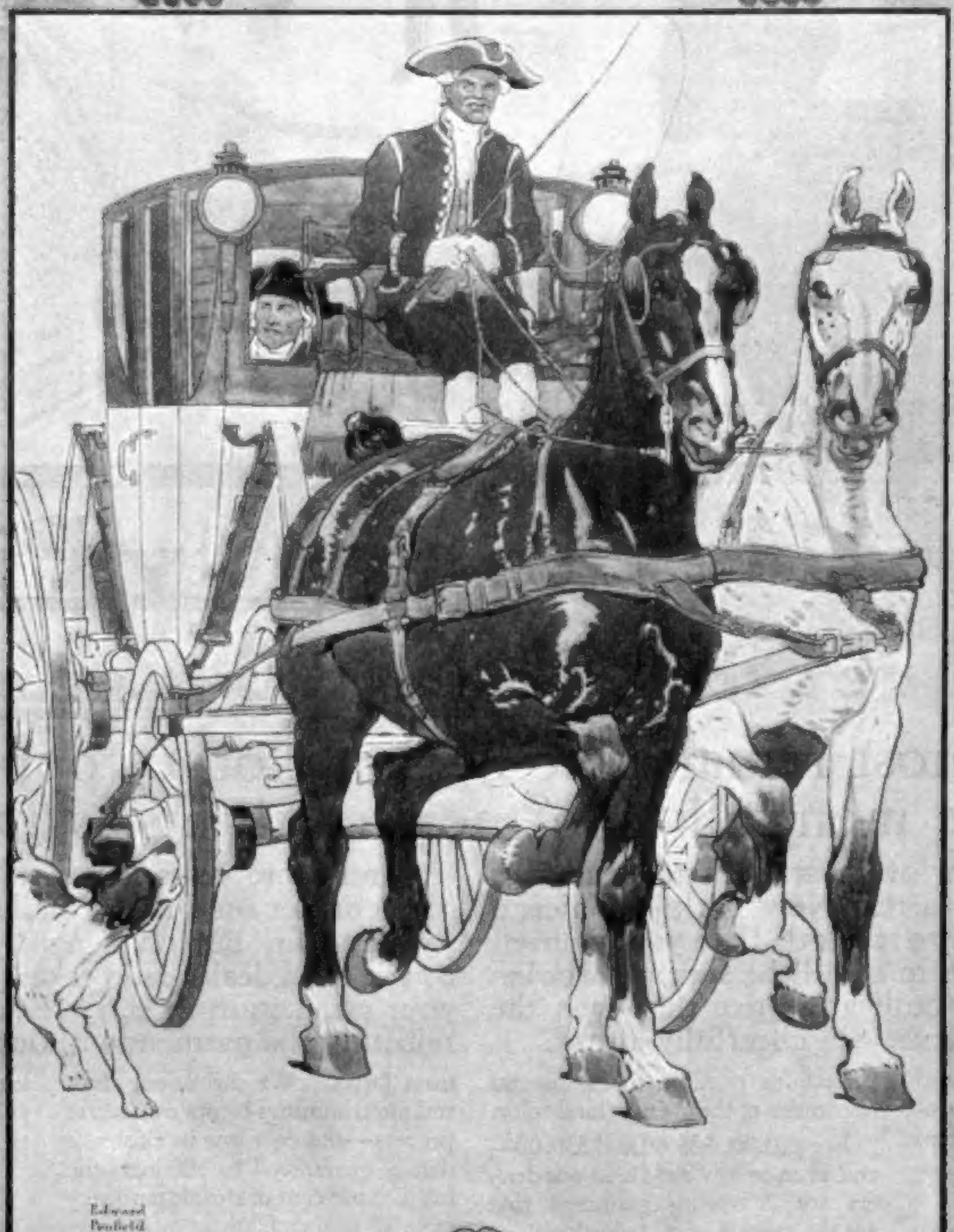

Edward Penfield

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POLITICAL PARTIES

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

FREE institutions, my fellow-citizens, cannot exist without political parties. Political parties are absolutely necessary to constitutional government," exclaims the orator of partisanship to his assembled fellow-citizens. "Hurrah for the party!" say his party followers.

"Of course, gentlemen, a political party depends upon its organization and discipline. In fact, the life of the party is the organization. So let us get to work and keep at work on our party organization," counsels the party leader at the caucus of his fellow-workers. "Hurrah for the organization!" say the party workers.

Let us say that this party leader and partisan orator is also an eminent lawyer—as sometimes happens. The next day he addresses a bar association. Rising to the climax of his oration he declares: "The Constitution is the ark of the covenant of our liberties. It is being insidiously invaded, and these invasions we must resist. Our only salvation as a people is to obey strictly the provisions of the Constitution and to oppose with all our might every effort to depart from its methods, its letter and its spirit." "Hurrah for the Constitution!" say the lawyers.

Yet the Constitution, which the modern party leader apotheosizes in the same breath with his deification of party, does not contemplate political parties; and it is a fact that the necessary workings of political parties have entirely nullified the Constitution in some of its important features.

Take, for example, the Presidency itself. The fathers believed that they had arranged for the choosing of the Nation's Chief Magistrate so as to secure for that all-important office the wisest, bravest and purest man. They did this by providing for the College of Electors. No obligation was supposed to bind these electors, no influence to control them. They were at liberty to vote for anybody. The idea was that they would select the best man in the whole Republic to be the President; and that is the theory of the Constitution to this day—not the theory only, but its actual provision.

Yet political parties have reversed this arrangement which the fathers regarded as the masterpiece of their wisdom. A presidential elector has the legal power to vote in the electoral college for any man he pleases; but he has not the moral power—he hardly has the physical power. For were either a Democratic or Republican elector to vote for any other man except the nominee of his party for President, he would be made very uncomfortable—his life even might be in peril if his vote changed the result of the election on the question of the Presidency.

Custom Stronger Than the Constitution

AND so the College of Presidential Electors thus laboriously arranged by the Constitution is now a college of manikins, completely robbed of both judgment and will. It is the same with the Senate—the necessary action of political parties has by custom generally confined the choice of a Senator to some member of the victorious party.

Or take the House. The Constitution leaves any Congressional district in any state free to choose its representative in Congress from any part of the state. And this was done to enable the people of one district to choose the best man from another district when that man, by reason of local disturbances, is not chosen by the people of his home; just as is the case in England today. Yet this arrangement of the Constitution, designed to secure the highest merit in choosing the Nation's lawgivers, has been almost as firmly changed by custom of political parties as if a formal amendment to the Constitution had been adopted; for, in practice, a Representative in Congress must be chosen from his own district, liberty of the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding.

Listen, now, to this trumpet blast from the combined partisan leader, organization manager and constitutional lawyer whom I have been quoting: "The great departments of the Government must be kept separate. The Constitution commands it; the preservation of liberty requires it. The executive must not interfere with the legislative nor the legislative encroach upon the executive."

Yet political parties unite the legislative and executive. Most legislation that is not routine is to "carry out the policies of the Administration," is it not? And "party loyalty" requires the members of House and Senate who belong to the Administration party to "stand by Administration measures" just as "party loyalty" persuades members of the opposition party in House and Senate to resist them. So you see that political parties, without which "constitutional government is impossible," bind together the legislative and executive branches of the Government which "the Constitution makes separate and independent."

There are plenty of such examples, but these are sufficient to show the philosophical confusion and uninformed dogmatism—let us not say ignorance—of those who declare in the same breath that "political parties are essential to a constitutional government," on the one hand, and that "the Constitution must be lived up to," on the other hand.

Washington Opposed to Party Spirit

OF COURSE, some of our greatest men have thought political parties dangerous. For example, Washington denounced them in his Farewell Address, the most thoughtful of all his public utterances and prepared after consultation with his ablest advisers. Said Washington to the American people:

"Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally. . . . The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. . . . The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

"It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public Administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the Government itself through the channels of party passions. . . .

"There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain that there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being a constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

Yet political parties sprang up and increasingly thrived after Washington was gone—sprang up and thrived and ruled in spite of their malediction by the Father of His Country, in spite of the provisions of "the most wonderful work ever struck off

at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," as Gladstone so grandiloquently said of our Constitution.

To revolutionize thus silently the most careful and positive provisions of our fundamental law, as political parties have done, shows that political parties must have their roots in the nature of things. So, just what are political parties?

Why, of course, political parties are groups of citizens acting in common to support or oppose a principle or policy in which they believe or disbelieve. Citizens must act in common in choosing candidates who are to carry out their mutual views—otherwise they would be paralyzed with a multitude of candidates. They must act in common in stating their views and in putting the merits of them before the country—otherwise there would be a chaos of opinion without result.

It is in this sense that political parties are said to be necessary to free institutions—they appear to be the only method thus far discovered of enabling masses of citizens to get their large needs and purposes accomplished. Thus, too, grows up the need for a "party organization." The idea of the political party implies organization—that is what acting in common means.

The political party, therefore, is merely the agent of the citizens that compose it, and the organization merely the agent of the party. Organization is as necessary to parties as parties are necessary to citizens. The party is the tool with which the citizen does the work of free government, and the organization the handle to that tool.

How Party Lines are Blotted Out

SO A PARTY must have solidarity—its voters must stand together. Sometimes the solidarity of a party's office-holders is mistaken for the solidarity of a party's voters—quite an error, that, isn't it? But the life of a party depends upon expansion a good deal more than it does on solidarity. I mean by this that it must grow. Let it act so that by the sheer excellence of its candidates and its public work it gets votes from the other party and it will hold its own. A successful party must so conduct the government, so wisely and righteously answer public questions, that those who were its members yesterday will be proud of that fact today, and that thousands of citizens who belong to other parties will join it tomorrow.

Or the party opposed to this successful party must so clearly, cleanly and unitedly stand against the errors and wrongs of the party in power, so plainly and ably mark out a straighter and truer course of public policy that it can not only hold its own members but win over members of the other party. It is not enough for the party in opposition to do nothing more than vexatiously oppose the party in power. Mere negation wins few voters—buncombe denunciation wins fewer.

It is far worse, of course, where the opposition party does not stand unitedly for any definite thing; where, for example, some of its representatives in Senate and House repudiate the specific declarations of its platform, vote now one way and now another way on public questions when its proclaimed principles and traditions dictate a straight and single course of action. For it then ceases to be an opposition party, or, indeed, any kind of a party; and so far from winning to itself voters outside of its ranks, such a motley opposition party cannot and ought not to hold its own voters.

There ought to be a strong, compact, able and efficient opposition party in this country. If we are to have parties at all it is unfortunate that this is not the case—for does not every thinking, reading man know that it is not the case as matters now stand? Not only as a citizen, but also as a Republican, I should earnestly welcome such an opposition party. And the stronger, purer, braver and more ably led such an opposition, the better for the country and the better for my own party; for my own party would then have to be still abler and still better than the excellent opposition party I am describing.

Mere pot-shot warfare with wax bullets from air-guns against the party in power does not constitute an opposition party. A conviction upon the part of the people that opposition leaders are not sincere and that their attacks upon the party in power are mere sheet-iron thundering for stage effect does not give an opposition party any strength at all. It is still worse, of course, where, in the final outcome, legislation about which there has been apparent wrangling turns out to be bi-partisan when it comes to the voting.

But, after all, this situation is not without a certain advantage to the public—for it increases, and ought to increase, the tendency of those citizens who would support a compact, consistent and sincere opposition party to vote for the man who will make the best public servant, no matter to what party he belongs.

All this merely means that party solidarity can be compelled only by the practical good sense and clean-cut uprightness of the legislation it enacts and by its conduct of the government. A party will grow on no other food than the sincere appeal to the mind and conscience of the citizen.

All this is so plain that it is dull. Very well! How do parties get away from it? What do you think of this explanation: It is human to forget the purpose and remember the form. So the citizen who gives his allegiance to a party to accomplish a great purpose in which he deeply believes will, when that purpose is accomplished, continue his support of that party without knowing much about what it does, unless it does something outrageous. And, of course, he pays no attention to the party organization—he is not induced to interest himself in it. Rather he is discouraged from taking a hand in making the organization. The managers prefer to attend to that detail themselves.

Thus gradually the party becomes paramount to the citizen and the organization paramount to the party. The theory of the nature and purpose of the political party is reversed—the citizen becomes the tool of the organization and the party the handle of that tool. This, of course, means that under certain circumstances campaigns become little more than vendettas between factions, mere warfare of opposing *condottieri* fighting for offices, or powerful and hidden interests manipulating both groups of guerrillas for the benefit of those interests.

Thus the very purpose of a political party is defeated. The welfare of the party absorbs the thought and effort of the leader instead of the welfare of the country absorbing the thought and effort of the statesman. The form has taken the place of the substance. It leads, too, to a curious intimacy of the leaders of the organization of the two parties—a strange sort of fellow-feeling and partnership among them.

Everybody knows what evils follow this condition—everybody has seen them in both parties. It was his foresight of these evils that aroused the moderate Washington to lay the lash on the spirit of party. But most political maladies have their remedy in the action of human nature itself. When the subversion of a party by its organization becomes too glaring, the citizen who joined the party for principle's sake begins to rebel.

The Rise of the Independent

THUS gradually grows up the independent party voter—the man who belongs to the party, who believes in its general principles, but who will not, so far as his vote is concerned, permit the party name to be used for improper legislation or unfit candidates. Unconsciously to himself, he becomes a wiser partisan than the party manager himself. His attitude is a moral and mental party tonic that keeps the organization of political parties from degenerating into mere bands of brigands.

Particularly is this so when no great issues divide citizens into sharply-marked camps of hostile thought and conviction. When a really profound question, such as the question of union or disunion in 1860, or the clear-cut question of a tariff for protection or a tariff for revenue only in 1884 and 1888, or the question of a gold standard versus free silver in 1896, or the question of holding or surrendering the Philippines in 1900—when any mighty questions like these appeal to the conscience and intellect of our millions, party alignments take care of themselves. No party whip is necessary to drive the reluctant voter to the polls. His brain and heart speed him there on the flying feet of a fervid belief. The party is again the instrument of his steady purpose; the party is again the tool of his determined will.

But no such appeal is possible when great issues like these do not engage the citizen's attention. When such an elemental contest is over the party organization goes on with the impetus which that mighty conflict has given it. It is in such a situation that the independent party voter begins to vote for the Man rather than the Party. It is useless to scold about all this—it is the fact and you cannot browbeat a fact. A fact doesn't care how much you maul and abuse it.

And it is a fact, is it not, that to the average citizen, just at the present time, the Man is looming larger and larger in our politics and the Party smaller and smaller? If this is a fact then we party men must give heed to it. When the voter is more concerned in the man because no issue is big enough to concern the voter or because party lines have gotten badly tangled, or for any reason, then let us see that our party's standard is in the hands of the very strongest man we have—that alone will "catch the voter."

Frankly, now, is not the growing vagueness of party lines a fact? Is not the increasing indifference of the voter to party discipline a fact? Let us face the situation, whatever it is. There is no folly like the folly of self-deception. Consider this:

Three years ago a mass-meeting was held at a county seat. Many thousands of people were present. Among these were eight young men, all under twenty-seven years of age. They were school-teachers from an adjoining county who had come to this big meeting to hear the "issues discussed," as the billboards and newspapers say.

These eight young school-teachers went to the hotel and dined at the same table. "The speaker of the occasion" sat with them instead of eating with the committee—he wanted to find out what these typical young men were thinking. It turned out that five of these pedagogues were Democrats and three were Republicans. One of the former pleasantly remarked in the discussion of some question: "I'm a Democrat, as Mr. Hill said, but ——"

"Tell me, does that name mean anything to you?" asked another at the table.

"Not a thing," answered the young Democratic school-teacher.

"Don't be elated over that answer," spoke up another of these youthful teachers, "for I'm a Republican and that name does not mean anything to me. Both of us are in the same boat, you see."

"You amaze me," said their questioner. "If the names Democrat and Republican mean nothing to you, what does mean anything to you?"

"Why"—spoke up a third member of this astonishing group of independent-thinking educators—"Why," said he, "Right and Wrong—those are the words that mean something to us. Is the proposed solution of any question wise or foolish, workable or impracticable, right or wrong? This is the only thing that interests us."

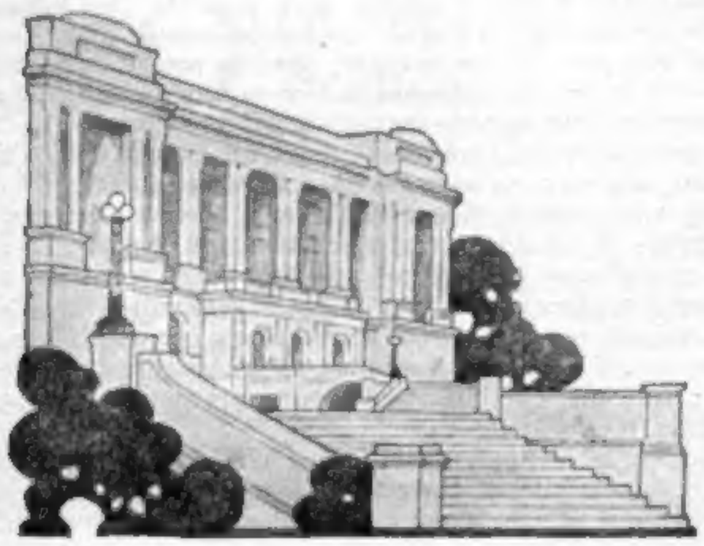
The Views of a Hard-Headed Young Man

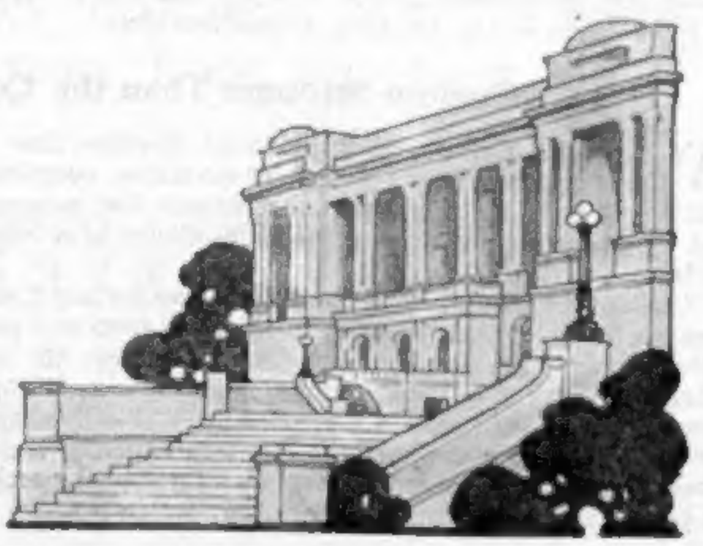
HERE was good, clear American thinking and good, stout American courage of the Lexington-Concord kind. Pursuing so promising a lead the others were asked if this was their view, too.

"Yes, and even broader than that," replied the eldest of these young men—a grave, dignified, weightily-spoken young chap. "When no great issue is up the dividing lines between parties almost disappear; and they ought to disappear for the same reason that will make them reappear when some great issue arises. But in times like the present it is honesty and ability that we want in office more than party names. Most of our legislation is routine, and honesty and ability will take care of it. So none of us at this table takes any stock at all in the partisan orator. I am a Democrat, as my friend and three others of the eight of us are; and it disgusts all of us to hear some cheap demagogue roar at us from the stump a lot of claptrap about 'the historic party of the people which Jefferson founded,' just as our Republican friends here will tell you that it displeases them to hear a Republican 'spellbinder' emotionalize about 'the grand old party of the people which Lincoln founded.'

This kind of talk is not agreeable to the lifelong partisan—I, myself, am thrilled by the memory of Lincoln's leadership of my party, uplifted by the noble memories of those great men who wrought high ideals into practical facts and wove them into the warp and woof of my party's deeds and history. So it seems abhorrent to hear such words as I have quoted spoken—almost a sacrilege to hear such irreverent opinions proclaimed. But there they are—that's the point.

Such opinions do exist and are growing. Perhaps they are repellent to us party men because our idea of party loyalty was handed down to us from those to whom party was synonymous with country—and justly so. Perhaps





these newer views are born of new conditions. But no matter—men are talking just such sentiments every day. Abuse will not suppress them—rather abuse will stimulate them. So let us hear more of this typical conversation.

"That's so," emphatically broke in one of the Republican teachers. "We want something modern; we want to know whether a policy or a piece of legislation will be a good thing for the country or the reverse; and we want to know why. To label a proposed policy or law Democratic or Republican, or even Socialistic, neither condemns nor commends it in our eyes. Such labels cut no ice any more. We want facts, not epitheta. We want reasons, not placards."

This is an example of what you may hear anywhere throughout the whole Republic, except, perhaps, in the South, which seems to remain curiously partisan.

The number of these halter-free voters is increasing. And, after all, the reason for this increasing independence of the orders of party leaders is not mysterious. No, on the contrary, it is quite clear. There is no use paltering with perhapses and maybes as I did just now. For the cause of it stands before us. The views of the young schoolteachers made the reason for party insubordination of the party voter rather plain, did they not? The insolence of party bosses who think that citizens can be driven by the dread word "regularity" to support anybody or anything is a prominent cause in itself. Indeed, their methods constitute a recurring and conspicuous cause.

For consider how party candidates too often are named and party platforms too often are adopted in those periods when the concern of the Nation's voters is not set on fire by some commanding question. The professional politician who in grave crises is an effective servant of his party becomes, when that crisis is over, the master of his party; for party management and affairs are his business just as farming or manufacturing or merchandising is the business of the ordinary voter.

So these men form into little groups or factions, each contending for the control of the party organization. In this struggle craft, energy and money—above all, money—are enlisted. The victorious group, of course, wants its pets nominated for office, for these men, if nominated and elected, carry out the general purposes of those who made them; and the interests that contributed money expect a return either in the making of the laws or the conduct of the administration, whether municipal, state or national.

In some localities such an organization seems permanently intrenched; witness the noisome Tammany organization, for example. But generally, one group succeeds another—and each makes the same mistake in the end.

Just here is where the independent party voter gets in his work. The party loses strength, in spite of the ravings of the partisan orator on the stump, in spite of an appeal to regularity, in spite of the crack of the party whip. Thus the independent party man becomes a corrective of party decadence. Thus he keeps his party "up to the notch," as the saying is. Have you ever thought that the Australian ballot is an unconscious effort of the citizen against partisan autocracy as well as a conscious effort against corruption? It enables the citizen to defy the bosses, and yet escape the wrath of the bosses for his independence.

So it is clear, is it not, that the organization will serve its party better by taking heed of the independent party voter? Let the organization keep close to the people if it would have the people keep close to it. One way to keep the organization from the ruinous habits of party tyranny instead of its proper function of party service is to let the party voter of every kind feel that he himself may have a hand in the making of the organization; and, of course, you cannot make him feel that way unless it actually is that way—nobody can fool anybody nowadays.

Fully one-half of the estrangement that grows up between the party organization and the party voter is due to the fact that the latter has had nothing to do with making the organization, and knows that he cannot have a hand in making it, no matter how much he may wish to do so. This is all wrong.

The whole party management must be responsive to the people if we are to have that unity between the organization and the voter that alone constitutes real party solidarity. No party can get along without the independent party voter; and the way to unite the independent party voter and the organization is for the latter to realize that its work is in the nature of public service just as much as the work of a Congressman or Senator or any other public officer is public work.

Don't confuse this independent party voter with the party sorehead, as our stinging American way of speaking brands him. The former is as different from the latter as Paul Revere was from Benedict Arnold. The man with a personal grievance votes against his party for revenge, for pique or for any other unworthy personal reason. Perhaps he has been an unsuccessful candidate for an office before his party convention—his defeat makes him sore, as the saying is.

Perhaps he could not get an appointive office, either through unfitness—which no man himself ever admits—or because there were not enough offices to go around. Perhaps he was not consulted about this, that or the other—perhaps any one of a dozen causes so familiar to anybody who knows anything about American political life leads him to take the warpath. So he rallies his little group of personal followers and takes to the woods, as bandits have done for all time.

Such a man is a far worse citizen than the hard-shelled partisan who votes with his party, right or wrong. For the political grouch, as they are now calling him, has no principles of any kind—he is moved only by the grossest selfishness. He never is trying to help any party to be better—he is only executing revenges.

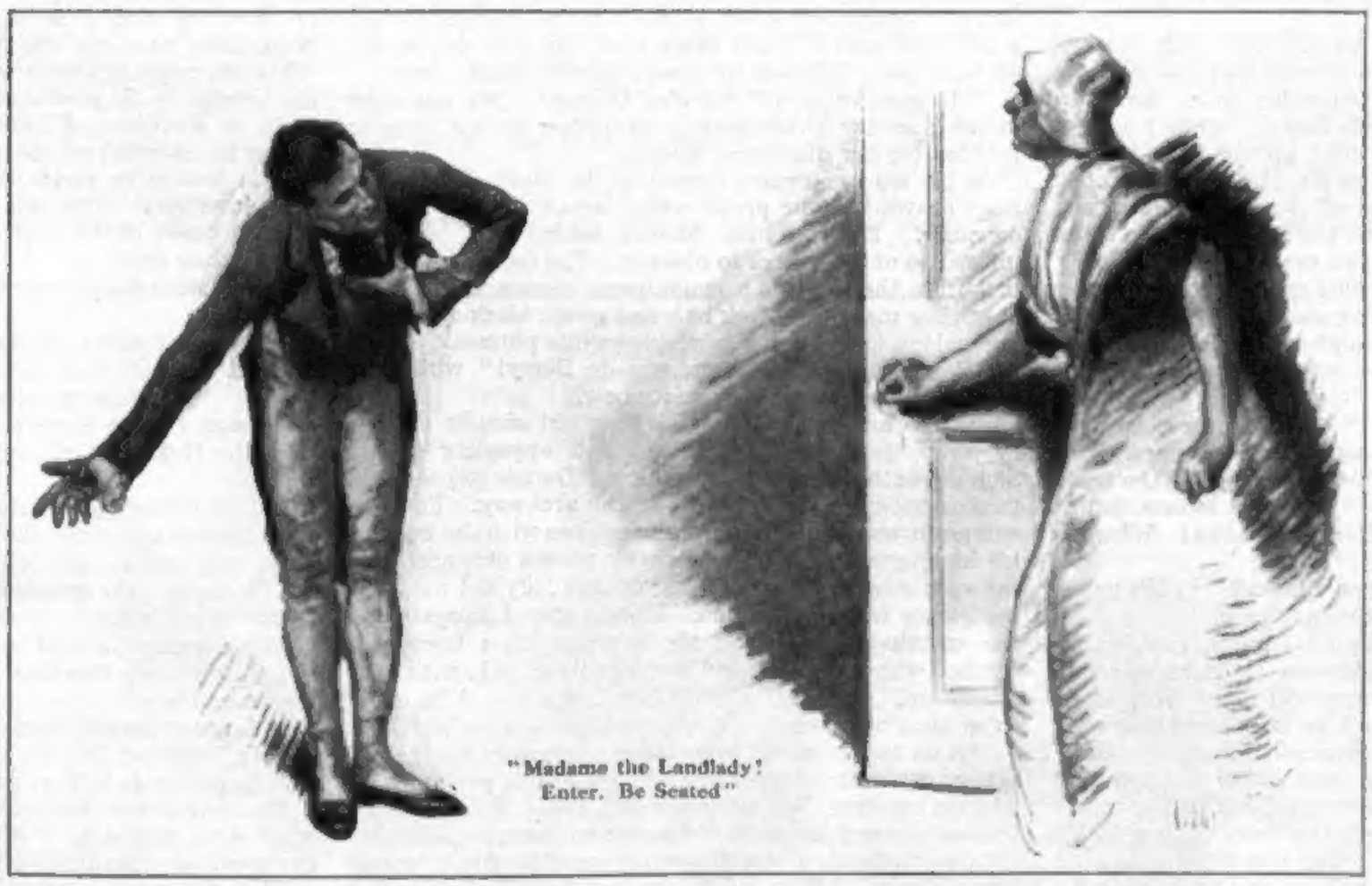
And if this political sorehead is unlike the independent party voter he is still more unlike the out-and-out independent voter—the man who disavows all political parties and votes independently, now with this party and now with that, as a matter of conscientious principle. We used to call this kind of a man a mugwump, and there was a time when he was greatly derided. But the mugwump is not derided any longer. Even the stanchest partisans that are also honest men have come to know him as a

(Concluded on Page 41)

THE DEBUT OF DUMAS

Audacity Wins the Day—By Henry M. Hyde

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



"Madame the Landlady! Enter. Be Seated"

THE young man who was sitting on the empty champagne box finished writing a single line on the card and sprang to his feet.

"There," he cried, "the magic wand is ready, Michel, my boy. The whole business is as good as done."

"Yes, Master, of course," stammered the other, with a comical expression of astonishment on his face.

"We may as well arrange a little celebration for this evening. Go down to old Dousang on the ground floor and say this: 'M. Dumas presents his compliments and invites the honor of M. Dousang's company at midnight in his apartments.' Wait till he accepts. Then this: 'Being at some distance from his banker's, M. Dumas will be grateful for the temporary loan of a hundred francs.' He hesitates. Very well. Then, O Prince of Servants, you say this: 'M. Dumas, who is now on his way to an appointment at the Palais Royal, expects several of M. Dousang's fellow-members in the revolutionary party to be present.' That will fetch him. Now be off."

As Michel clattered down the steep stone steps the young man turned to the mirror and surveyed himself with satisfaction. His big, black eyes were blazing, there was a ruddy glow on his olive cheeks, and his thick, black curls were closely clipped. His right hand thrust into the bosom of his long, green coat, he bowed profoundly to his reflection in the mirror. He was interrupted by a knock at the door. With his right hand he waved a warning to his image and kept silent. The knocking redoubled.

"Alas! It is not locked!" he whispered under his breath, and started to tiptoe across the room. Before he reached the door it was pushed violently open and an irate old woman entered. The young man straightened himself and bowed profoundly..

"Madame the landlady!" he said grandly. "Enter, Madame. Be seated."

He waved one hand toward the empty champagne box. The old woman shook her head with scorn. With the grace of a courtier he seized her knobby and grimed old hand in his own and, in spite of her reluctance, led her across the room and seated her on the box.

"Madame calls, perhaps, for the rent. Alas! Madame does not understand. Behold, I am Alexandre Dumas. I am on my way to an appointment with the Duc d'Orleans"—he put the slip of paper into her hand. "My residence here shall make of Madame's humble lodging a literary shrine. In ten—five—years people shall call in multitudes, paying gladly one franc for a mere billet of admittance. A hundred visitors a day—three thousand francs income the month—and that without the slightest expense. Ah, Madame, I shall make No. 1 Boulevard des Italiens a veritable gold mine."

"But my rent!" said the old woman, wiping her nose with her apron.

"What are twenty francs a month to me!" the young man cried, pulling a roll of banknotes from his waistcoat pocket. "Look! Here are five thousand francs." He counted it before the dazzled eyes of the ancient dame. "Alas! It is all promised to my jeweler, who makes a laurel wreath of solid silver to be presented tonight to the new dramatist by one of his most ardent admirers." He bowed profoundly to his image in the glass. "If he does not require the cash beforehand I shall return the wreath after the performance. And then—Madame! Otherwise——" With a shrug of his shoulders he sank down on

the cot bed covered with a rumpled blanket.

Bewildered at the sight of so much money, the landlady, sniffling violently, rose to go.

"But wait, Madame," cried the youth, jumping up again to his feet. "At midnight my colleagues of the profession gather here to congratulate me. I shall furnish the wine. It shall be your part to provide furniture—tables for fifteen or twenty, and as many chairs. In the matter of viands we are by no means particular. White bread and *poulet rôti* are sufficient—with such trifling additions as shall please the taste of Madame in the matter of a late supper—remembering always the distinguished character of my guests. My servant, Michel, shall assist you in the serving."

"But, finally, my rent money," sniffled the landlady, quite overcome by all this palaver. The young Dumas seized again her reluctant hand and touched it with his lips, leading her, meanwhile to the open door. "Calm yourself, Madame," he said grandly. "Even now my secretary, Michel, is returning from a visit to my banker. Doubtless you will meet him on the stairs. Presently he shall bring you, with my compliments, a ten-franc piece as a slight appreciation of the trouble you are going to take on my behalf. Remember, also, the not distant future, with the sign over the entrance: 'Here Lived Alexandre Dumas.' With all my heart, Madame, I congratulate you. Must I bid you adieu?"

Standing on the stone step at the top to watch the old woman's descent Dumas indeed saw Michel turn the corner at the landing below.

"Michel," he cried, "you have been to the banker and have the money I sent for?"

"I have fifty francs, Master."

"Excellent. Give a ten-franc piece, with my compliments, to Madame Bigot, and hurry. We are late."

Turning at once into his room Dumas stopped before the mirror and arranged again the large pin which fastened his purple cravat. When Michel entered he spoke without turning his head.

"Dousang refused me?"

"Oh, no, Master. I have the hundred francs. But—the landlady!"

"You cut the sum in two to deceive her? Bah, Michel! That is poor shrewdness. The more money one displays the less one need pay out. Remember that. And now listen. We must go to the Palais Royal. While I display this pass to the sentry"—he held up the card he had written—"you must slip by him into the reception-room. They will ask who you are; they will growl at you savagely, like this—'R-r-r-r-r!' Bah! Don't be frightened and stand there silent like a fool! Don't you remember?"

Pulling himself up stiffly Michel spoke, with a clumsy bob of his head, a couple of short sentences.

"Yes! But more spirit, if you please, Michel. Remember"—with a grand air—"whose servant you are."

"I'll try, Master."

"'Who is your master, dog?'" Snarling these words in the hoarse voice of simulated passion, the young Dumas sprang forward and shook his fist in the face of the trembling and white-faced servant. "They will scream that at you more savagely still. Well—well? Idiot! Where is your answer?"

Poor Michel backed up against the wall. "'His name, Sire——'" he began in a voice that shook.

"Yes, that's right," interrupted Dumas, rubbing his hands together in anticipated pleasure. "And now comes the climax. The Director-General will rage. Very likely he will assault you. Now, don't be frightened," he went on, as Michel cast anxious glances toward the door. "Just at the right moment I shall burst in. Heavens! what an effective entrance! Come! I can hardly wait."

They clattered together down the three narrow flights of stone steps and out into the tiny courtyard. As they swung out on to the broad, white flagging Dumas placed a white hand gracefully on the shoulder of his servant. "Two paces to the rear, in public, if you please, Michel," he said. "As we proceed, observe the fit of my new coat."

It was a golden world into which they had descended. The deep-blue sky was shot through with shimmering threads of gold. As they turned the corner of the Rue de Richelieu the sun gilded the narrow white fronts of the tall houses standing tightly pressed together like the edges of a closed book of life. At the end of the street they saw, on one side, the lush green of the Tuileries Gardens reflecting tender shades of yellow. Over beyond the gardens the Seine glittered like the golden shield of Charlemagne.

"The Water Had Grown So Cold That the Baron's Teeth Were Chattering"

There was no heat in the air. It was soft and grateful, full of the new strangeness of spring. Dumas straightened his tall, lithe figure, squared his broad shoulders and filled his lungs. The little, cool breeze tasted of spring—a wayward, irresponsible flavor of change and restlessness. The streets were astir with people, smiling and jesting, half out of plain good feeling, half to hide an uneasy apprehension. For, under the balm and blandness of spring, one felt an uneasy tension. Over in the Faubourg St. Antoine the curbstone buzz was already pitched in a strident key. And men shook their heads to remember that, in such fresh, young weather, growths stranger than daffodils often sprang out of the stony soil of Paris streets.

"Bah! Michel!" cried the youth, breaking his grand strut with an exuberant skip. "What do we care about barricades and street fighting? We have more important affairs in hand—you and I!"

They passed down the long façade of the Palais Royal and were nearing the great entrance to the courtyard when a tall, thin man in rusty black came out into the street. He was closely followed by three others in similar attire.

"The good Oudard," chuckled Dumas. "My late chief in the Forestry Department. Doubtless he has been to petition for our discharge, Michel."

As the sinister figures turned to the south a state carriage drawn by four proud white horses drew up to the entrance. Dumas, with Michel behind him, stopped under one of the arches to observe. The footman handed first from the carriage a magnificent woman in a figured gown, her masses of black hair and great, black eyes shining under a huge hat with sweeping white plumes.

"Her Highness, the Duchesse de Berry!" whispered Dumas, with a quite unconscious bow.

Behind her descended a slender girl simply dressed in white, looking very delicate and appealing in her blonde youthfulness. For an instant Dumas stepped still farther back into the shadow of the archway. Then he sprang forward and swept the flagstones with the brim of his high, green hat. The Duchesse passed him unseeing, her eyes straight ahead. The younger lady did not raise her glance from the ground. Dumas stared haughtily at the grinning footman on the carriage, then turned to Michel, who lurked behind, pop-eyed and pale with consternation. "Never mind, Michel, my boy," he said. "Our time will come!"

Out on to the street from the courtyard came the tall old sentry, sent to drive away loiterers who presumed to address royalty. But before he had issued his grim order Dumas stopped him with a magnificent gesture.

"One moment, if you please, my good Fuchet," he said impressively. "Step inside the courtyard with me. I have something to show you." He pulled from the pocket of his waistcoat the magic card which he had written in his lodging. As Fuchet bent his old eyes over the writing on the bit of pasteboard Dumas slyly kicked Michel in the calf and winked aggressively at the door of the reception-room across the narrow courtyard. With a helpless shrug of his shoulders Michel slipped across the stone paving, pushed open the door and disappeared within.

What he saw as he entered left him too frightened even to retreat. In his awkwardness he forgot to remove his hat. He remained, his shoulders hunched together, leaning against the wall at the side of the door.

Almost opposite him, across the great room, stood an old gentleman, his hair in a white pigtail, bowed stiffly over the gilded and carved table. One of his hands, surrounded by a ruffle of lace, was thrust into his flowered silk waistcoat. Before him stood the Duchesse de Berry and her companion.

"We missed your Excellency at our ball last night," the Duchesse was saying with a slight, ironical bow.

"Your Highness, I grow old and find myself in no humor for gay revelry," answered the old man, his head still bowed.

"You work too hard, M. the Director-General," smiled the Duchesse. "You would be better for a long rest and a little excitement. Our ball might have amused you. Paris, we think, has seen few more brilliant."

"Brilliant, indeed—from the jewels of the ladies to the fireworks in the garden! Paris has seen nothing like it since the days of Marie Antoinette!"

The Duchesse de Berry drew herself up haughtily, her black eyes flashing. "Monsieur de Broval, it is not for a frivolous woman further to interrupt so devoted a servant of the state. The Duc d'Orleans?" she demanded in an imperious voice.

M. de Broval, his white head still obsequiously bent, walked with a queer little strut to the end of the room and pulled aside the green velvet curtains that covered the high doors. "Awaits your Highness in his cabinet," he said.

As the Duchesse swept by, followed by her young companion, her even gaze fell on the ludicrous figure of Michel cowering against the wall, and into her eyes came a momentary flash of amusement. When the curtains fell behind her De Broval shrugged his shoulders and, with an airy gesture, took a pinch of snuff from a box extended by one of his clerks. "Bah!" he cried. "This woman from Naples and her wild extravagance!"

The clerk lifted his hand in an appealing gesture. "My General!" he said.

"But no," cried the old man with another shrug, "when one has all Paris snarling at his heels what matters the fury of a royal princess? Yesterday M. Devoilaine appropriates fifty thousand francs for her ball. Today she pays her debt by introducing his daughter at court. And truly," he went on with a sardonic chuckle, "her ball was a Neapolitan fête—for she danced upon a volcano. Aye! While the royal quadrille was in progress the mob burned the benches in the garden outside."

As he straightened himself from the delivery of this thrust his eyes fell on the cowering figure of poor Michel. For an instant he stood staring, speechless, at the audacious interloper. The four clerks, who have been working at high desks in the four corners of the room, gathered behind their chief.

"Well, what have we here?" burst out the old Director-General.

With the courage of desperation Michel took a step forward from the wall, nervously closing and opening his fingers. "I am the servant of my master, who waits outside; and I have come to arrange an audience for him with the Duke of Orleans," he said, speaking all in one breath.

Old De Broval gasped at his audacity and sank back into a chair which one of the clerks pushed forward. "And who, pray, may your master be?"

"He is the only grandson of the Marquis de la Pailleterie," quoth Michel in a single word.

The Director-General leaned forward and put the tips of his white fingers together. Above them he smiled most disconcertingly.

"Marquis himself, then, naturally," he purred.

"No," blurted Michel, "my master takes the position that he prefers to be his own ancestor."

The four clerks discreetly hid their mirth. De Broval's small eyes snapped. "Well, what is the name of this extraordinary master of yours, blockhead?"

Michel bowed awkwardly and, suddenly remembering, took his hat from his head. "His name, sir," he announced with a dramatic flourish, "is Alexandre Dumas."

Now, indeed, the quartet of clerks were convulsed with mirth. The Director-General sprang to his feet in a rage, while Michel fell back close against the wall. At the same moment the green curtains at the end of the room parted slightly and the Duchesse de Berry peered out for an instant. On her face was a most unroyal mirth.

De Broval waved one of his lace ruffles in the face of the cowering Michel. "Go and tell your beggar of a master," he cried, "that he was this morning discharged from the service of his Majesty, on the petition of M. Oudard, and

that neither now nor any other time will his insolence enable him to penetrate to the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans!"

As Michel clumsily dropped his hat on the floor and turned one shoulder to the threatening wrath the small door leading to the courtyard was thrown open and the hoarse voice of the sentry announced: "Monsieur Alexandre Dumas."

On the word Dumas swung jauntily in, hat and gloves in hand, bowing in a half-patronizing way to the Director-General. "Sentry!" screamed old De Broval in a voice of anger, pointing his trembling forefinger at the intruder. The clerks stood back, fairly aghast.

Fuchet, the old soldier on duty in the courtyard, entered and stood at salute. "Yes, my General," he said.

"By what right," cried De Broval, "did you admit this person?"

"Because," answered Fuchet with another salute, handing a card to the old man, "he bore this pass, my General."

With increasing anger De Broval took the bit of paper between his thumb and forefinger and, with difficulty, adjusted his glass.

The four clerks gathered behind him to look over his shoulders as he read. Dumas, meanwhile, glancing easily around the great room, caught a momentary glimpse of a smiling face peering between the green curtains, which disappeared at once, but not before he had struck an attitude and bowed in its direction.

"This order," read De Broval in his quavering old voice, "entitles Monsieur Alexandre Dumas to two seats at the Comédie—and—and will admit him to my presence at any time. Signed 'Orleans.'"

As he finished one of the clerks leaned over and, with a bow, took the card from the hand of his chief. "Pardon, my General," he said as he bent to scrutinize the card, "but—but this is a plain forgery. The second line"—he read aloud from the card—"'and will admit him to my presence at any time' is written in a different hand, and the ink is hardly dry upon it."

The Director-General took the card again and studied it with exceeding care. Looking up, he addressed Dumas in a tone of burlesque courtesy. "So, my young Marquis," he sneered, "you add forgery to your many other accomplishments?"

Quite unabashed, Dumas drew himself up proudly. "Do you presume to question the signature of your master, the Duke?" he demanded.

"Insolent to the last!" sneered the Director-General. "You have taken this old order for places at the theater, given you by the kindness of the Duke, and have written into it this permit to his presence. Pray, whom do you expect to deceive by such a fraud?"

"Your sentry, perhaps, my General," answered Dumas, smiling and entirely self-possessed. With magnificent self-assurance he walked across the room and sat down calmly in the great armchair which De Broval had vacated. "But let that pass," he went on. "The unfortunate slip of paper has served its purpose. Will you see"—he waved his gloves airily in the direction of De Broval—"when I may have a moment's interview with his Highness the Duke?"

The old Director-General danced with rage. "Name of a dog! Scum! Pauper!" the old man sputtered. "I will teach you ——"

One of the clerks, who had stood stupefied by the display of impudence, slipped forward and plucked his chief by the lace ruffle about his wrist. "Behold, my General," he whispered, pointing to the end of the room. The heavy curtain had been pushed aside and through the door came a man in military uniform, followed by two ladies. The elder of them wore a black lace scarf about her head and her eyes were covered with a velvet mask.

"His Highness, the Duc d'Orleans," sounded in loud tones the voice of the usher.

Dumas sprang from his chair and stood beside De Broval, as, clerks and all, they bowed low. "What means this disturbance, De Broval?" asked the Duke severely, as, with one of the ladies on either side, he sat down behind the table. The old Director-General composed himself with difficulty. When he spoke his voice still trembled with indignation.

"This insolent young upstart, Dumas, your Highness," he began. At the mention of his name Dumas took two steps to the front and bent his head submissively, his eyes on the ground. The face of the lady in the mask wore an amused smile. The Duke of Orleans, interrupting, addressed the culprit directly.

"This morning, sir," he said sternly, "I was obliged to cancel your appointment."

"The kind heart of your Highness might have been spared that momentary pang," answered the tall youth, his eyes still cast down, "for yesterday I had already resigned it."

The Duke glanced at the lady at his right, then, his own face still severe, looked again at Dumas. "It is a pity, young Dumas," he said. "As a clerk you gave promise. You write a good hand—as clear as copperplate."

Dumas looked up. "It is true, your Highness," he spoke out boldly, "that, so far, circumstances have compelled me to live by my penmanship; but hereafter I shall live by my pen." Again he bent his head.

The flash of a smile lit the Duke's face. "It is literature, then?"

"Yes, your Highness. The long struggle between bureaucracy and literature is ended. Tonight, at the Comédie-Française, my Henri III has its premier."

Dumas bent an ardent gaze upon the young lady at the left of the Duke, who cast down her eyes in confusion. Behind him the Director-General hemmed and fidgeted.

"At the Française!" repeated the Duke graciously. "And how did one of my obscure clerks gain the ear of the well-guarded Baron Taylor?"

"I went early to his house," cried Dumas, his face lit up. "It was seven o'clock in the morning. I was shown to Baron Taylor's private apartments. In an adjoining room I heard the sound of running water and of a voice humming a song. The great man seemed in an amiable mood. Manuscript in hand I invaded the room. Baron Taylor was in his bath. I began to read my play. At first he seemed reluctant to listen. But by the end of the second act he was genuinely interested and, though by that time the water had grown so cold that the Baron's teeth were chattering, he himself asked for the third."

Smiling with royal good nature the Duke of Orleans leaned forward across the table. "A second Marat—murdered in his bath!" he said. The ladies smiled. De Broval and his clerks chuckled heartily at the royal wit. But the tall youth was quite unperturbed. "I submit, your Highness," he said with one of his most impressive bows, "that my play is not a deadly weapon!"

The Duke rose to his feet, the ladies rising with him. Perhaps he was not pleased with so ready a counter to his thrust. Perhaps he was moved by the look of astonishment and anger on the outraged countenance of the Director-General.

"I have no quarrel with your literature, M. Dumas," he said, again sternly. "It is your official conduct only with which I find fault." Then, as the youth stretched out an appealing hand, the look on his face deepened in severity and into his voice came a note of royal anger. "Your associates in the Bureau report you as a friend of red republicans and revolutionaries; as a rake who has set up an illegitimate establishment; and, finally, as an insolent idler who spends his time in writing ribald verses and other worthless rubbish. With these opinions I find myself compelled to agree."

As he concluded and turned as if to end the audience the young Dumas—far from being rendered speechless by this rebuke—sprang forward to the table and began to speak in a voice of intense and moving sincerity.

"For that reason, your Highness, I am here today," he cried. "I come to ask you to do me an act of simple justice. Be present at the theater tonight and judge for yourself whether I am as worthless an idler as my enemies make me out!"

Into the Duke's eyes came a momentary flash of admiration for audacity so boundless. "Willingly I should accept your invitation," he said with a smile, "but, unfortunately, tonight it is impossible."

"Impossible, your Highness! My despair at that word must be my excuse for presuming to ask whence comes the impossibility?"

The Duke exchanged glances of amusement with the lady in the mask. "The fact is, young Dumas," he explained condescendingly, "I have a large dinner party at the Palais Royal this evening—some twenty or thirty princes and princesses."

Again he turned to go, but Dumas, catching a look of encouragement in the face of the lady, ventured to interrupt for the second time. "May I humbly suggest to your Highness," he said, bowing low, "that my play would not be a bad entertainment to give these exalted personages?"

"But, M. Dumas," said the Duke with an air of finality, "my dinner begins at six o'clock and the play at seven."

"It will be an easy matter for me to put back the play for an hour. May I venture to suggest that if your Highness would begin your dinner an hour earlier you would have three hours in which to appease the appetites of your royal guests?"

The Duke laughed and waved his hands in a gesture of comic surrender. "But how, my ingenious M. Dumas," he questioned, "shall my large party be accommodated in the three boxes to which I am entitled?"

With a sweeping bow Dumas answered: "That can easily be arranged, your Highness, for I have requested the authorities of the theater to reserve the grand circle until I had seen you."

The lady in the mask laughed aloud and clapped her hands. The Duke, laughing also, fired a final shot as he started to walk across the room. "So you calculated, Monsieur Dumas, that I should attend your play?"

Walking on air, the playwright followed the retreating party, stopping in front of the utterly abashed Director-General to make his most magnificent bow to the Duke. "I had the audacity so far to presume on the generous heart and royal good nature of your Highness. And I was right, for you have made me the happiest of men."

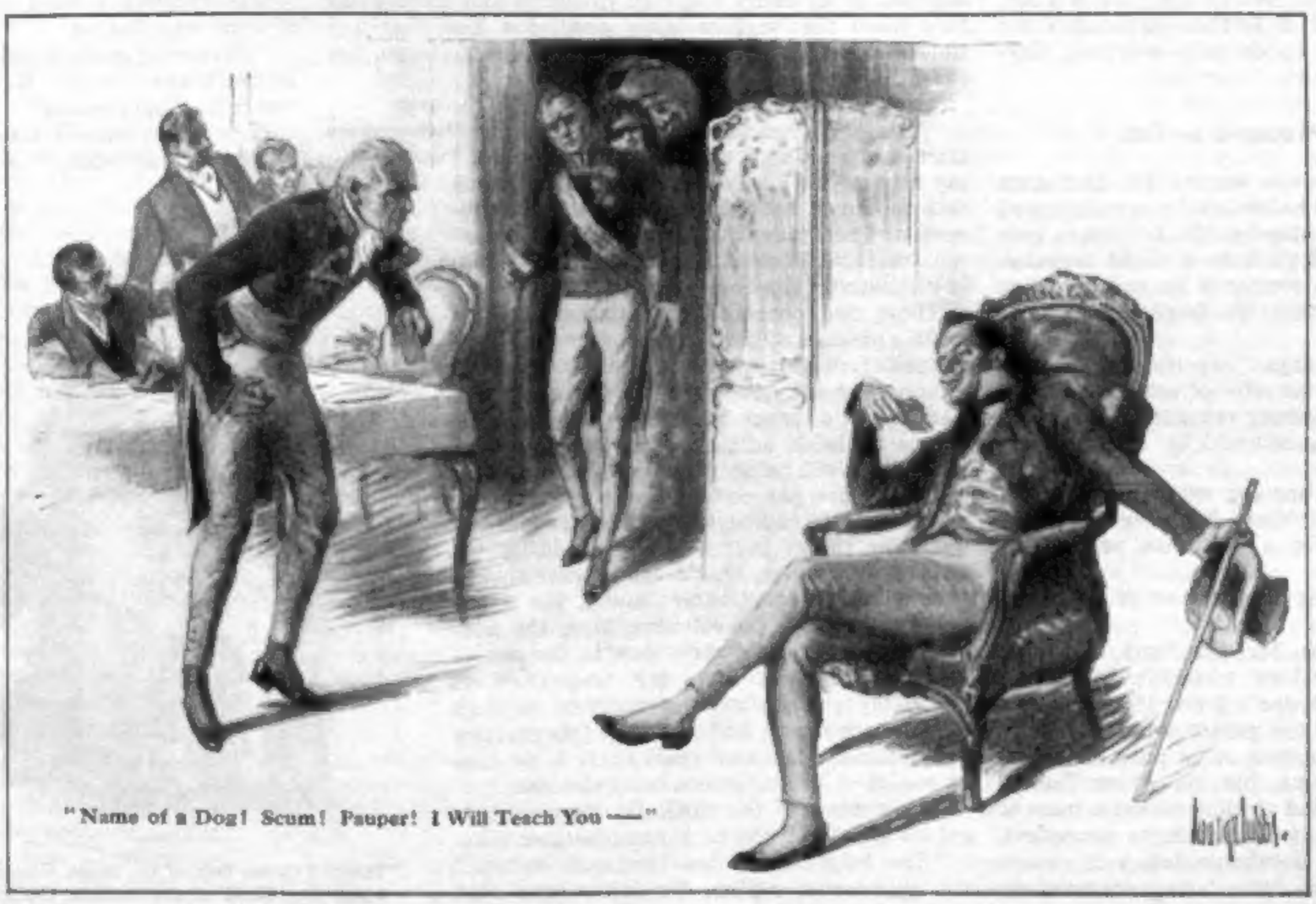
As he himself held aside the curtains for the passage of the ladies the Duke turned again to Dumas—bowing, as he did so, to the lady in the mask.

"It is to the favor of this lady, my fortunate young Dumas," he said, "that you owe our acquiescence in your plans." Dumas was eagerly stepping forward to express his thanks when the clock above the courtyard door rang the hour. Behind him the four clerks were bowing out their diminished chief, themselves following in his train. The lady in the mask glanced up at the clock and spoke: "The morning is gone, my lord," she said. "We will leave you here at the door."

The Duke, bending over to kiss her hand, disappeared through the door, the curtains falling together behind him. Dumas, meanwhile, was vainly trying to catch a glance from the younger lady, who stood with her eyes cast down, the picture of demure innocence. Now, as she turned, he addressed the lady in the mask: "Madame, how may I thank you for so great a kindness?"

"Thanks are not needed. It pleased me to see pompous De Broval so insolently outgeneraled."

(Concluded on Page 42)



"Name of a Dog! Scum! Pauper! I Will Teach You ——"

Bankruptcy as a Fine Art

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

DURING the black-walnut period of interior decoration a new hotel was erected on Broadway, in what was then the center of the theater and shopping district, and for more than thirty years it drew its patronage from the wealth and fashion of the entire country. Today it is resorted to principally by business men, who endure its lack of modern conveniences for the sake of its proximity to the wholesale drygoods trade. Its parlors, which forty years ago sheltered many a brilliant company, are now the meeting-places for out-of-town insolvents, and where once the débutante flaunted her crinoline and ringlets in the new-fashioned waltz the unhappy wholesaler puffs melancholy clouds of smoke and listens to the cheerless report of the creditors' committee.

"My Wife and Me We Look High and Low for That Book Already"

For example, Mr. Max Isenbaum, manufacturer of children's clothing in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, finds himself in financial difficulties of so embarrassing a nature that unless he looks out for himself his creditors will be paid in full and he will be left almost penniless. True, his good name will remain; but what is a good name compared with riches? Hence, Mr. Isenbaum cashes his bills receivable and hastens to make sacrifice sales of his stock, both finished garments and piece-goods. The money thus realized is turned over to his relatives in payment of imaginary loans, and when his bills payable fall due he sits down in his place of business and calmly awaits the first judgment with its concomitant petition in bankruptcy.

"Kismet," he declares, "I was forced to the wall."

The committee appointed by his New York creditors takes the night train for Pittsburgh, to discover Mr. Isenbaum in his denuded premises, serene in the knowledge that his books have been cooked to a turn under the culinary tuition of his counsel.

"Well, Isenbaum," says the chairman of the committee, who is usually the credit man for the chief mourner, "what's the trouble?"

"Trouble enough," Isenbaum replies with a profound sigh. He proceeds to elucidate by stating that business is bad, collections are slow, too much competition, sickness in the family, and if further particulars are desired see the Book of Job, Isenbaum's cashbook, daybook, ledger and journal.

How Isenbaum Managed to Fail

TWO days later the committee escorts Mr. Isenbaum and his Pittsburgh counsel to the hotel in question, and in Parlor A or X, as the case may be, Mr. Isenbaum confronts his creditors. He suffers from a slight nervousness by reason of the size and temper of his audience, but beyond an unusual facial pallor Mr. Isenbaum is quite collected.

"Gentlemen," his counsel says, "my client is in your hands and, therefore, makes an offer of settlement on a basis of five cents cash and twenty cents notes at three, six, nine and twelve months, indorsed by Messrs. Fishbone & Klink, of your city."

The creditors look at one another with an expression of countenance that says, plainer than words themselves: "What d'ye think for a cutthroat proposition like that?"

A short, dark manufacturer in the rear of the room rises to his feet.

"Brother President—I mean Mr. Chairman," he says, "I make a motion that this here, now, Mr. Isenbaum, and that other feller which I don't know his name, get out of the room while we talk the matter over."

Without waiting for the motion to be put, Mr. Isenbaum and his counsel file out, like Sir Peter Teazle, leaving their reputations behind them, whereat a buzz of conversation ensues. Each creditor hastens to relieve his pent-up opinion of Mr. Isenbaum before it causes apoplexy. After five minutes have been consumed in this manner the chairman calls for order and intimates that the meeting would be glad to hear from the committee.

"Well, gentlemen," says the committee's spokesman, who is also an expert accountant, "we examined Mr. Isenbaum's books, and I must confess they're as well-kept a set of books as I ever laid eyes on."

Far from eliciting expression of admiration from the meeting this statement is received with a smothered groan.

"That settles it," declares the short, stout manufacturer. "I guess we got to accept that offer."

The spokesman produces a few sheets of paper.

"I've prepared a statement of Isenbaum's purchases as shown by his ledger during the last year," he says significantly. "They are as follows:

1908		1908	
January	$6,421.22	August	$ 3,549.00
February	6,900.00	September	8,988.22
March	6,590.54	October	10,432.21
April	6,821.43	November	17,622.90
May	5,100.00	December	21,842.10
June	4,609.00	1909	
July	3,742.00	January 1 to 18	20,710.00

The short, dark manufacturer emits a low whistle, which adequately expresses the meeting's attitude of mind.

It will be noted that in January, 1908, Mr. Isenbaum's stock was replenished to the extent of $6421.22, and in March and April his normal accretion of stock continued. In May business fell off, and he bought only $5100 worth of goods, while, commencing with June, trade further declined until in August his purchases amounted to only $3549. This is a little more than one-half the amount of his purchases made during the previous January, and it reflects a rather discouraging condition in Mr. Isenbaum's affairs; but hope is renewed in September, for at a bound his stock is increased by $8988.22 worth of goods. Apparently, business has improved, but only apparently so. As a matter of fact, Mr. Isenbaum has become desperate. He now enters upon a campaign of graduated buying, and so successfully is it conducted that from the first to the eighteenth of January, 1909, he acquires over three times as much new stock as he bought during the entire month of January, 1908. Unfortunately, he cannot further stave off the overdue September and October accounts, and on the eighteenth he is closed up by the receiver in bankruptcy. In the last ten days preceding his failure, however, he has disposed of so many made-up garments and piece-goods that when the receiver takes possession less than ten thousand dollars' worth of stock remains. Hence, the short, dark manufacturer whistles.

"How about the sales what he made it?" he asks.

"You gentlemen are at liberty to examine these papers after the meeting," the spokesman replies, "but I will say this much: There are a number of transactions shown by this ledger with such concerns as The Trade Outlet Company, of Fresno (groans), and Hacker, Brownschenck & Cohn, of Pittsburgh" (involuntary cries of "Oo-ee!").

These two concerns are auctioneers who make a practice of taking on consignment large quantities of garments and piece-goods from failing concerns. As soon as the goods are received an advance is made to the insolvent of the probable sum that the clothing and piece-goods will bring at auction, less a margin of twenty-five per cent to cover commissions and errors. Of course, this transaction is based upon the theory that if the goods bring less than the advance check the insolvent will compensate the auctioneer; and if the goods bring more than the advance, then the auctioneer will remit a further sum to the insolvent. In point of fact, the transaction is invariably closed when the insolvent receives his advance check, and although this practice has obtained for many years there is no case on record of an auctioneer being the loser.

"How much of the stock did them robbers get away with?" the dark manufacturer asks.

"The ledger shows ten thousand dollars," the spokesman replies, "which means that it ought to account for at least forty thousand dollars' worth of Isenbaum's stock."

This implies that goods disposed of to auction houses usually realize for the insolvent twenty-five per cent of the sum at which they are billed to him, and the meeting gnashes its teeth in concerted appreciation of the circumstance.

"Gentlemen," the chairman of the meeting announces, "you have heard your committee's report and I suggest that we proceed to discuss the offer of settlement."

For one hour the meeting blows off steam, so to speak, and if there be a disinterested person in the room he is convinced that it is all over with Mr. Isenbaum. So drastic are the measures of retaliation suggested by the speakers that if Isenbaum escapes with an indeterminate sentence of not less than five nor more than eight years he will be an exceedingly lucky Pittsburgher.

A mild-mannered jobber suggests that a quarter of a loaf is "better as you shouldn't get it not even a smell," and, therefore, he asserts that he is in favor of the composition. This provokes a storm of protest, during which the chairman moves the previous question and declares the offer of settlement unanimously rejected.

Mr. Isenbaum and his counsel, therefore, return to Pittsburgh and the bankruptcy proceedings continue. They drag along for several months while Mr. Isenbaum is examined and reëxamined by the commercial bar of Pittsburgh.

Thereafter his trustee pays two dividends of five cents each, and in the mean time his fifty-odd creditors are losing interest; for it is difficult to keep up a high pitch of indignation at a considerable distance, especially when business is rushing.

Isenbaum Back at the Old Stand

THUS, when Mr. Isenbaum applies for his discharge at the end of nine months a half-hearted opposition is unsuccessfully made by one or two local creditors, and, hi presto change, Mr. Isenbaum is back in business as The Duquesne Children's Outfitting Company. He attends to the "inside" end, while his brother-in-law, Scheuer Fatkin, does the buying for the concern and places modest orders with all Isenbaum's former creditors, who in a year's time are again selling Mr. Isenbaum as much goods as he cares to buy.

Mr. Isenbaum's easy passage through bankruptcy was made possible by his attorney, who, no doubt, profited liberally by his unscrupulous methods. A practitioner of a different type relates that a Mr. Rubinstein called at his office and opened the interview by presenting him with a good cigar.

"Lookyhere," Mr. Rubinstein began, "I know a feller what's doing business right here in New York, and he ain't making a go of it. Mind you, the feller works hard, y'understand, and he does all what he can do, y'understand, but all the time he is losing money."

The attorney nodded coldly. He had a premonition of what was coming.

"His spring goods is paid for, his fall goods is paid for, he don't owe a cent," Mr. Rubinstein continued. "Not one cent, y'understand."

Here he sat back in his chair and delivered the peroration in earnest tones. "Now he wants it," he concluded, "that, leetle by leetle, he should make it a failure."

"When I Come Out of the Store, Conselor, I Still Got Hold of the Handle, Conselor"

The attorney jumped to his feet indignantly.

"How dare you come to me with such a proposition!" he roared.

"Why not?" Rubinstein replied, unmoved. "You're a lawyer, ain't it?"

"I am," the practitioner rejoined.

"Who should I go to, then?" he croaked. "A doctor?"

Mr. Isenbaum and Mr. Rubinstein, although both fictitious personages, are the ordinary types of the fraudulent bankrupt. As long as business was good and they made money there was

no occasion for them to practice other than honest mercantile methods. Thus they unconsciously supplied themselves with the foundation of a fraudulent bankruptcy, for a successful failure is predicated upon a long campaign of credit-building, and it usually appears that the insolvent has paid his bills promptly up to within a few months of his bankruptcy. His dealings with each of his merchandise creditors show that at first he buys a small order at ten days' credit, and he mails a check on the tenth day. For some time he continues to buy at ten days and always meets his bills, and after a year or so he asks for better terms. These are granted to him, and he now buys at thirty days. Thereafter, by discounting a few bills he gains the credit man's confidence and secures the maximum terms of credit customary to the trade in which he is engaged. Of course, he has been continually increasing the size of his orders, and when he makes up his mind that he is going to fail he has no difficulty in procuring goods enough.

Indeed, toward the end he not only extends the size of his purchases, but increases the number of his creditors as well, for he distributes his orders throughout the trade. Houses that he has not previously dealt with seek credit information from concerns of which he is an old customer, and these new creditors are generally reassured to the extent of selling him a generous order at his usual terms. Thus, in fraudulent bankruptcy of this type there are always a few creditors who have been cheated out of the very first bill of goods they have sold to the bankrupt.

"Mr. Shankin," a bankrupt was asked at his meeting of creditors, "what reason do you give for making such heavy purchases before your failure?"

"Why," Mr. Shankin replied, with the air of a man stating an axiom, "you got to have something to fail with, otherwise you couldn't fail."

Having, therefore, secured something to fail with it now becomes necessary for the insolvent to raise money on his stock. In the fictitious case of Mr. Isenbaum the goods were shipped to auction houses and advance checks were paid to Isenbaum. This method has the advantage of being within the law, and, providing the bankrupt can plant the proceeds with his relatives, he comes off scot-free.

Concealing Assets

THERE is another scheme of disposal that is resorted to by insolvents, whereby the stock is packed in cases and shipped to storage warehouses. This falls under the head of Concealment of Assets, and is a penal offense under the Bankruptcy Act. Consequently, the insolvent must wait for the bankruptcy cloud to blow over before he may reclaim his goods, for the negotiation of a warehouse receipt, difficult under ordinary circumstances, is well-nigh impossible when it is issued under a fictitious name. Recently a variation of this plan has rendered it safer for the bankrupt and a great deal more dangerous for the creditors. By this variation a receipt is issued to "Bearer," and it may, therefore, be negotiated with the greatest ease and safety.

Of course, the insolvent can secrete his stock with friends or relatives, but this plan has the inherent defect of being so obvious that the attorneys for the creditors examine the friends and relatives before recourse is had to any other measures of discovery. Under the pressure of a stiff interrogation the friends and relatives often give the snap away and, in consequence, more than one bankrupt has spent a year at one of the Federal penitentiaries.

After the insolvent has disposed of his bills receivable and stock of merchandise he is confronted with the problem of planting the proceeds so that, though he may have ready access to them, his creditors cannot reach them.

Mr. Morris Grunerbaum, for example, has adopted the ordinary tactics of the fraudulent bankrupt as above indicated, and the sum of fifteen thousand dollars has been realized. The attorney for the receiver examines him under Section 21a of the Bankruptcy Act, and asks him what he did with the money.

Mr. Grunerbaum fumbles around in his waistcoat pocket and produces a piece of crumpled paper.

"One moment," the attorney interrupts. "I want you to tell me from your memory and without any memorandum."

"I tell you the truth, Conselor," the bankrupt replies. "My memory ain't so good no more, Conselor, and I don't want to make no mistakes. I want you should know everything, Conselor, just the way how it happened."

"Never mind about making speeches, Grunerbaum," the attorney says, entirely unmoved. "Put that piece of paper away and answer the question."

"Well, Conselor, I paid it to a feller by the name Abe Slutsky fifteen hundred dollars, and I also ——"

"Wait a minute until I put that down," the attorney breaks in. "How do you spell Slutsky?"

"A-b, Abe," Mr. Grunerbaum answers, "and Slutsky with an S."

"Spell it," the attorney insists.

"Me spell it?" Grunerbaum says. "I tell you the truth, Conselor, you could spell that name much better as me."

He shrugs his shoulders and waves his hands, as though protesting that if a counselor couldn't spell Slutsky, who could?

"When did you pay him this money?" the attorney asks.

"I couldn't tell you exactly, y'understand, without I should look in the paper," Mr. Grunerbaum says, again commencing to finger the paper.

"Never mind the paper," the attorney cries; "tell me about when."

"Well, it was about last Monday."

"Did he come to your place of business or did you go to his place of business?"

"Well, certainly he comes by me, because I didn't go by him. So anxious to get rid of my money I ain't, Conselor, I can assure you."

In similar fashion it is dragged out of Mr. Grunerbaum that the money was paid in cash, and that it was in payment of a loan made by Slutsky some six months ago.

"Gentlemen, My Client Makes an Offer of Settlement on a Basis of Five Cents Cash and Twenty Cents Notes"

"Now, Grunerbaum," the attorney says severely, "this man Slutsky is a relative of yours, isn't he?"

"From me a relative!" Grunerbaum exclaims, as though the mere thought of such a possibility filled him with horror and disgust. "No, sir."

"You're sure he's not a relative of yours?" the attorney continues.

"Positively not," Grunerbaum declares.

"Well, then, he's a relative of your wife, isn't he?"

Mr. Grunerbaum nods, and after ten more questions it develops that Slutsky is the father of Grunerbaum's wife.

"And when Slutsky loaned you this fifteen hundred dollars he gave you a check for it, didn't he?" the attorney asks.

"Not a check," Grunerbaum declares; "he gave me cash money for it."

"And did you enter this loan in any of your books of account?"

"Yes, sir," says Grunerbaum.

The attorney points to Mr. Grunerbaum's ledger, which is on the table in front of him.

"Show me where it is," he says.

"It ain't in that book," Grunerbaum answers, and then he explains that he entered the loan, with all other loans made by his relatives and friends, in "such a little memorandum book what you could put it in your vest pocket."

"And where is that memorandum book?" the attorney demands.

Mr. Grunerbaum is nonplused.

"My wife and me we look high and low for that book already, Conselor," Mr. Grunerbaum says, "and my wife remembers that about a month ago she sends the vest to a tailor around the corner he should clean it, Conselor, and from that day to this I ain't never seen that book."

Sometimes the vest is sold to an old-clothes man and occasionally his wife gives away the vest to a "poor, half-starved feller what comes by the door." But in every case where a bankrupt testifies that he repaid loans of this nature it invariably appears that the loans were made in cash and repaid in cash, and that the transactions were not written into the bankrupt's regular book of accounts. Instead, they were entered in "such a little memorandum book what you could put it in your vest pocket"—and the vest is always missing.

"Did you get a receipt from Slutsky for the fifteen hundred dollars?" the attorney inquires.

"A receipt I didn't need it," Grunerbaum replies, "because Slutsky gives me back the note which I gave him."

"So you gave him a promissory note," the attorney says wearily, for this is an old, old story to the bankruptcy practitioner. "Have you the note with you?"

"Sure," Mr. Grunerbaum answers, and produces the note with an air of conscious rectitude, for this, at least, is some evidence of his good faith.

As a matter of fact, however, a fraudulent bankrupt always produces the note to substantiate an alleged private loan. Its date is at least six months old and it is indorsed by the last holder, but never does it appear to have been discounted at any bank. The paper on which it is written is either spotlessly clean or it has been soiled and ink-stained for the purpose of "lending an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." But what really establishes its recent execution is the ink, which in every case is of such freshness that it will blot readily beneath the normal moisture of the fingers.

Where the Surplus Goes

WHEN Slutsky is examined at the next hearing he bears out Grunerbaum's narrative to the most intimate detail, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is impossible to impeach the story in any respect. A simple yarn of this description can only be broken down by submitting the bankrupt and his paid-up relative to an examination of such a circumstantial nature that their powers of invention become exhausted and they contradict themselves or one another in an effort to supply plausible answers. Unfortunately, this examination calls for greater latitude than a judicial officer is inclined to permit to an attorney, and if it is unsuccessful it eats up what is left of the assets in stenographer's and commissioner's fees.

After his adjudication the fraudulent bankrupt settles down to the routine of his bankruptcy proceeding, which means that he spends his days trotting to and from the office of the referee and submitting himself to examination at the hands of the attorneys for his creditors. It is during the course of these examinations that the bankrupt gives full play to his vivid imagination. In the first place, he is confronted with the glowing statement of his financial affairs which he gave to the credit men throughout the trade some six months before his failure. By this statement it appears that he had a surplus of fifty thousand dollars over and above all liabilities, and he is now asked to explain the process by which a surplus of fifty thousand dollars changed into a deficiency of thirty thousand dollars within a brief half-year. Losses incidental to any business will generally account for the greater part of this deficiency without the exercise of much ingenuity on the part of the bankrupt. However, a stage of the investigation is bound to arrive where it appears that fifteen thousand dollars remains wholly unaccounted for.

Of course, there is no question in the mind of every person connected with the proceeding but that the bankrupt has planted this fifteen thousand where it cannot be reached by his creditors. The thing now is to prove the existence of this fund by showing negatively that the bankrupt has not explained its disappearance either as a legitimate loss in his business or as a payment to a creditor. At this juncture the fraudulent bankrupt by a bold stroke of the imagination invariably supplies the alleged reason for the absence of his assets, and no matter how wildly improbable his story may be it is usually hard to disprove.

Occasionally a bankrupt overreaches himself, as in the case of a wholesale clothier who was asked to account

for the disappearance of ten thousand dollars and declared that his trousers' pocket had been picked of this formidable sum while he was riding in a Madison Street car

"How did you come to be carrying so large a sum of money in cash?" he was asked

That was easy.

"I transferred my account from the bank on Grand Street to a bank over on West Broadway," he explained.

It was well known to his interrogator that he had withdrawn ten thousand dollars from a Grand Street bank, so no further time was wasted on that circumstance.

"Was this sum of ten thousand dollars in one-dollar bills?" he was asked.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Then they were in two-dollar bills?"

"No, sir," he answered, "not in two-dollar bills."

"Then why didn't you say in the first place that they were in five-dollar bills?" the attorney thundered.

"Because they wasn't all in five-dollar bills," the bankrupt replied, taken off his guard.

"Oh, I see. Some of them were in ten-dollar bills," the attorney suggested. "Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," said the bankrupt.

"So, this sum of ten thousand dollars was in five and ten dollar bills, was it?" the attorney asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure of that?"

"Positively sure," the bankrupt replied.

"And the pickpocket took them from your trousers' pocket?" the attorney continued.

"Yes, sir," said the bankrupt.

At this juncture the referee in bankruptcy invited the bankrupt and his attorney to step downstairs to a national bank and to ascertain the size of a package containing one thousand five-dollar bills and five hundred ten-dollar bills. The attorney immediately asked permission to withdraw from the case, but his client stuck to the story of the pickpocket and insisted that he had meant fifty-dollar bills and hundred-dollar bills.

"Very well," the referee continued; "let us admit that the pickpocket was able to take a roll of a hundred and fifty bills from your trousers' pocket without your knowing it. Why didn't you complain to the police about it?"

The Missing Five Thousand

THE police department had just suffered one of those periodical upheavals which prove so acceptable to yellow newspapers.

"The police!" the bankrupt exclaimed virtuously. "What should I complain to the police for? They're nothing but a lot of schwindlers and robbers"

Five thousand dollars was the precise sum which a bankrupt in the Eastern District, New York, insisted that he had given to his wife for the purpose of depositing in a bank.

"If you don't believe me," he said, "ask my wife."

Acting on this advice the bankrupt's wife was subpœnaed. She began her testimony with the slogan of the perjurer. Every bankruptcy practitioner will recognize it.

"I'll tell you the truth, Conselor," she said; "the five thousand dollars I lost it in a department store on Fulton Street. My husband gives it me to deposit in the bank, and, very foolish-like, I goes into a department store, and mind you, Conselor, I didn't want to buy nothing, neither; I only wanted to rubber. Well, Conselor, I put the five thousand dollars in my handbag, y'understand, and I goes into the store, and I walks around some, and all the time I am holding on to the handle of the handbag and I never let go once. But when I come out of the store, Conselor, I still got hold of the handle, Conselor, but the bag ain't there, and I never seen it from that day to this."

Here she produced the leather handle as a token of her good faith, and it was duly admitted in evidence as Bankrupt's Exhibit A. Creditor's Exhibit A, however, was a contract for the purchase of a tenement house, executed by the bankrupt's wife contemporaneously with her unfortunate loss. This contract provided that the amount of cash to be paid by her for the property, over and above the mortgages, was precisely five thousand dollars, and the circumstance had such weight with the United States District Court that it clapped both the bankrupt and his wife into Raymond Street jail.

A much larger sum than five thousand dollars dropped out of the assets of a cloak and suit manufacturer last year, and he was obliged to admit to the referee in bankruptcy that he had spent it foolishly.

"For my part, Conselor," he said, "a year ago I didn't know one horse from the other, but them embroidery salesmen is such sports what you wouldn't believe at all. Them hafers come into my place and they tell me this horse is a sure winner, and that horse couldn't lose, y'understand, and the first thing you know, Conselor, I am putting up a hundred, two hundred, five hundred dollars every day, just because I am foolish enough to believe what them lowlifes tell me. Well, Conselor, it didn't take long for me to get to become a regular fiend at the ponies, and that's the way it goes."

The attorney for the creditors was a native not of Missouri, but of Kentucky, and he was well equipped to conduct an examination of this nature. He immediately asked the self-confessed race-track fiend to name the winners of the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban for the current year. The bankrupt remained silent. He was also unable to explain the meaning of the terms "selling plater," "coupled in the betting," "yearling," "maiden," and so forth, and when he was asked if he played his selections "straight," "for a place," "to show" or "across the board" his manner plainly indicated that it was all Greek to him. He was invited to describe a race track, and when he testified that it was about twenty blocks long, in a straight line, and the horses started at one end and finished at the other, the court took judicial notice of the fact that race tracks are circular. He was, therefore, committed to jail, there to reflect on the absurdity of discussing a science in the company of savants without first having mastered its technical terms.

Fortunate is the dishonest bankrupt who has entered upon his campaign of fraud with well-prepared books of account. No matter how hard pressed he may be for explanations he can loll back in the witness chair with the traditional answer: "Everything shows on the books."

Happily for his creditors, the fraudulent bankrupt generally opens a new set of books when he conceives the idea of profiting by a failure, and into these new books he

"Who Should I Go to, Then? A Doctor?"

transfers old accounts with such alterations as may be appropriate to the lying explanation he intends to offer. As soon as this transfer is complete he destroys the old set of books, and in his bankruptcy proceedings it becomes incumbent upon him to supply some reason for their disappearance. He is rarely at a loss for a plausible explanation, and the American Bankruptcy Reports contain many cases of ingenious excuses which, at times, have satisfied the courts.

A keeper of a general store in the South testified that he was accustomed to working on his books late at night and in the early morning. His business premises were across the street from his residence, and one morning, while he was writing up his ledger, his wife sent over a tray containing his breakfast. The bill-of-fare included coffee with a cupful of molasses as a sweetener—he used molasses instead of sugar in the frugal desire to conserve his estate for his creditors, since he admitted that at this time he knew himself to be insolvent. So absorbed was he in his work that he held his cup of coffee in his left hand, even while he wrote with his right; and he had just struck a balance at the folio of his largest creditor when, *Ei gevalt!* he spilled a mouthful of coffee on the neat, Spencerian page. He reached for a blotter to repair the damage while there was yet time, and his elbow came in contact with the cup of molasses.

With the total depravity of inanimate things the molasses ejected itself from the cup and on to the ledger in such a fashion that not a page escaped its obliterative stickiness. Items of three or four dollars, credited to himself for shortage in delivery, damaged goods and delays in transit, were lost forever to the industrious storekeeper, while he found himself unable to claim extra discounts because he could not make out the date through its coating of molasses.

The court held that if he was telling the truth—and who could prove otherwise?—he was quite justified in throwing away the ledger, and he, therefore, obtained his discharge in bankruptcy.

A stockbook was the subject of contention between a firm of Armenian rug merchants and their sole creditor, who attempted to throw them into bankruptcy for the very good reason that they had paid all their other debts in full within a month of the filing of the petition.

The petitioning creditor's claim far exceeded in amount the combined claims of creditors who were paid in full, but if he succeeded in obtaining an adjudication of bankruptcy against the rug merchant it would be an easy matter to compel the paid-up creditors to turn over to the trustee the sums paid to them by the bankrupts. This would insure an equitable *pro rata* payment of all the bankrupt's debts, but the paid-up creditors, principally Armenians, were actuated by the maxim: "Equity begins at home," and they did all they could to prevent the rug merchants' adjudication as bankrupts. With their support and advice the rug merchants pleaded, as an answer to the petition, that they were completely solvent, and offered their stockbook in evidence. Although it contained a memorandum of all goods purchased for ten years past it was not a bulky volume; for rugs are expensive articles, and it requires relatively few purchases to accumulate a stock of a million dollars. But no matter how small the number of entries, it cannot be expected that an item written in 1898 should exhibit the same characteristics of ink and penmanship as an item made in 1908. This stockbook, however, was written throughout in the same neat, clerkly hand, with the down strokes of 1898 shaded to the nicety of the down strokes of 1908. Moreover, a handwriting expert testified that the ink alleged to have been employed in 1898 came from the same bottle as the ink of 1908, and, unless he was mistaken, both bottle and ink were manufactured in 1909.

The Trapped Armenians

THE Armenian merchants pointed to the dilapidated condition of the book as proof of its genuineness, for it contained ink-stains and thumb-marks quite at variance with the neatness of the handwriting; but they insisted that the entries were all made by their cousin Nazar, who a month ago had conveniently departed for Trebizond.

Now, what was the special importance of this stockbook? Why, the rug merchants had rugs in stock which their petitioning creditor valued at three thousand dollars, only one-half the amount of his own claim of six thousand dollars. By the cooked-up stockbook they essayed to show that the three thousand dollars' worth of rugs had been purchased for seven thousand dollars, and pointed to their entries of the purchases as proof of their statement. Of course, if they owned rugs which cost seven thousand dollars, and owed only six thousand dollars, they were solvent and could not be put into bankruptcy, and then their petitioning creditor would be obliged to sue in the state courts for the amount of his claim. In such an action, however, the rug merchants could interpose any defense they chose and request a commission to issue for the purpose of examining a material witness, one Nazar Kahajian, residing in Trebizond. Before the return of the commission the rug merchants would have disposed of all their non-portable assets and have joined Nazar in Trebizond, leaving their creditor to the cold comfort of an unsatisfied judgment.

In this instance, however, Greek met Greek, for the petitioning creditor's attorney was also an Armenian, and he showed the depth of his compatriots' infamy in an examination filling over twelve hundred pages of typewritten minutes. This included the interrogatories put to the paid-up creditors, and if one were to employ the usual horse-trotting simile with reference to their testimony it would be paying an extravagant compliment to the 2:07 class.

Altogether, the Armenian rug merchants went to a great deal of trouble and expense in their efforts to bilk their sole creditor, and it was a rude shock to them when the District Judge said plainly that he didn't believe them and adjudicated them bankrupts. Nothing further has happened in the proceedings, and it is to be presumed that they settled their debt in full.

There remains to be considered the type of bankrupt who enters business solely with a view to defrauding his creditors. This offender lacks the excuse of the bankrupt who commits fraud for the purpose of recouping business losses, and, though he is encountered only rarely in

(Concluded on Page 46)

NEIGHBORS

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

Morning Showed the Schooner Close Hauled and Dipping Heavily Into a Southerly Sea

ROBERT TALBOT, of the Talbot Navigation Company, leaned back in his office chair and looked steadily at the captain of the schooner Suisun. "Watson," he said abruptly, "how do you get along with the sailors' union?"

Watson hung his cap over one knee and leaned back, too. "I've never run foul of the union yet," he answered. "You see, it pays most of its attention to the steamers. Of course I have a union crew, but I've never had any trouble."

"What do you think of it, anyway?" Talbot continued.

"I don't know," was the reply. "You see, I never got mixed up with it. But I reckon it's a mighty good thing for the men. Wages have just doubled, and that means better sailors. But I don't know as I have any particular opinion about the union as a union."

The owner of the Suisun sat deep in thought for a while. When he spoke it was with decision. "Our line has never had any trouble with the union," he said curtly. "We've never had any difficulties at all with the men, as you know. Our employees have been well treated and they've reciprocated, I must say. But trouble has come. You know how freights are now—'way down. In the two years you've had the Suisun you've probably figured for yourself that there's mighty little money in lumber. And lumber makes the market. Our little profit in carrying it comes from handling the cargo ourselves with the ship's crew. The union has said we sha'n't do it any more, and that we shall employ longshoremen for all loading or stowing. You know that usually we load lumber with the crew and pay them time and a half for it. But we've never paid time and a half for putting on the deck load and we can't afford to. It means running our vessels at a dead loss. We can't stand for it, Watson."

The skipper pondered this and then cast a shrewd eye on his chief. "We never have done much lumber carrying, sir," he suggested. "Our line has always gone its own way. I can see how that new demand from the union hits the big companies hard, but why don't they fight their own battle? It's really none of our concern, Mr. Talbot, for you don't take lumber charters twice a year. Why does the Talbot line have to stand for the first struggle and the hottest row? For it'll be a hot row. The union is wise and wouldn't run the risk of losing much for little unless they thought they could put it through. Why, they've got to win, or else they're up against it. And why are we shoved in right in front to take the first licks?"

Talbot's face darkened at his captain's frank speech. "I may as well say that it's just because we've always stood apart that we've got to do the hard work now," he remarked grimly. "The big fellows can afford to hold off and fight and lay their ships up. We can't, and they know it, and so we've been picked out to start the ball. See? We've always been friendly with the union, but the shipowners have us cornered. If we go with the union we can't make a cent, for the big companies will shove freights down to zero, and we'll be frozen out of all our trade. So we've got to fight the union and do it alone, too, Watson, for a while."

"It isn't fair," Watson said bluntly. "It's a skin game."

"It's fair so far as fighting the union, Watson," Talbot returned. "It's true that their demands have got to be put a stop to somewhere. They are getting outrageous. We've got to be able to run our own business. But it isn't fair for the McBeths and the B. & H. people to stand out and shove the Talbot line into a fight for existence when we aren't directly concerned. But I suppose we must all hang together. The men stick to the union and the owners must stick to the association. But what I want to know is, do you think you can keep the Suisun going? She's under charter to take lumber out of the Columbia River to San Pedro. She'll carry a good million feet if you stow the deck load properly."

Watson nodded. "I see the point. We load at the mill and then drop down to another mill for a deck load, which will be dumped aboard and stowed—by my crew. And the union says——"

Martin Shrieked a Command and Dashed Down on the Deck Load

"The union says that the vessel's crew sha'n't touch a stick of cargo in port, and out of port not unless they are paid time and a half. We can't afford to pay time and a half, captain."

There was a silence, broken when the Suisun's master remarked, with a chill light in his blue eyes, "This is October. Nasty weather ahead. I hate to take a vessel to sea with the cargo ill stowed. But if I try to force the crew into stowing it from the slings they'll walk off, and we're out a crew and probably can't get another. If I sail with the lashings off it means a good bit of risk before I can persuade 'em to work without time and a half."

The owner's eyes met the captain's. "Do you think you can persuade them?" Talbot inquired.

Watson's eyes grew chillier than before. He rose. "I'll try," he said coldly. "And if they mutiny, why, I've been in mutinies in my time."

"I don't want——" Talbot began, and stopped under the quizzical glance of his subordinate.

"I know what you don't want," that individual returned half humorously. "But if this pudding has got to be eaten it's got to be served hot." He put his cap on. "I'm a man of peace," he added, almost savagely. "I like quiet aft and no grumbling forward. But orders are orders, and if you say fight the union, why, fight it is. I'll engage a tug for tomorrow, sir." He opened the door, letting in the roar of San Francisco, looked back with a glance of reassurance, closed the door, and left Talbot to stare into vacancy and murmur: "I hate this business—always friendly with our men—— What will it end in, anyway?"

Vacancy refusing to answer, he plunged wearily into his mail.

Not many blocks distant from the office of the Talbot Navigation Company six men sat in a rather rudely-furnished room listening to a tall, stoop-shouldered enthusiast whose shrill voice rose and fell with the swing of a speaker used to addressing small audiences. "They've all joined together to lick us," he was saying. "Every company on the coast has agreed to fight us to a standstill on this time-and-a-half business. The McBeth people and the B. & H. line say they'll tie their boats up indefinitely, and you know what that means—forty-odd vessels not needing crews, and increased assessments for you boys that are still at work. But all this has been under cover. They haven't made no answer to the union's demand. They ain't said a word to show whether they're goin' to come through or not. But I know: it's all cut and dried. They've picked out the Talbots to stand us off for a while. The Talbot line has always been fair, and everybody on the

"She Wouldn't be Unseaworthy if She Had a Crew"

water-front knows it. So if they get the Talbots into line against us they get more'n a few vessels: they get public sympathy, and that's a heap. And I know their scheme, too. They're goin' to bring us up against time and a half on a Talbot boat and see if we've got the nerve to stick to it even when our friends is in a pinch.

"Boys, we gotta get in and fight. This ain't a question of friends and it ain't no question of Talbots, either; it's a question of the union. This ain't no picnic. This is war. And we gotta win." His voice dropped suddenly and he became businesslike. "The Suisun has asked for a crew this afternoon and tomorrow she sails for the Columbia River for lumber. You're the crew. I've picked you boys out because I know you and I can trust you to hold up your end. Nobody can't say that you ain't a good, competent crew and all family men livin' right here in the city. The big owners are all the time throwin' it up to us that our men ain't citizens and don't pay no taxes or have families or live in houses. That talk won't go this time. You men have all got wives and children in this man's town and you pay taxes. Now you just go and show the Talbots that nobody can run schooners and steamers on this coast and walk over the working-man that earns 'em their profits and looks out after his own kin as well." He stopped and looked at them.

The six men glanced at one another steadily, without moving a muscle of their faces. Then one of them said: "Watson is master of the Suisun."

They digested this remark before another added: "He's an awful hard man. I sailed with him once deep water. He never stood no nonsense."

"I've heard he was a hard man at sea," said a third. "I never sailed with him. We're neighbors. I live next door to him. My wife knows his wife."

Their director's sour looks recalled them. "That ain't the question," he told them. "This is a question of the union. No man can stand in the face of the union, and Watson has got to knuckle under. If he gets away with you, boys, and you turn to and work cargo for him, then you've undone the work that we've been doin' for ten years, and your wages'll drop, and it won't be banks for you nor money for your wives, but back to the old wet dog's life and hell ashore. Now you boys had better be gettin' down to the Commissioner's and signin' on." He dismissed them with a wave of his hand and turned back to a desk where he sat him down, a lean, gaunt, ill-kempt man whose gnarled fingers bore evidence to years of harsh toil. The sailors filed out, a steady-looking lot, sturdy-legged, neatly-clothed, bronze-faced, carrying themselves with dignity as befitted the representatives of the great Sailors' Union of the Pacific.

On the sidewalk they halted awkwardly till one of them said: "Oh, we don't want a drink. Let's go and ship. I've said my good-by to the old woman and the kids."

"That's right," said another. "I said mine, too; but if any of you mates has to go home for a minute, why, I'm for waiting." A glance round brought head-shakings. "All set," then said the speaker. "Let's go down and get to work."

The next day, walking back and forth on the quarter-deck of the Suisun, Watson carefully surveyed the crew and nodded approvingly to his first mate. "That's the smartest lot ever sailed with me," he briefly commented

"Good men," the mate agreed. "But what gets me, captain, is why are they here? Higgins has been bos'n of the Elder for several trips, drawing good, fat wages. Smith has been working 'long shore for the union at Seattle, and Oleson was secretary of the Oakland local. What are all these first-class men doing here on the Suisun?"

Watson's frosty eyes met his officer's. "I'm not worrying my head about that," he remarked. "Get that hawser flaked down and then set the spinnaker, Mr. Martin."

Three days later the Suisun crossed into the Columbia after one of the fastest passages on record, was picked up by a towboat, and within forty-eight hours was lying by a sawmill wharf, ballast out and lumber swinging in. Watson put the crew to bending new and stronger sails and clearing the decks for the top cargo. When the hatches were on the Suisun was again picked up by a huge sternwheeler and taken into the lower Columbia and to a wharf jutting out at the foot of a lofty green cliff.

Watson called the mate. "We'll take on one hundred and fifty thousand feet here on deck," he stated. "Set the crew to stowing it as it comes aboard in the slings, Mr. Martin."

Half an hour later Martin stuck his head into the captain's berth and said: "Crew refuses to handle cargo, sir. Says it's against union rules."

Watson laid down his book and followed his chief officer on deck. His quick eye caught a sling of yellow lumber swinging idly above the deck and two or three men looking curiously down from the wharf. The manager of the mill was gesticulating to attract his attention. "We're ready to deliver you your cargo," he called down. "Are you ready to receive it?"

"Lower away!" Watson commanded, and then glanced at his crew, gathered closely about the foremast. He looked up again to the mill manager. "Send the stuff aboard as fast as you can," he told him. "We'll handle it." He turned to his crew, walking slowly toward them. "I understand that you refuse duty. I know why, and I won't beat about the bush. Your union has made a demand on Talbot & Co. to pay time and a half for such work or else hire longshoremen. There are no longshoremen here, and the mill, of course, is only concerned in getting the stuff off the wharf. The ship will not pay time and a half. Just consider that settled—Mr. Martin, cast off that sling and turn the men to stowing." He stared at them all masterfully and went back to his cabin.

Inside of five minutes the mate was in the cabin, boiling with rage. "They refuse duty," he roared. "Sassed me to my face! What'll I do?"

Watson closed his book again. "I see," he remarked calmly. "Mr. Martin, we can't do anything at present. I don't want to lose my crew. We've got to get that deckload aboard some way. We won't stow it at present. Just dump the slings as best you can. The men can't refuse to unhook the slings."

Martin glared at his superior with open mouth, seemed about to say something, thought better of it, and retired. Almost immediately a loud thump told the captain that a second slingful had reached the deck.

All day long the lumber piled up on the long deck of the schooner, at first in some order, owing to the agility and angry industry of the two mates, then in a disorder that reached ten feet up the mainmast, overflowed the little half deck, and generally made the neat Suisun look like the slab-pile from the mill. Watson at various times surveyed it without remark and, to the somewhat acrid comments of the mill manager, made the single reply that Talbot & Co. had contracted to deliver so many feet of lumber to San Pedro in good order and that it was nobody's business how it was done. "Finish us up tonight," he concluded.

So at sundown they hung big lusters along the wharf's edge and the slings of lumber still swung down upon the unwieldy mass on deck. At midnight Watson went ashore and receipted for one hundred and fifty thousand feet, and the crew, retiring to their quarters, puffed quiet pipes and nodded to each other. "He'll try and make us restow it when we're out of the river," said Smith, wiping his mustache with a huge hand

"And we'll ask for time and a half," Oleson added, with a wag of his flaxen head

"And he won't give it," Smith went on. "He'll find himself at sea with his decks in awful shape. He'll have to give in. He dassent run her down with this stuff in such shape. We'll see."

"I live next door to him in 'Frisco," Higgins said irrelevantly. "My wife knows his wife."

"I rec'lect when I never had a home, and the old woman used to live in one room, and when I was gone pretty long she'd have to go down to the office and sit around two hours to beg five dollars advance out of my wages to buy grub with," Smith ruminated. "Them days I got twenty-six dollars a month and all days in port mostly docked. Then the union came, and last month I drew down eighty-seven dollars. It went into the bank."

Oleson suddenly laughed loudly. "I put one hundred and twenty dollars in the savings-bank last month," he said, opening his mouth in a vast grin. "And my girl is in school."

From the shadows of the fo'c'sle came another voice, full and powerful. "And the companies are trying to break up the union," it announced. "Watson thinks we're goin' to knuckle under to him when this hooker gets to sea. Wha'd they think we are, anyway? Ain't we got sense?"

"I live next door to Watson in the city," Higgins repeated meditatively. "He's building a new house out in Sunset addition. That's where all his money goes, his old woman told mine. He's a neighbor o' mine. But, of course, he's run up against the union this time. They say he's a hard man."

They considered this solemnly, gazing out over the incongloмerate lumber to the wet stars above the hill, thinking of all the ships they had known, of the hard skippers, the bucko mates, the cruel sea, the centuries of sailors who had starved and toiled and died unrewarded and unfriended and homeless. And from one and then another came the muttered words, "the union," as they climbed into their bunks and turned their stern faces to the dingy planks above them.

So They Waited While the Gray Light Grew Into White

One day sufficed to get the Suisun into Astoria and cleared for San Pedro. A tug swept alongside and passed a hawser, the mate left the forecastle head and climbed back to the poop over the unkempt deck load. The schooner headed round against the flood tide and for the open sea.

While the bar threatened them for a quarter of an hour Watson watched the lumber on deck and imperceptibly shook his head. His clear eyes met the mate's. "It won't last long," he remarked. But they finally got across without mishap and out upon the long, sullen rollers of the Pacific. The tug cast off, rounded to, whistled farewell and dived back into port. Watson steadied his vessel on an easy course westward while the crew set the topsails. As he steered he flashed unreadable glances at the dull-gray southern sky.

When all was snug Watson turned the wheel over to the mate and walked forward to the break of the poop. Standing there he called loudly: "Smith! Oleson! Higgins!"

They answered and struggled aft over the almost impassable deck load till they stood on a level with the captain. Watson commenced abruptly. "This deck load must be stowed and lashed shipshape," he said quietly. "It's all right for the union to try to hold the ship up in port. But we're at sea now, and I don't intend to stand for any monkey business. You starboard watch turn to now and do your trick at it. When the port watch relieves you they'll bear a hand."

There followed silence. Oleson spoke up. "The union won't stand for it," he said boldly. "We can't do it."

Watson's chill glance rested on the big Scandinavian a fraction of a second. "You men understand that I'm not asking you to load ship. That's the business of the union and the owners, I suppose. I'm demanding that you do your watch on deck, and during your watch do exactly what I or Mr. Martin direct you to do. If you refuse——" He stopped short.

Oleson's blue eyes met the captain's steadily. "This is a trick," he answered firmly. "We can't stow that cargo unless the ship pays us time and a half, same as the rules say."

"If the Ship Will Pay Time and a Half We'll Stow This Lumber, Captain"

Watson glanced at the southern sky a moment and then turned an undaunted face on the three men. He swung on his heel. "Mr. Martin," he said formally, "put a hand at the wheel and turn the other two men of your watch to stowing that lumber. We'll have it overside if we don't look sharp."

Martin slung himself across the little interval between poop and deck load and cried out an order. Higgins clambered aft and took the wheel, in response to it. Again the mate yelled, and this time the other two men shook their heads, though with a hint of respect in their attitudes. Martin stared at their failure to respond and bawled once more: "Clear that lumber away from the pumps and stow it on the starboard side."

Smith and Oleson calmly turned their backs and started forward without a word. The mate snatched a belaying pin from the rack and started after them. Watson called him sharply back. "None of that, Mr. Martin!" he said severely. "The men will come to their senses before long."

"But that stuff is working round already," the disgusted officer grumbled. "And one good souse will skihoot the whole lubberly mixture into the water."

"The hands will come to their senses after a while," repeated the captain.

Mr. Martin ended his watch on deck, was duly relieved by the second mate and went below. A moment later he reappeared, this time with an expression of intense dissatisfaction on his face. "D'ye know what the barometer is doing?" he demanded of his junior. "No? Well, it's dropping a tenth an hour, that's what it's doing. And before long, m'son, it'll be blowing like billy, and our main deck is a clutter of lumber that 'ud make any self-respecting seafaring man sick at his tummy. Oh, this is a sweet voyage and a sweet crew!" He glowered at the helmsman and retired again.

At sundown Watson refused to acquiesce in the mate's suggestion that they take advantage of the east wind and put south. "We're not far enough off shore," he told him quietly. "This storm may break out of the sou'west, and unless we've got a good offing we're up against it."

"We'll lose our deck load first shot," said the despairing mate. "The bulwarks are edging and starting now when it sags down on 'em."

Watson stared out into the darkness. "See whether the crew are ready to turn to and stow it," he said.

Mr. Martin dived forward and stuck his head in at the fo'c's'le doorway. "Say, you men, pile out and stow that lumber!" he bellowed. "Wind's rising and sea's getting up! Come! Hustle out here and get busy!"

Higgins emerged into the light that streamed from the big lantern swung from a beam. "Will the ship pay time and a half, sir?" he asked civilly.

The mate's fists clenched, but the sailor's calmness showed him that this was no time for a trial of physical prowess. He tried to argue. Higgins, reënforced by Oleson, shook his head. "The union won't let us stow that stuff unless we get time and a half," said Oleson.

"All right!" yelled the mate in a fury. "Don't, then! Drown, like the rats you are!" He clambered aft, swearing fiercely.

To Watson he snarled: "Your crew ought to have sugar to eat with their cake—I'd sugar 'em!"

"They still refuse to work that stuff?" the captain inquired coolly. "All right. They'll come to their senses after a while. Stow your tops'ls, Mr. Martin."

The darkness in which the crew worked was broken by flashes of lightning before the task was completed. A squall laid the poorly-laden Suisun far over, and the men cursed roundly as they scrambled for their footing on the loose lumber. A clatter of planks and a yell came from where the cook had been nearly nipped and caught under a slipping pile. The mate maintained a grim silence.

Captain Watson gave no sign that he observed his vessel's plight and paid no attention, apparently, to the constant reports made by his officers that the glass was still going down rapidly. Finally he said: "One can expect a smart gale from the sou'east'ard this time of year. We'll make well off shore and ride it out comfortably."

Morning showed the schooner close hauled and dipping heavily into a southerly sea which ran higher and higher as each gust of the coming gale whitened the ocean to windward. Both watches were called and the men slipped and stumbled over the loose lumber, reefing, snugging down and making things fast. The mate, swearing tremendous oaths that nothing could save the schooner from becoming a total wreck, busied himself passing feeble lashings across the raffle. "This stuff will get a start and then take off the bulwarks and clean away the half deck and cut off the hatch combings and spring the deck beams, so that she'll open up like an old cracker box. One sea'll do it, spite of all the lashings in the world. Then the masts will go out of her," he continued, driving a knot tight with his heel. "Then you men will learn your business." He glared at them and cursed them individually and collectively. Oleson's big face slowly flushed till his anger boiled over. He confronted Martin. "It's the ship's fault," he roared. "The ship ought to pay us time and a half, or else have stowed this cargo before we came to sea. It ain't the union's fault if the owners send the ship out in an unseaworthy condition."

The mate thrust his savage face into the Scandinavian's. "She wouldn't be unseaworthy if she had a crew," he croaked.

At this moment there was a call from the poop for all hands. Martin went aft, followed by the men of both watches. Watson, in oilskins and boots, faced them briskly. "You men had better decide what you are going to do," he announced. "The gale will break inside of an hour. This schooner is practically helpless with that deck load unstowed and not lashed and wedged. It will be a good six hours' job, but we had better make a start at it if we are going to do it at all. Now, will you men turn to under Mr. Martin's direction, or do you still persist in refusing duty?"

Oleson was about to speak when Watson held up his hand. "I've heard enough from you," he said coldly. "This is a question for all of you. I'll give you five minutes to think it over. Get for'a'd."

Relieving the man at the wheel and ordering him to join his mates, the captain watched them tumble toward the bow of the schooner and gather at the foot of the foremast. He could just see their shiny sou'westers bobbing above the yellow lumber. Inside of the allowed five minutes Higgins climbed back upon the deck load and started to scramble aft, the other five trailing after him. Watson turned the wheel over to the second mate and came to the rail. "What do you say?" he demanded.

Higgins looked up at him solemnly. "If the ship will pay time and a half we'll stow this lumber, Captain," he said.

"The ship won't pay time and a half," was the reply.

There was a silence. Higgins searched the countenances of his companions and found nothing thereon written but stolid determination. "The union rules won't let us," he said hoarsely.

"That will do." Watson dismissed them calmly.

During the forenoon the gale broke furiously, and the schooner, stripped of most of her canvas, yielded slowly to its violence, burying her bows stiffly in the seas that crashed over and flooded the main deck. For half an hour she kept her course, quivering in the iron grip of the storm, striving, ill-laden and unweatherly as she was, to do her best. But her best was too little. A slithering comber threw its terrific mass against her, swung her up and high to leeward. As she rose, Martin shrieked a command and dashed down on the deck load, waving furious arms toward the foresheet, which was parting under the strain, as his quick eye had seen. The men swarmed after him, balancing themselves on the teetering planks. Then the Suisun was flung on her beam-ends, a second sea poured over the weather bulwarks, the foresheet parted with a bang, and the whole deck load sagged bodily to leeward. Some plank on which the mate stood sprung up, and he seemed to dive headlong into the sea, describing a short, swift arc. As the schooner recovered herself and lurched to windward

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FARMER'S GOUT—By C. W. Wright

"Hired Help" on One Modern Kansas Farm

TIMES have changed in Kansas. The grueling days of the eighties, when rains stayed away and the crops failed, are now only a bittersweet memory to those who passed through them, while the younger generation has its mind quite occupied with the present. The first two words of the motto *Ad astra per aspera*, on the Great Seal of Kansas, are the important ones now. For with normal rainfall Kansas does not consider the existence of difficulties. Half a dozen years ago a series of good wheat crops had enabled the Kansas farmer to lift the remaining mortgages from his land. The corn, the cattle and the hogs produced sufficient revenue to buy more land, to educate his children, and to exceed, occasionally, the speed limit of a normal, well-ordered life by taking the family on a G. A. R. excursion to Buffalo, or to attend Home-Coming Week at Ashtabula, Ohio. His house was substantial and his barns painted red, with white battens. He wasn't exactly affluent, but people had begun to talk about the farmer being the most independent person on earth, and nearly always they had the Kansas farmer in mind when they said it.

But now comes a disturbing element to Kansas in the shape of a million acres of alfalfa. Why disturbing? Well, perhaps you dined sumptuously on Thanksgiving Day; you may have protested mildly when you were served to a third helping of turkey. After you had eaten to the point of perfect contentment you were offered a tempting dessert, which seemed more than enough. You recalled the picture of the old English squire, irascible and red-coated; the gouty individual with the round stomach and a bandaged foot propped upon a stool. Now, alfalfa might well be termed the producer of financial gout in Kansas; the tempting dessert in which lurks the possibility of a disorganization of the perfect digestion and complete assimilation of Kansas prosperity that now exists.

The Rest-Cure of Hard Work

THE wheat, corn and oats, the horses, cattle and hogs are supplying the needful things. Kansas has the best schools of any state in the Union, and a corresponding lack of poorhouses, those in many counties having been put to other uses because they had no inmates. The farmers have contributed liberally to the support of the numerous colleges of the state, and Mr. Carnegie has settled the library question for most of the county seats. Churches have prospered, both spiritually and materially, and their pastors are not expected to accept potatoes, uncertain-aged fowls, slippers and books in payment for their services; but they receive real money and, on occasion, transportation and expense money enabling them to visit the Holy Land. Not a farmer has bought a gold brick in ten years, neither is he influenced by the beautiful engraving on a mining-stock certificate. He is independent, well-informed on affairs, happy and—almost contented.

But he keeps delving into this alfalfa matter. He hears new stories of wonderful returns from land sown to alfalfa. He is unable to banish the conviction from his mind that he should have at least another "forty" put in this highly-profitable crop. A certain statesman recently remarked that "alfalfa is the brightest jewel in the crown of Kansas," and though the farmer would likely express the same idea by saying that it was "sure a money-maker," he straightway proceeds to add still more luster to the "brightest jewel" by sowing more alfalfa.

Why is alfalfa? And what is it? Perhaps the reader is imbued with the idea that a certain Populist Senator from Kansas raised the first crop of alfalfa to cover a receding chin. To correct this erroneous impression, and for other reasons, the Kansas Agricultural Department furnishes a pedigree for alfalfa that harks back to the very gates of Eden.

The Persians found it to be a valuable forage plant, and when Xerxes invaded Greece he carried a few bales of alfalfa along. Words were becoming more plentiful by this time, and the Greeks named it *medike*. Next the Romans obtained a supply from the Greeks and rechristened it *herba medica*. During the Middle Ages, owing, perhaps, to a change of textbooks in the rural districts, the name was changed to lucerne, after a river of North Italy.

To the Arabs, however, it became known as *al-façfaçah*, which really meant "the best kind of fodder." As it became introduced into Spain, France and northern Europe, following the invasion of the Moors, the Arabian name was implanted, and finally shortened to the Spanish *alfalfa* for the convenience of future Kansans, to whom it came by way of the Levant.

In 1891, according to the report of Secretary F. D. Coburn, of the Kansas Agricultural Department, there were but 34,384 acres of alfalfa grown in the state; in 1909 the area had increased to 992,663 acres, Jewell County alone showing a total of 61,602 acres in alfalfa, or nearly double the entire acreage of the state in 1891, when the first statistics were obtained. Only two crops grown in the state, wheat and corn, exceed alfalfa in value.

There's nothing small or stingy about alfalfa. Perhaps that is why it hunted up Kansas. It doesn't exact the pound of flesh from the farmer's land just because it brings him liberal returns. A similarity may be noticed between the methods of alfalfa and of Mr. Muldoon, who conducts the revitalizing farm for broken-down business men in the East. Worn-out land and worn-out business men are given a rest-cure consisting of heavier work than they have ever done before, and are at the same time benefited and made new. Undeveloped energy and activity are brought out in either case.

Where alfalfa is sown the roots penetrate the soil to a depth of eight to twenty feet, drawing moisture from beneath the subsoil and supplying nitrogen to the earth in return. Mineral plant food is attracted to the upper soil, where it is available for the surface-feeding crops.

Wheat, corn or oats, planted on alfalfa-sod ground, will produce one-third to one-half larger yields than that planted on adjoining land where grain crops have preceded. No wonder alfalfa is already called the most valuable Western crop. Several million bushels of grain raised annually in the state may well be credited to the alfalfa fertilizer account in the Kansas ledger. Alfalfa is developing more pay dirt in Kansas than will ever be found in Alaska, and it doesn't run in streaks; it is perfectly accessible.

But activity below the surface does not interfere in the least with the growth of the alfalfa plant above the ground. In late May or early June, when it has attained a height of ten to eighteen inches, and purple blossoms begin to appear, alfalfa is ready for the first cutting. New shoots immediately appear, and every three or four weeks, according to the season and the judgment of the grower, fresh cuttings are made.

In Fear of the Lurking Buyer

SOME difference of opinion exists as to the proper time of cutting to obtain the best results. One observing farmer states that the first cutting is ready when he is busiest cultivating corn; the second, when he is harvesting wheat; the third, when his threshing is being done; the fourth, during the week of the county fair, and the fifth, just when the heavy frost that he was not expecting arrives. All of which gives a general idea of the prolific growth of this interesting plant, as well as its disregard for the convenience of the grower.

Three to six tons of hay during a season is an average yield for an acre of alfalfa land; hay that commands a higher price on the Kansas City market than clover or timothy, and is worth twelve dollars per ton at the farm, if properly cured to retain its natural fragrance and rich, green color. One crop, usually the second, is saved for the seed, which is hulled the same as clover seed. The yield of seed runs from three to nine bushels to the acre, and sells at six to nine dollars per bushel, swelling the gross income from an acre of alfalfa to fifty or seventy-five dollars, with exceptional instances where one hundred dollars is exceeded in a single season.

Ten dollars an acre was a high price for much of this alfalfa land a dozen years ago; now the owner fears to put a price on this land lest a buyer be lurking near. Ten times ten dollars an acre is now no inducement for many alfalfa farmers to part with their land; for where can they obtain a better investment?

To command the prices paid for it, alfalfa must have an unusual feeding value. For years cattle-feeders and sheepmen of the Southwest have relied on alfalfa as roughage in putting their stock in condition for market. They found it was eaten ravenously and produced strength and weight. They no longer feared the effect of cold winters on their unprotected herds, when they could secure an abundance of alfalfa. They also learned that horses fed on alfalfa possessed great endurance, and that its use in fattening hogs caused half the usual ration of corn to produce a superior quality of pork.

These ranchers of the earlier days did not trouble themselves to learn why alfalfa was such a valuable feed for every kind of livestock. They wanted results, and in feeding alfalfa they got results and were satisfied.

But today you cannot talk ten minutes with a feeder of alfalfa before hearing him speak of nitrogen-free extract, crude fiber, carbohydrates, fiber contents, and so forth. The Kansas Agricultural College and Experiment Station has been teaching him something of the chemistry of feedstuffs, and has found in him an interested scholar. He will now tell you that alfalfa's wonderful feeding value is due to the high percentage of protein it contains.

A Building Built of Baled Alfalfa

PROTEIN is the element in feed that develops muscle, tendons, brain, nerves or any tissue where the forces of life and growth are active. Good alfalfa hay contains from fourteen to sixteen per cent of crude protein, nearly double that contained in red clover or any other forage plant. Nearly every grain feed is deficient in protein, and Nature must have considered this fact when she so lavishly provided alfalfa with this element.

A very high percentage of the protein contained in alfalfa is available and digestible, a larger proportion than is possible in any other feed; and when it is considered that protein may serve to supply heat and energy to the body, thus aiding in building up fatty tissue, but under no circumstances can the fats and carbohydrates perform the functions of the protein or nitrogenous group, the remarkable feeding value of alfalfa is explained.

About five years ago some one conceived the idea of cutting or grinding alfalfa hay into small fragments and sacking it for commercial use, the same as bran or corn-chop. The demand for the hay had spread throughout the dairy districts of the Central and Eastern States and the feed-consuming markets of the South. Especially did the owners of large dairy farms approve of alfalfa for their herds, and they often sent men to Kansas for the purpose of contracting for their needs for the winter.

But the baled hay was an inconvenient and bulky article for the railroads to handle, and freight rates were high. Also there was considerable loss in feeding. If the hay could be reduced to a meal or chop it could be handled more easily and with less loss of the leaves, which form the richest part of the hay in protein value.

Now, only five years since the starting of the industry, there are three alfalfa feed plants at Wichita; there are others in the state at Hutchinson, Winfield, Salina and Manhattan. There are still others in Oklahoma and Nebraska, at St. Louis and Council Bluffs, at Kansas City and Walla Walla, Washington. One plant at Kansas City

recently received fifty carloads of alfalfa hay and meal in a single day, to be used in the manufacture of alfalfa-crushed-grain stock feed.

Over one hundred mills for the production of alfalfa meal alone dot the alfalfa belt. Wherever there is sufficient alfalfa grown—an amount roughly estimated at four thousand acres—there is quite sure to be an alfalfa mill, or people in the humor to build one. And wherever there is an alfalfa mill the surrounding farmers usually receive a premium of two or three dollars per ton for their hay, and straightway advance the invoice value of their land ten or twenty dollars per acre.

The National Alfalfa Millers' Association was organized in August, 1908, by a few patriots who assembled at Wichita, Kansas, one very hot day. After the president and other officers were chosen there remained several privates, and it was agreed that a semi-annual meeting be held at Kansas City during the following February.

About seventy-five hay-millers attended the Kansas City convention, and the effective organization work accomplished paled into insignificance beside the coast-to-coast notoriety achieved when crisp muffins with perfectly green insides, made from alfalfa flour, were served at the famous alfalfa banquet. No guest at this dinner will ever fear a bread famine so long as there is alfalfa, for those muffins were really appetizing.

The second annual convention, held at Wichita in September, 1909, was a revelation, even to Western people, who supposed they were familiar with alfalfa in all its different phases. An immense building, three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, built of baled alfalfa, housed the exhibits. Products of two score alfalfa meal and mixed-feed mills shown formed an object lesson in feeding economy. Those present were shown claims of wonderful gains in meat, bone or muscle, backed by affidavits and photographs of horses, cattle and hogs before and after taking alfalfa. Real live horses, alfalfa-fed, were there, too, and included some of the champion Percheron ribbon-winners of the world.

The smile of the twelve-foot Billiken, built of Kansas wheat, was not proof against the popularity of Queen Alfalfa, and changed to a look of sadness on the second day of the exhibition.

Alfalfa grinders and shredders, dust collectors, packers, and so forth, shown by a dozen manufacturers, helped to tell the story of alfalfa. While one machine reduced a two-inch plank to powder in a few brief moments, to demonstrate its power, another daintily snipped alfalfa hay into any desired lengths. Thus can alfalfa be served in any style to suit the particular taste of the winner of blue ribbons at the horse or stock show, or the more calloused palate of Uncle Eben's gray mule of the Southern cotton field.

Alfalfa mills are unable to supply the increasing demand for their product, so the Kansas farmer is urged—all but compelled—to burnish this brightest jewel to a still greater brilliancy. When he raises two million acres of alfalfa, instead of a million, he will yet hear the tempter's voice.

To Get a Job Done Do it Yourself

SECRETARY F. D. COBURN, of the Kansas Agricultural Department, who always hunts up the best things for the Kansas farmer to grow, is a great believer in alfalfa. He also has the faculty of inoculating others with the alfalfa germ, merely by dispensing literature on the subject, for he presents real facts in an interesting and readable style that cannot be successfully imitated by others. No messenger boy ever released his eye from the pages of a copy of Frank Fearless with more reluctance than does the farmer pry himself loose from one of Coburn's classics on The Beef Steer and His Sister, or The Helpful Hen. In each there is always something happening, or just going to happen, which makes it difficult to find a stopping place. But let a farmer get to reading Coburn's Book of Alfalfa, on a chilly Sunday afternoon, and he will forget the evening chores—which is the only criticism to be suggested on this latest book.

Yet, when Mr. Coburn states that "alfalfa furnishes the protein to construct and repair the brains of statesmen, build up the muscles and bones of the warhorse and give his rider sinews of iron," he might have added that no present-day statesman, in Kansas at least, would consider making a campaign among the farmers without being possessed of a store of knowledge concerning alfalfa.

Congressman Victor Murdock, of Kansas, the man that Speaker Cannon is trying to forget, always desires his information on a subject to be first-hand. So, when he wished his forty-acre farm in the outskirts of Wichita to be seeded to alfalfa he did the job himself, although he was confined to his room for several days after he had accomplished the task. With a seeder strapped firmly to his back Mr. Murdock laboriously tramped up and down his field for three days, scattering the alfalfa seed in what seemed to be the most suitable locations. On the afternoon when his work was completed an old farmer, who had joined the assembly congregated along the fence viewing their townsman's agrarian efforts, casually remarked that he always stood in the back of a buckboard and had his man drive him up and down the field when working the seeder—which belated suggestion may have aggravated the resulting indisposition of Kansas' favorite red-haired insurgent leader.

Comparing Notes at a High-Grade Stock Show

The Inconveniences Incident to Irrigation

CONGRESSMAN MADISON, who hails from the short-grass country out near the Colorado line, has encouraged his constituents to sow thousands of acres of alfalfa, and has been instrumental in securing the leading Government experts to address farmers' meetings in his section on its culture. Mr. Madison might be termed extra-strong among the voters of his district, but, like his colleague from Wichita, he is taking no chances, and so goes in for alfalfa.

There is a report out that ex-Senator Chester I. Long is becoming greatly interested in the growing of alfalfa, which yields profusely down around Medicine Lodge. There are keen observers in Kansas who aver that Mr. Long's delay in informing himself as to the wonderful progress being made in alfalfa culture was the cause of his retirement to private life at the recent election. The old method of "getting one's ear to the grass-roots," to learn of the political situation, had become obsolete, and not one of Mr. Long's friends in Washington could tell him that the deeper roots of the alfalfa plant knew what the Kansas voters were thinking.

Secretary Coburn, who knows more about alfalfa than anybody, was urged by Governor Hoch to accept a United States Senatorship, two years ago, to fill a vacancy, but this very unusual man waved the proffered office aside as he would any small trifle that might interfere, in some measure, with the work of diffusing this alfalfa information to his farmers.

There are Democrats in Kansas who see in alfalfa a possible deliverer from Republican domination. An example is Jeremiah D. Botkin, candidate for Governor, who met defeat at the hands of Quaker "Roos" Stubbs, present Republican incumbent. Any other result of this contest would have been impossible. Mr. Botkin was a Methodist minister previous to entering politics, and his knowledge of alfalfa extended no further than the *herba medica* days of Biblical times, while Governor Stubbs, farmer and builder of railroads, knew alfalfa from the deepest roots uncovered by his grading gangs to the baled hay fed to his mules.

Straightway after his defeat at the polls Mr. Botkin became an ardent student of the science of alfalfa, with such marked success that he is now interested in a company manufacturing alfalfa-milling machinery. It will be well to watch him, although it is rumored that alfalfa has effectually and permanently dislodged from his mind all yearnings political.

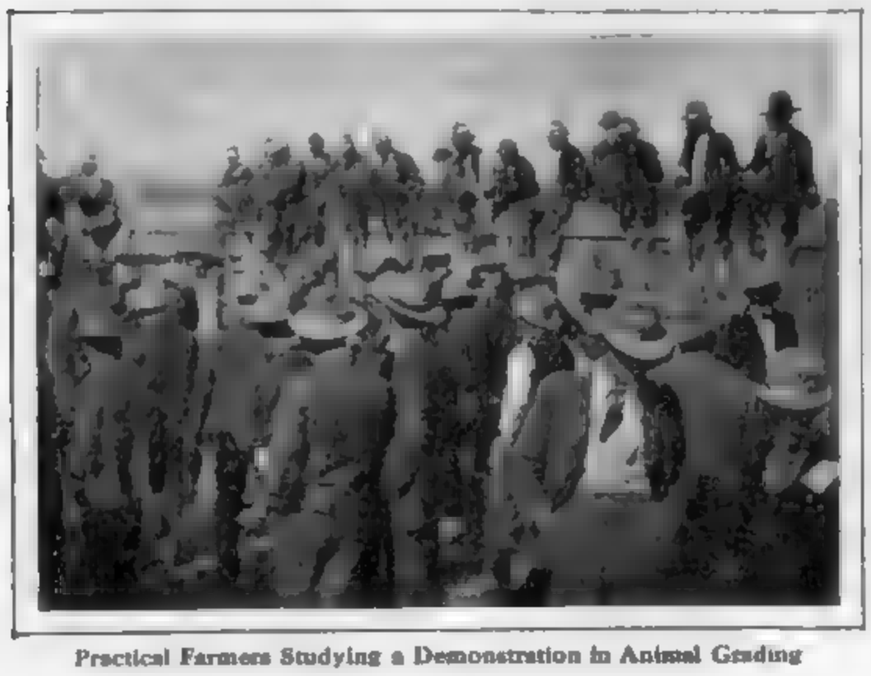
Balie P. Waggener, of Atchison, one of the most prominent lawyers and statesmen of the West, finds in alfalfa an excellent substitute for golf. He is an authority on this favorite diversion of his, too, as he is continually carrying on careful experiments in the most approved methods of alfalfa culture, or inoculation, and so forth, at his farms near Atchison. Next to the pleasure he derives from the picnic he gives annually, to which every child in Atchison County has an invitation, Mr. Waggener receives his greatest enjoyment when at his farms, or when discussing alfalfa with members of the Shawnee Alfalfa Club, at Topeka.

The manufacturers of heating plants for modern homes, of hardwood flooring and soft-toned rugs, of pianos and furniture carrying the Grand Rapids label, should all join in singing the praises of alfalfa, for each shares in the distribution of the wealth it brings to Kansans. But it is the manufacturer of automobiles who might advantageously incorporate a chair of alfalfa as an adjunct to his advertising department, for more of this "luxury money" appears in the form of motor cars than in any other commodity, although the farmer considers his car a necessity, not a luxury. Every freshly-seeded forty-acre alfalfa tract should be good for an order for a new car, at least biennially.

The same farmer who carried a shotgun in his farm-wagon half a dozen years ago, with which to threaten the begoggled driver of a horse-scaring devil-wagon, will now turn out on a dark and rainy night and take his team a mile down the road to pull a luckless motorist out of the mud. In the days gone by that same team could scarce be restrained from timber-topping a hedge fence at the first whiff of gasoline.

At an alfalfa mill in Topeka, recently, a visitor remarked at the speed with which a young German was pitching a huge load of alfalfa hay from his wagon. "No," said the manager, "Henry isn't trying for the record. He is merely rushing his alfalfa to market so that he can buy a new automobile. He's a good boy, but he's crazy about motor cars." The alfalfa grower does not stop at wishing for an automobile; he gets it.

To enjoy motoring there must be good roads. The farmer who used to haul his products to market over almost impassable roads, accepting such conditions as a matter of course, now insists on highways strictly in keeping with his six-cylinder machine. It is becoming quite a habit for farmers to take vacations, just like city folks; so a number of them motored out to Colorado last summer to take the mountain air for a week or two. Out along the Arkansas River they found several bad places in the roads, caused by lack of care in controlling water used for irrigation purposes. It was quite annoying, and now a road from Hutchinson, out through the great alfalfa district of western Kansas and eastern Colorado to the mountains, is being planned, and an effort made to get a bill through the coming legislature that will insure the prevention of this inconvenience incidental to irrigation. It is not unreasonable to expect that the day will come when the one-hundred-mile motor-car record will be smashed on a level stretch of Kansas highway, flanked on either side by the alfalfa fields that enable such a road to be constructed.



Practical Farmers Studying a Demonstration in Animal Grading

Sandwiching in the Stories

JOHN M. BUTLER, of Indiana, was a great orator, but somewhat heavy. In one campaign where Butler was on the stump the campaign managers went to him and said: "Mr. Butler, we think your speeches, admirable though they are, would have a better effect if you would lighten them up. Suppose you tell a story or two while talking."

"Story?" said Butler. "I never told a story in my life."

"Well," replied the managers, "it's time to begin."

"But I know no stories to tell."

"Oh, that's all right. We'll get up some for you."

So they fixed up six stories for Butler and gave them to him. That night he made a speech at Terre Haute. He talked for an hour. Then he stopped and said: "They told me I should tell a few stories in my speech, so I'll tell some."

Whereupon, he gravely told all six stories in a row and then proceeded with his argument.

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

Then He Took Up With Job in the Scriptures

WILLIAM was too dazed by the misfortune of his superannuation to think or plan for the future. For him there was no future. He sat in the chimney corner, following me about the house with his vacant eyes, but really grieving for one of the choice, hard circuits, with its dried-fruit salary, such as he had received for years, or remembering the good pastoral times he had upon one in this or that year.

I have sometimes wondered what would be the moral effect upon a church community if an old and helpless preacher like William should be sent to it with the understanding that the church should minister to him instead of his ministering to the church; that every saint and sinner should be invited to contribute to his peace and comfort, even as for years he had labored for them. There would be less preaching, of course, but more development in real Christian service. An old preacher treated in this manner would become very dictatorial, a perfect autocrat about ordering charities for the poor and prayers for the penitents, but would it be so bad for the church? However, that was not my consideration now. The Redwine Circuit was only twenty miles distant; the little house between the two green hills that had been the Methodist parsonage thirty years before was long since abandoned for a shiny, green and yellow spindle-legged new parsonage at Royden. And while William, who had always had his home dictated to him by the conference, showed a pathetic apathy about choosing one for himself, I hankered for the ragged-roof cottage with its ugly old chimneys that had first sheltered our life together. So within a month the horse and buggy were sold, the cottage at Redwine rented, and we settled in it like two crippled birds in a half-feathered nest.

Now, for the first time since I left Edenton, a happy, thoughtless bride, I had leisure to think just of ourselves, of our sum total, as it were. And I found that we were two human numerals added together for a lifetime which made a deficit. Yet we had not been idle or indifferent workers. For thirty years William had been in the itinerancy, filling nearly every third and fourth class appointment in his conference. He had preached over three thousand sermons, baptized more than four hundred infants, received nearly four thousand souls into membership. He had been untiring in his efforts to raise his assessments, and had paid more pastoral calls than half a dozen doctors need to make in order to become famous.

Time changed us; we grew old. I abandoned my waist-line to Nature's will and my face settled into the expression of a good negative that has been blurred by too long exposure to a strong light. Toward the end William looked like the skin-and-bones remnant of a saint. His face was sunken and hollowed out till the very Wesley in him showed through. His beard was long and had whitened until it gave his Moses head the appearance of coming up out of a holy mist. So, I say, we aged; but we went on from circuit to circuit with no other change except that when we saved enough money William bought a new horse. It is a terrible treadmill, and we could expect no reward or change in this world, no promotion, no ease of mind except the ease of prayers, which I never enjoyed as much as William did. We found the same kind of sinners everywhere and the same defects in all the saints. Sometimes I even wished some one would develop a new sort of wickedness, a kind that would vary the dreadful monotony of repentance and cause William to scratch his theological head for a different kind of sermon. But no one ever did; whether we were in the mountains or in the towns, among the rich or the poor, the people transgressed by the same mortal "rule of three" and fell short of the glory of God exactly alike. At last I came to understand that there is just one kind of sin in the world—the sin against love—and no saints at all. I can't say that I was disappointed, but I was just tired of the awful upward strain of trying to develop faculties and feelings suitable to another world in this one. And to make things worse, William took on a weary look after his superannuation, like that of a man who has made a long journey in vain. This is always the last definition the itinerancy writes upon the faces of its superannuates. They are unhappy, mortified, like honorable men who have failed in a business. They no longer pretend to have better health than they really have, which is the pathetic hypocrisy they all practice toward the last when they are in annual fear of superannuation.

So, I looked at our deficit and knew that something was wrong. Still, I went about the little old house and garden, trying to reconstruct the memory of happiness and planning to spend our last days unharassed by salvation anxieties. I have never doubted the goodness of God, but, things being as they are, and we being what we are, it takes a long time for Him to work it out for us. Meanwhile, I tried to find some of our old friends, only to discover that most of them were dead. I planted a few annuals, set some hens and prepared to cultivate my own peace. But William was changed. He had lost his courage. Wherever the rheumatism struck him he gave in to it with a groan. Then he took up with Job in the Scriptures, and before we had been back long enough for the flowers to bloom he just turned over on his spiritual ash-heap and died.

He is buried in the little graveyard behind Redwine Church, along with most of the men and women to whom he preached in it thirty years ago.

I can feel that I am not setting things down right, not marking the latitude and longitude of experience clearly so that you may see as I can when I close my eyes the staggering tombstones in the brown shadows behind the little brown church. But when one has been in the Methodist itinerancy a lifetime one cannot do that. I used to wonder why Paul, passing through all the grandest cities and civilizations of his times, never left behind him a single description of any of their glories, only a reference to the altar to An Unknown God that he found in Athens; but now I know. Paul lost the memory of sight. He had absent-minded eyes to the things of the world. So it is with the itinerant. The earth becomes one of the stars. I cannot remember roads and realities. I recall most clearly only spiritual facts, like this: Timothy Brown was a bad man, soundly converted under William's ministry; but how he looked, on which circuit he lived, I have forgotten long ago.

In spite of a really well-settled, worldly mind William prayed away its foundations during those thirty years, until now the very scene of his passing floats a mist in memory. I know he lay in the same house where he had brought me on our wedding day. Through the window in the pearl light of the early morning there was the same freshness upon the hills, the same streams glistening like silver maces between; there was the same little valley below, fluted in like a cup filled with corn and honey and bees and flowers. The same gray farmhouses brooded close to the earth, with children playing in the dooryards. It was all there the morning he died, as it had been that blue and glad morning thirty years before; but I could not see it or feel it with him lying stretched and still upon the bed, with the sheet drawn over his face, and the people crowding in, whispering, shuffling, bearing the long black coffin among them. I say, it is dim and blurred and I cannot think it or write it properly. There seemed a rime upon the window-panes; the hills were bare, and the cup of the valley lay drained and empty before me, with the shadow of death darkening all the light of the day.

A very old woman, bent, shriveled down to her hull and bones, with her thin lips sucked in between her gums, came and tugged at my sleeve. I recognized Sister Gloria White, wearing the same look of rapacious cheerfulness upon her bones that she used to wear upon her fat face when she had a "body" to prepare for burial.

"Come, Sister Thompson, you must git up and go out. We air ready to lay him out now."

"Oh, not him," I cried; "you have laid out so many. Let some one else do it!" For I could not forget the frightful pleasure she had taken years ago in her ghoulish office.

"And why not him? I've helped to put away every man, woman and child that has died in this settlement since I was grown, and I ain't goin' to shirk my duty to Brother Thompson—not that I ever expected to do it for him." She babbled on, gently urging me from the room, where her presence was the last blinding touch of horror for me.

So far, my autobiography has been mixed with William's biography, just as my life seems to mingle with the dust in his grave. But I came to an experience now of my own, unglorified by William, so strange that I cannot explain it unless there is what may be called a reversion to type in spirit, like this: that a person may be absolutely dominated for years by certain influences and not only feel no antagonism to them, but actually yield with devotion and inconceivable sacrifices, yet, when the influence is removed and there is no longer the love-cause for faithfulness the illusion not only passes, but the person finds himself of his original mind and spirit, emancipated, gone back to himself, what he really was in the beginning before the domination began. Such at least is as near what happened in my own case as I can tell it.

I remained in the little house between the hills, walking about, attending to my few wants, receiving an occasional visitor in a sort of trance of sorrow. William had always meant more to me than Heaven. And now I had lost him. The very thought was immeasurable. I wore it for mourning. I missed him when I looked down the bridle path into the valley, and I missed him when I looked at the stars. Nothing meant anything to me without him.

Then suddenly the veil lifted. I seemed at last to have conceded him to what is beyond the grave. At once my own mind came back to me, not the humble, church-censored mind I had during his life, but my very own, and it was like another conversion. I remembered scenes and thoughts and faces that I had not recalled since girlhood. The innocent gayety of my youth came back to me, and I recalled distinctly with what naive, happy worldliness I faced the world then, and not the Kingdom of Heaven that I have been staring at since through William's eyes for thirty years. The next Sunday I went to church as usual, but I did not go up near the front, which had always been my custom. The preacher was a young man of the progressive new order, who sustained the same relation as pastor to the church that an ambitious foreman sustains to a business that must be renovated and improved. He was taking up his foreign missionary collection very much after the manner of an auctioneer:

"Five dollars, five dollars, five dollars: who gives five dollars that the Gospel may be spread in China and Siam? Who gives five dollars that there may be light in India and to save women from casting their innocent babes into the Ganges? Thank you, Sister Tuttle. The women are leading off, getting ahead of you, brethren. Put down five dollars from Sister Tuttle. Now, who will give four dollars?" and so on down till even the sinners on the back benches subscribed a rattle of dimes. I listened with comfortable indifference. I thought of how William died without enough oil in him to grease his joints, while his church spent hundreds of thousands upon the heathen, paying them to come to school and learn how to compete with us, preparing them even to marry with us, while William and hundreds of men like him worked and starved for the church till they died too miserable and weak to have "assurance" even of their own salvation. Then and there I resolved never again to subscribe a cent to foreign missions. Immediately I felt my own "I am" sitting up in me and taking courage. It was a grand sensation. For so many years I had not belonged to myself. I was simply a prayer-meeting numeral, William's personal dynamo at the women's societies. Suddenly it came to me that I was a free moral agent for the first time in my life—widows are the only women who are. The scandalous reflection took hold of me as I listened to the collection and reflected that never again would I have to worry lest William failed to raise all his "assessments," that I should never be anxious now for fear his sermons might not please the "prominent" members of his church. It always hurt my conscience, but if a minister's wife is faithful to him and holds up his hands

as she should, she often has to lay down her conscience for his sake. But the most refreshing, rejuvenating of all was the thought that at last I could be a little less good. I looked at the slattern-formed men and women sitting in still rows across the little church, with their faces lit like candles from the preacher's face, and I experienced a peaceful remoteness from them and from the pulpit light.

The carnal man never dies in us, nor the carnal woman, either, for that matter. We only say so in our prayers and rituals because we do not know yet how to be spiritually truthful about our own flesh and blood. But God, who knew very well what He was about when He made us carnal, sees to it that in spite of our egregious pretensions we remain honest Adams and Adamesses to the end. So, for years, without acknowledging it to myself, I had been homesick for the world and the things of the world. I did not want to "sin," I simply longed to be natural; to live a trifle less perpendicularly in my soul. There had been so many prayer-meeting nights when I would rather have been at the grand opera. Not that William's prayer-meeting talks were not the very bread of life—they were; but there is such a thing as losing one's appetite for just one kind of bread. I have always thought one of the notable things about the Israelites' journey through the wilderness was the amazing fortitude with which they accepted their manna diet. Anyhow, it is not in the power of words to tell how I pined for the real laughter and lightness and play of life.

William had needed them no less, but the difference was he never knew it. When he felt world-hungry he thought it was a sign of spiritual anæmia and prayed for a closer walk with God—as if God was not also the God of the world even more than He is the caste Deity of any church or creed. I am not reflecting on William in saying this—I'd sooner reflect upon one of the crown jewels of Heaven—but I am reflecting upon his understanding. It was not sufficiently earthly—no good priest's is. Still, I had been his faithful wife for thirty years. But now, I reflected as the young preacher closed his subscription list and we arose to sing the doxology, William was gone where he would have the benefit of a perpetual grand opera, and I was at last in a position to enjoy a few down here.

I did not wait to speak to the people after the sermon, the way a preacher's wife must do to show her friendliness and interest. I hurried out and around behind the church to where he lay folded deep beneath the pine shadows. And there I had it out with him, as sometimes we had it out together in other days, I doing all the talking, and he no less silent than usual there in his holy grave. We had never quarreled as man and wife because he would not do his part of the contending. I untied my bonnet strings, took it off and laid it on the grass, sat down by his headstone and cried—not so much for him as for fear he would not understand. He never had. William's greatest limitation as a minister was his firm conviction that the world was a drawback to Heaven. He fought it and abused it to the last, as if God had not made it and designed it to furnish properly-chastened material for His Higher Kingdom. And somehow, as I wept and talked down to him in his dust I felt wonderfully like the young woman that had loved him and feared him during those first rebellious years when I was still so much the Episcopalian and so little the Methodist.

The next day I sent a letter to my sister Sarah, a widow living with her two grown daughters in New York. For years I had kept up no relations with my own family. They were of the world, prosperous, and I felt that they could not understand William nor the way we lived. But now I was writing to accept the invitation Sarah sent me just after William's death to make my home with her.

A week later I packed my things, borrowed my church letter, locked my door and took the train at Royden for New York. I told the neighbors I was going for a visit to New York, but really I was on my way to find the world again. And I found it. You cannot find anything else in New York. Sarah and the girls met me at the Grand Central Station, and they spent more kisses welcoming me than I had received since my bridal days. Sarah is two years older than I am, but she looks ten years younger, and there is not the mark of a prayer on her smooth face, while I feel as if I might have the doxology stamped in wrinkles above my eyebrows.

Everything is different from the way it is at home. We do not have dinner till suppertime, and there is no mantel or fireplace in my room, although the furniture is grander than anything I ever saw. I set William's photograph on the dresser, and I can tell by the way he looks at me all day long that he would not approve of the way I am carrying on. But I cannot help it; I must have a little spell of world life. That other in which I qualified with him for Heaven was too stretching to something in me that grew mortally tired of stretching. I have set myself with all diligence to enjoy the things of this world in the time that's left me. The more I think of it the more nearly certain I am that they were meant for us.

One thing alone troubles me—that is, the thought of William going up and down these thirty years just preaching and praying and bearing other people's burdens and never once having the right to step aside and rest his soul from being just good; never once having a natural human vacation in the natural human world; always praying and preaching and fasting that he might pray and preach better; always scrimping that he might be able to pay more to the cause of missions; always a little threadbare, and often a little breathless spiritually, but always persistently stalking Peter and Paul and the angels through the Scriptures up the high and higher altitudes of his own beautiful imagination! No matter how rested he is now in Heaven, no matter how much he may be enjoying himself, my heart aches for him because of the innocent happiness he missed here. Sometimes, when I am with Sarah's girls at a play like Sudermann's John the Baptist, as the curtain rises and falls upon the great scenes I sit and think of him and what it would have meant to him if in all those poverty-stricken years of his ministry he could have had such a vision of his dear Bible people at home in Judea. It's foolish, of course, but I still long to do something for him, something to make up for the weariness and blindness through which he passed with such simple dignity up to God, who never meant him to make such a hard journey of it. No one knew it, probably, save a few of the angels, but he was a great man. Since I have been here where everybody and every thought of everybody is so different from him and his thinking, I can see him plainer, understand him better than I did living side by side with him. This is why I have been spending my time between tea parties and lectures on art and evolution, and receptions and theaters, writing these letters as a memorial of him.

I used to wish I could have a portrait of him painted by a great artist as he looked sometimes on a Sabbath day when he had a baby to baptize, or when he was bending above an altar full of penitents. There was a grandeur in William's faith that gave him an awful near likeness to immortality even in his flesh at such times. But, of course, we could never think of the portrait, so in these letters I have tried to draw a likeness of him. Every line and shadow of it is as true as I can make it to what he really was. I reckon plenty of people back there on his circuits will recognize it, although I have changed names so as not to be too personal. They will remember him, although he was not what is known as an up-to-date preacher. I have often thought about it since I have been up here, what William didn't know or dream of. I never heard him mention evolution. His doubts were not intellectual and his troubles were just spiritual.

Then again, you can see that I could not write about a man like William in the modern forked-lightning literary style, as if he was a new brand of spiritual soap or the dime-novel hero of a fashionable congregation. The people he served were not like those in New York, who appear to have been created by electricity, with a spiritual button for a soul, that you press into a religious fervor by rendering an organ opera behind the pulpit. Or, maybe the preacher does it with a new-fangled motor notion that demonstrates a scientific relation between some other life and this one. The people William served were backwoods and mountain folk, for the most part, who grew out of the soil, as much a part of it as the red oaks and the hills. They were not happy nor good, but they were Scriptural. The men were in solemn bondage to Heaven. Religion was a sort of life sentence they worked out with awful diligence. And the women seemed "born again" just to fade and pray, not as these women of the world fade, utterly, but like fair tea-roses plucked for an altar, that wither soon. In Heaven you will not find them herded in the Hosannah Chorus with the great, good women of history, like Jane Addams and Frances E. Willard, but they will be there in some dim cove of the celestial hills, sweetly sorrow-browed still, spinning love upon the distaffs of Heaven, weaving yarn feathers for the younger angels. I say, it is impossible to write of such a preacher and such people as if they were characters in an electric religious fancy. Walking to and from church here in this city I have almost wondered if they were ever real. Thinking of them sets me to recalling stanzas from Watts' hymns. I smell the thyme upon their hills. It seems as if my adjectives were beginning to grow like flowers upon William's grave. I can see the candles lit for evening services in Heaven, and him sitting in the amen corner away from the flashing-winged, fashionable saints, comparing notes with Moses and Elijah in his deep organ undertones.

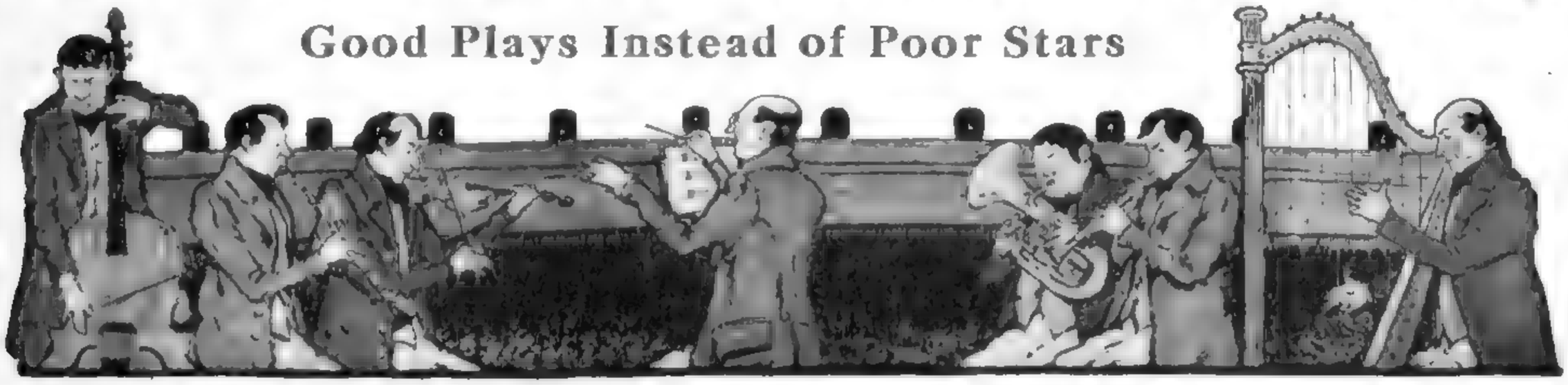
The trouble with William was that he was the hero of another world in this one, handcuffed by a Church Discipline. And the trouble with the average New York preacher is that he is barely a foreigner in this world, who is apologizing continually to his congregation for half-way

(Continued on Page 38)

Not So Much for Him as for Fear He Would Not Understand

The Decay of Mummer Worship

Good Plays Instead of Poor Stars



By JAMES L. FORD

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE close of the year 1909 found us in the midst of one of the worst theatrical seasons ever known in this country—a season remarkable for its great number of failures and the apparent inability of our leading stars to find suitable plays. This long-continued period of depression has led many to declare that our stage is in a terribly bad artistic plight, and yet it is this very inability to fit stars with dramatic vehicles that leads me to believe that the much-abused and deeply-loved American stage, so far from being at a deplorably low ebb, has really turned its face in the right direction and is entering upon a season of healthy and vigorous growth. And I am well aware that in saying this I run the risk of awaking the smile of tolerant contempt on the downy cheek of naïve sophomoric thought.

It is quite apparent to me that the years that lie directly before us will see a notable decrease in the number of our over-advertised, immature star actors, and a growth in the popular appreciation of naturalness and simplicity, and a disgust for all the romanticism, bathos and general staginess of that star system which has brought down our stage from its high estate and made it little better than an altar for the idolatrous rites of mummer worship.

And by mummer worship I do not mean that loyal support of a well-tried and well-loved favorite that we find far more frequently in England than here, but the sloppy, sentimental idealism of the personality of the player which shows itself in a tendency to make a hero of a matinée idol, or a heroine of the untaught young woman whose chief stock in trade is that easily-acquired trick called sweetness. The true mummer worshiper never distinguishes between the player and the part, knows nothing of acting or the drama, and is, therefore, an easy victim to theatrical fakers and adventurers

The star system, which is the natural outgrowth of our absurd mummer worship, is a monstrous injustice to all concerned, and especially to the thousands of deserving and ambitious players who are sacrificed to stellar vanity and ambition. Its chief devotees are those simple-minded theatergoers who, incapable of enjoying fine acting, are content to gawp at some over-advertised star in the belief that she is "just too sweet for anything," and "a splendid actress—much better than any one else in the company!"

The Modern Press Agent and His Methods

THIS naïve element in our public judges the object of its adoration not only by her sweetness, which is merely an easily-acquired trick, and her success in overshadowing the other players, which is a crime, but also by the fit of her clothes, the noise she makes in her big scene, and her proximity to the center of the spotlight. Another element, quite as unsophisticated despite its intellectual pose, yields itself readily to the mysterious spell of somber academic thought; worships at the shrine of the intellectual actress—as if acting were a mere matter of brains—turns up its nose at the artist who screams—meaning the one with a trained voice—and declares itself unreservedly for naturalism and repressed emotion, a pair of congenital tricks as patent as the amiable grin that passes current for sweetness—mere tricks, which may be mastered by keeping the rest of the company above the key in order to bring out all the more effectively the monotonous undertones of the star.

Political candidates are now required by law to give an account of their election expenses, and I firmly believe that managers should be compelled to tell just how much money has been spent in foisting their stars upon the public, and precisely what forms of chicanery have been employed in the process. The tricks of the old-fashioned press agent have been exposed so often that the public has come to believe in them, but the modern press agent no longer works on the old Barnum theory that any newspaper mention is better than none at all; nor does he prate of lost diamonds and surgical operations, as in the days of Clara Morris. On the contrary, he strives to fit his star with a private rôle to be played in the public eye, for, better than any one else, he knows what mummer worship is and how to profit by it.

Deliberately pandering to the silly desire on the part of idolatrous playgoers to peer into the private lives of stage favorites, he causes his star to parade through the newspaper columns in a guise that is often purely fanciful but that always presents her in a favorable light. Qualities which have not the remotest bearing on the art of acting play a part of great importance in this silly masquerade. The maternal instinct, purity of life, and even the homeliest of domestic virtues and accomplishments, all have their place in the garment of righteousness with which the star challenges the public eye. If she is seen at receptions and balls it is because her numerous society friends insist upon her presence. If she is not invited anywhere it is "because she has withdrawn completely from the great world of fashion in order that she may give the very best of herself to her dear Public." By a long course of press work of this sort great personal reverence for a star can be created and maintained, so that clergymen, meeting her at a reception of "nice people" and being discreetly smiled upon, will not hesitate to pronounce her "the best Rosalind that our stage has known in years." And though the clergy are often lacking in theatrical intelligence, their opinions never fail to command the highest respect.

Mummer worship owes a great deal to the press agent but a great deal more to the journeyman dramatist who measures the star for a part as the dressmaker measures her for her gowns, his intention being to exploit the few things she can do and artfully conceal her imperfections, just as the dressmaker brings out her beauty and conceals or modifies such ugliness as the thick waist, the scrawny neck and the large hands and feet. It seldom occurs to the star to learn, or to her manager to teach her, the use of her voice, the value of repose, or the magic art of pronouncing the English language so that it can be understood. Of these things she may know but little, but she will have very positive ideas in regard to the importance of the center of the stage, a good entrance worked up to the music cue, all the good lines in the piece, and the careful elimination of every vestige of beauty and talent from the supporting company.

She interrupts the first reading of the play with a peevish cry of: "And where am I, if you please, while that comedian is out there clowning?"

"You're in your dressing room, changing. We've got to keep the audience entertained even while you're off the stage."

"Pardon me, but I don't quite see the necessity if it interferes with my work when I come on; and after ten minutes of disgusting low comedy the audience will be in no mood for any fine, delicate bit of work. You'd better cut that scene out altogether. It may be funny, though I confess I don't see it in that light, but it will be certain to destroy all the atmosphere that I've been working so hard to create."

And so the scene is cut out, not because it is dull but because it is certain to amuse the public, and the strong lines are taken away from the actor who knows how to read them and given to the star who cannot—in short, nothing is left undone that will help incompetency to shine at the expense of talent. This process is called building up a part, but in reality it is destroying all the others. It is a noteworthy fact that the woman who finds the simplest technic of the stage far beyond her powers is, nevertheless, a complete mistress of the whole bag of tricks by which the public is cheated out of its just measure of amusement.

I myself was present at a Tuesday morning rehearsal when the star calmly cut out a part because a young actress had made a hit in it the night before.

"But didn't I make good?" cried the girl, who was weeping with disappointment.

"Certainly you did," replied the star blandly. "That's why I'm cutting out the part. Your salary will go on, but remember that this play is for me—not for you."

Another woman, deservedly famous for her beauty, had in her company a very pretty young girl who was discovered at the beginning of the first act seated behind a table directly in view of the audience. The star did her best to have the scene altered, but the author, who was strong enough to compel obedience, refused pointblank to make any change, and the scene was played precisely as he had arranged it and to the evident enjoyment of the audience. But on the second night the young actress, who had received complimentary mention from several critics, found to her dismay that a huge vase of flowers had been placed on the table before her, thus screening her completely from view.

Talent Sacrificed to Vanity

ANOTHER actress has been cunningly boosted into undeserved fame by a manager who always contrives to place every member of the cast at a disadvantage. It is true that he never fails to engage a supporting company of competent players and widely to herald the fact, as an evidence that his star is not afraid to challenge comparison with either beauty or talent. He pays good salaries and asks nothing of his actors, save that they try not to entertain the public. He will engage a well-known singer, and then ask her to sing a wretched song; a fine dancer, and provide her with a very poor dance; a first-class actor, and then cut all the "fat" out of his part. And, as a result of this broad-minded policy, the mummer worshipers applaud his tailor-made star to the echo, exclaiming: "Just see how much better she can act than that other woman who has such a big name! And how much better she dances than any one else! I used to think that actor was some good till I saw him beside her! After all, there's one star on our stage who needn't be afraid to surround herself with a fine company!"

There is no actor of experience who could not relate a thousand anecdotes descriptive of as many schemes by which a jealous player clothed with a star's brief authority can effectually stifle the efforts of the minor players. Perhaps the method most generally in use among American stars is to abstain from "feeding" any one playing in the same scene with them, and by "feeding" is meant listening intently, paying that close attention which one would pay in real life to the bearer of important tidings and indicating, by facial expression and otherwise, a lively interest in everything taking place on the stage. This business of "feeding," although one of the most difficult phases of the difficult art of acting—and therefore an easy thing for the star to refrain from—is always regarded as beneath the dignity of a great actress, no matter how insistent that same actress may be in demanding it of her support. She never seems to realize that if the players are not interested in what is going on the audience will not be either.

That a great many stars of this meretricious brand have been found out of late is plainly evidenced, not only by the disasters which have overtaken them but by the gradual decay of mummer worship and the corresponding growth of an intelligent theatrical taste. The playgoers of a generation ago went to see certain actors in certain

familiar and well-worn plays at regular intervals, as if they were taking medicine, and they usually preferred a drama which they knew by heart to a new one that was an uncertain quantity. All they cared for was to see the well-advertised star that they had prescribed for themselves. In that golden age of mummer worship Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, E. A. Sothern in Lord Dundreary, Maggie Mitchell in Fanchon, John T. Raymond in The Gilded Age and the Florences in The Mighty Dollar, roamed the country season after season with delight to the public and profit to themselves. Even Maude Adams, that essentially modern star, played four or five consecutive years in her first vehicle, The Little Minister.

But the first-class star of today who can use the same play more than one season is indeed fortunate. The public is still loyal to a few of the most worthy of its favorites, but even from them it demands a new piece each season. It is true that Mr. David Warfield has played The Music Master these many years, and will undoubtedly go on playing it for many more, but it is equally true that for this reason, if for no other, he is the envy of his professional associates.

"Alas!" cry the stars and their managers; "the American dramatist has disappeared, or else his hand has completely lost its cunning."

But the trouble does not lie with the dramatist. He is growing stronger every day. What the stars should bewail is the decay of mummer worship, the disappearance of the old-fashioned public that cared only for its idol and gave but scant heed to the play itself. That is why the year just ended, although it has produced hardly any successful star plays, has given us a great number of entertainments racy of the soil, comparatively devoid of theatrical claptrap, and containing parts that tend to make actors rather than to eliminate them.

Of these dramas The Easiest Way unquestionably ranks first, not only as a play that could be given successfully in a barn, but also in stage management, intense modernity, and the uncompromising truth of the story that it tells. It is only when we see such a play as this, which seems more like a glimpse of the real life of Broadway, with real people instead of actors on the scene, that we realize how far our theater has been permitted to stray from truth and nature. The Climax is another drama of modern American life that was written for the novel purpose of entertaining the public, and not to exploit an illiterate star. It is the first work of a new dramatist, Mr. Edward Locke, and it deals with characters and conditions that are so ample and commonplace, and therefore so easily comprehended, that we marvel at the skill with which the writer has drawn so much interesting matter from such an every-day source. The same may be said of Paid in Full, which actually opens in a Harlem flat with a husband sweeping the floor and preaching Socialistic discontent at second-hand to his wife who is cheerily washing the dishes in the back room. Yet the interest of the audience is enchained from the very first, and no play of recent times has done more to prove that the happenings of common domestic life may be just as tragic and dramatic as those of the most lurid Drury Lane melodrama.

Among the few successes of the present season we have Is Matrimony a Failure? which is anything but a star play; and The Harvest Moon, by the ever-conscientious Augustus Thomas, which, although not written to exploit a feeble star, has supplied an excellent actor, Mr. George Nash, with a great opportunity. There is so much that is good in The Fourth Estate that we cannot help regretting that its authors, Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, did not take time to work out their story in better and more consistent dramatic form; but they have given us a play that is not only alive with the real spirit of newspaperdom but one that reveals also, with a cynical frankness that is at once instructive and amusing, the underhand influences by which newspaper proprietors are ruled and the opinions of the public moulded. The Lily, adapted from the French by Mr. Belasco, has for its theme a household tragedy of the sort that no one can fail to understand. Although not written for a star it has given Miss Nance O'Neill the chance she has been looking for for more than a dozen years. Other plays of this season that have succeeded on their own merits are Seven Days, Clyde Fitch's posthumous drama, The City, The Fortune Hunter and The Commanding Officer.

These, then, are a few of the signs and portents that presage the final disappearance of the unworthy star and the growth of an infinitely finer and truer popular taste, and that hold out promise of a native theater that shall yet do us credit. The voice of Augustus Thomas, crying these many years from the wilderness of theatricalism and melodrama for truth and naturalism, has been heard at last, and already the foundations have been laid of a school of drama that is no slavish copy of the French, nor even—as the wiseacres would have it—an unripe fruit of the Ibsen tree. It is a drama that has its roots deep in our soil, and seeks to represent American life in the modern American spirit; and its disciples have the courage to portray the simple and even the ugly with a skill and success that have already roused a goodly portion of the public to the point of appreciation.

Nor need we seek further to learn why David Belasco, the master craftsman in the making of stars, is looking for embryo dramatists instead of actors, while Charles Frohman has issued a wholesale call to young writers for plays of current conditions dealing with the life that they know best; or why our playwrights of distinction are turning with relief from the uncongenial duties of the theatric cloakmaker to the fascinating work of building plays of the kind that give full scope to their own imaginative powers as well as to the talents of the actors; or why so many of the forcing-bed stars of yesterday are now either resting, or prostrated by pneumonia, or playing in variety shows "for the largest salary ever paid a single performer," or else bewailing the decadence of the American dramatists who can no longer fit them with good parts; or why one beautiful woman fails to fill her own beautiful theater; or why more stars than ever before are now required to furnish the money for their own tours; or—most significant of all portents—why a public that was once given over to the insensate worship of mummers has at last begun to recognize the dramatist's work at its true value and to demand good plays instead of poor stars.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

VI

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

CUT, dearie," said Rosalie Le Grange, trance and test clairvoyante, to Hattie, the landlady's daughter. "Now keep your wish in your mind, remember. That's right; a deep cut for luck. U-um! The nine of hearts is your wish—and right beside it is the ace of hearts. That means your home, dearie—the spirits don't lie, even when they're manifestin'.themselves just through cards. They guide your hand when you shuffle and cut. Your wish is about the affections, ain't it, dearie?"

The pretty slattern across the table nodded. She had put down her dustpan and leaned her broom across her knees when she sat down to receive the only tip that Rosalie Le Grange, in the existing state of her finances, could give.

"I git your wish now, dearie," announced Rosalie Le Grange. "The spirits sometimes help the cards somethin' wonderful. Here it comes. I thought so. The three of hearts for gladness an' rejoicin' right next to the ace, which is your home. Now that might mean a little home of your own, but the influence I git with it is so weak I don't think it means anythin' as strong an' big as that. Wait a minute—now it comes straight an' definite—he'll call—rejoicin' at your home because he'll call. Do you understand that, dearie?"

"Sure!" Hattie's eyes were big with awe.

"Hat-tie!" came a raucous voice from outside.

"Yes'm!" answered Hattie.

"Are you going to be all day redding up them rooms?" pursued the voice.

"Nearly through!" responded Hattie. Rosalie Le Grange made a pantomime of sweeping.

"I'll help you red up, my dear," she whispered. Forthwith they fell to sweeping, dusting, shaking sheets.

As she moved about the squeezed little furnished room and alcove, which formed her residence and professional offices in these reduced days, Rosalie Le Grange appeared the one thing within its walls that was not common and dingy. A pink wrapper—morning costume of her craft—inclosed a figure grown thick with forty-five, but marvelously well-shaped and controlled. Her wrapper was as neat as her figure; even the lace at the throat was clean. Her long, fair hands, on which the first approach of age appeared as dimples, not as wrinkles or corrugations of the flesh, ran to nails whose polish proved daily care. Her hair, chestnut in the beginning, foamed with white threads. Below was a face which hardly needed as yet the morning dab of powder, so craftily had middle age faded the skin without deadening it. Except for a pair of large, gray, long-lashed eyes too crafty in their corner glances, too far-looking in their direct vision, that skin bounded and inclosed nothing which was not attractive and engaging. Her chin was piquantly pointed. Beside a tender, humorous, mobile mouth played two dimples, which appeared and disappeared as she moved about the room delivering a monologue to Hattie.

"You Just Hear Me—It Was Real"

"I see a dark gentleman that ain't in your life yet. He's behind a counter now, I think. He ain't the one that the ace of hearts shows is goin' to call. I see you all whirled about between 'em, but I sense nothin' about how it's goin' to turn out—land sakes, child, don't you ever dust behind the pictures? You'll have to be neater if you expect to make a good wife to the dark gentleman ——"

"Will it be him?" asked Hattie, stopping with a sheet in her hands.

"Now the spirits slipped that right out of me, didn't they?" pursued Rosalie. "Land sakes, you can't keep 'em back when they want to talk. Now you just hold that and think over it, dearie. No more for you today." Rosalie busied herself with pinning the faded, dusty pink ribbon to a gilded rolling-pin, and turned her monologue upon herself:

"I ain't saying nothin' against this house for the price, dearie, but my, this is a comedown. The last time I did straight clairvoyant work it was in a family hotel with three rooms and a bath and breakfast in bed. Well, there's ups an' downs in this business. I've been down before and up again ——"

Hattie, her mouth relieved of a pillowcase, spoke boldly the question in her mind:

"What put you down?"

Rosalie, her head on one side, considered the arrangement of the pink ribbon before she answered:

"Jealousy, dearie; perfessional jealousy. The Vango trumpet séances were doin' too well to suit that lyin', fakin' Spirit-Truth outfit in Brooklyn—wasn't that the bell?"

It was. Hattie patted the pillow into place and sped for the door.

"If it's for me," whispered Rosalie, "don't say I'm in—say you'll see." Rosalie bustled about, putting the last touches on the room, pulling shut the bead portières which curtained alcove and bed.

Hattie poked her head in the door.

"It's a gentleman," she said.

"Well, come inside and shut the door—no use tellin' him all about himself," said Rosalie. "I'm—I'm kind of

expectin' a gentleman visitor I don't want to see yet. It's a matter of the heart, dearie," she added. "What sort of a lookin' gentleman?"

Hattie stood a moment, trying to make articulate her observations.

"He's got nice eyes," she said. "And he's dressed quiet but swell. Sort of tall and distinguished."

"Did you look at his feet?" For the moment Rosalie had taken it for granted that all women knew, as she so well knew, the appearance of police feet.

"No'm, not specially," said Hattie.

"Well, you'd 'a' noticed," said Rosalie, covering up quickly. "The gentleman I don't want to see has a club foot—show him up, dearie."

As Madame Le Grange sat down by the wicker center table and composed her features to professional calm, she was thinking:

"If he's a new sitter I'll have to stall. There's nothing as hard to bite into as a young man dope."

The expected knock came. Entered the new sitter—him whom we know as Dr. Walter Huntington Blake, but a stranger to Rosalie. During the formal preliminaries—in which Doctor Blake stated simply that he wanted a sitting and expressed himself as willing to pay two dollars for full trance control—Rosalie studied him and mapped her plan of action. There was, indeed, "nothing to bite into." His shapely clothes bore neither fraternity pin nor society button; his face was comparatively inexpressive; to her attempts at making him chatter he returned but polite nothings. Only one thing did she "get" before she assumed control. When she made him hold hands to unite magnetisms his finger rested for a moment on the base of her palm. She put that little detail aside for further reference and slid gently into "trance," making the most, as she assumed the slumber pose, of her profile, her plump, well-formed arms, her slender hands. This sitter was refined; not for him the groans and contortions of approaching control which so impressed factory girls and apprentices.

Peeping through her long eyelashes she noted that his face, though turned upon her in close attention, was without visible emotion.

"I must fish," she thought, as she began the preliminary gurgles that heralded the coming of Laughing Eyes, her famous Indian-child control. "I wonder if I've got to tell him that the influence won't work today and I can't get anything? Maybe I'd better."

A long silence, broken here and there by guttural gurglings; then Laughing Eyes babbled tentatively:

"John—Will—Will ——" she choked here, as though trying to add a syllable which she could not clearly catch. And at this point Rosalie took another look through her eyelashes. She had touched something! He was leaning forward; his mouth had opened. Before she could follow up her advantage he had thrown himself wide open.

"Wilfred—is it Wilfred?" he asked.

Laughing Eyes was far too clever a spirit to take immediately an opening so obvious.

"You wait a minny!" she said. "Laughing Eyes don't see just right now. Will—Will—he come, he go. Oh—oh—I see a ring—maybe it's on a finger, maybe it ain't—Laughing Eyes kind of a fool this morning—Laughing Eyes has got lots to do for a 'itty girl ——" Rosalie had essayed another glance as she spoke of the ring. It brought no visible change of expression; and from the success of her shot with Wilfred she knew that this, in spite of first impressions, was a sitter whose expression betrayed him. "Then it's business troubles," she thought, "unless he's a psychic researcher. And if he was, he wouldn't be so easy with his face."

So Laughing Eyes burbled again and then burst out:

"I see a atmosphere of trouble!" The young man's countenance dropped, whereupon Laughing Eyes fell to chattering foolishly before she went on: "Piles of bright 'itty buttons—money ——" And then something which had been gently titillating Rosalie's sense of smell made a sudden connection with her memory. Iodoform—the faintest suggestion. She linked this perception with his appearance of having been freshly tubbed, his immaculate finger-nails, shining as though fresh from the manicure, his perfectly-kept teeth and—yes—the pressure of a finger on her pulse. Upon this perception Laughing Eyes spoke sharply:

"Wilfred says your sick folks don't always pay like they ought. He says when they're in danger they can't do too much for the doctor, but when they're well, he's—he—he—Wilfred is funny—a old sawbones!"

"Ask fa—ask him about the patient," faltered Rosalie's sitter.

"Wilfred says, 'My son, it's coming out all right if you follow your own impulses,'" responded Laughing Eyes. "You do the way the influences guide you. They're guiding you, not them other doctors that you're askin' advice from." Laughing Eyes shifted to babbling of the bright spirit plane beyond and all that the patient was missing by delay in translation, while Rosalie took another glance of observation and thought rapidly. Was this

"Now Don't Get Silly an' Think That I've Been Givin' You a Coo Talk"

patient a medical or surgical case? Two chances out of three, surgical; it would take remorse and apprehension over a mistake with the scalpel to drive a medical man medium-hunting. Her glance at his hands confirmed her determination to venture. They were large and heavy, yet fine; the hands of a craftsman, a forger, a surgeon, any one who does small and exact work. Rosalie had been in a hospital in her day and she had studied doctors, as she studied the rest of humanity, with an eye always to future uses. Having a pair of hands like that, a doctor must inevitably choose surgery.

"Trust your papa!" babbled the Control. "Laughing Eyes trusted her papa—Ugh!—he big Chief. He here now! Your papa knows my papa! Your papa says you didn't cut too deep!"

The young man let out an agitated "Didn't I?"

"You was guided," pursued Laughing Eyes. "What you might 'a' thought was a mistake was all for the best. Those in the spirit controlled your hands. Wilfred says 'three'—oh—oh, I know what Wilfred means—ugh—get out, bad spirit—Wilfred means three days—you wait three days and it will be right."

"And now," thought Rosalie Le Grange, "he's got his money's worth, and I'll take no more risks for any two dollars!" Forthwith she let the voice of Laughing Eyes chuckle lower and lower. "Good-by," whispered the control at length, "I'm goin' away from my medie." Then, with a few refined convulsions, Rosalie awoke, rubbed her eyes, and said in her tinkling natural voice:

"Was I out long? I hope the sitting was satisfactory."

No change came over the young man's face as he said: "From my standpoint—very!"

"Thank you," murmured Rosalie. "I was afraid when you come in that the influences wasn't going to be strong. A medium can sense them."

"Very satisfactory—with modifications," responded the sitter. "For instance, it is absolutely true that I had a father. His name wasn't Wilfred, it was James. And he died before I was born. But don't let that discourage you. I can prove his existence. The other true thing was the corker. I've been to fifty-seven varieties of mediums in the course of this experiment and you're the first to jump at the widest opening I gave. I am a physician. I've put iodoform on my handkerchief every morning to prove it. I've been listed six times as a commercial traveler, twice as a con man, eight times as a clerk, three times as a policeman, with scattering votes for a reporter, a clergyman, an actor and an undertaker. But you're the first to roll the little ball into the little hole. I am a physician, or was. Better than that, you got it that I specialize on surgery—and I didn't plant that. You draw the capital prize."

"Young man!" asked Rosalie with an air of shocked and injured innocence, "are you accusing me of fakery?" But, despite her stern lips, in Rosalie's cheek played the ghost of a pair of dimples. They were reflected, so to speak, by twin twinkles in the eyes of her sitter. And he went straight on:

"In addition, you're the prettiest of them all, and a cross-eyed man with congenital astigmatism could see that you're a good fellow. My controls tell me that you're about to be offered a good job."

"My controls tell me," responded Rosalie Le Grange, "that if you don't quit insulting a lady in her own house and disgracin' her crown of mediumship, out you go. There's those here that will defend me, I'll have you know!"

The young man's face sobered. "I beg your pardon, Madame Le Grange," he said. "I have been sudden. Would you mind my coming to the point at once? I'm here to offer you a job."

Rosalie looked him over sternly for a moment, but in the end her dimples triumphed. She lifted her right hand as though to arrange her hair, two fingers extended—the sign in the Brotherhood of Professional Mediums to recognize a fellow-craftsman. The young man made no response; Rosalie's eyes flashed back on guard.

"How much is this business worth to you?" pursued the young man.

"Mediums ain't measurin' their rewards by earthly gains," responded Rosalie, and now she made no secret of her dimples. "If we wanted to water our mediumship, couldn't we get rich out of the tips we give people on their business?"

"But getting down to the earth plane," the young man continued—and, perhaps, the twinkles in his eyes were never more obstreperous—"how much would you ask to take a nice, easy job of using your eyes for me?"

"Well," said Rosalie, "if there was nothin' unprofessional about it, I should say fifty dollars a week." She smiled on him now openly. "You're a doctor. I don't have to say, as one professional person to another, that there's such a thing as ethics."

The young man smiled back. "Oh, certainly!" he said. "I understand that!" Quite suddenly he leaned forward and clapped Rosalie's shoulder with a motion that had nothing offensive about it—only good fellowship and human understanding. "I want you to help me expose Mrs. Paula Markham."

The announcement stiffened Rosalie. She sat bolt upright. "There ain't nothin' to expose!" she said.

"Now, let's get on a business basis," said the young man.

"Well, you let me tell you one thing first. If you're pumpin' me for evidence it don't go, because you've got no witnesses."

"I'm not pumping you for anything. I'm willing to admit that the spirits, not you, smelled the iodoform ——"

"An' noticed that you was scrubbed clean as a whistle and that when we held hands to unite our magnetism you was pawing for my pulse," pursued Rosalie, dropping her defenses all at once. Thereupon, Roman *haruspex* looked into the eyes of Roman *haruspex*, and they both laughed. But Rosalie was serious enough a moment later.

"Now, when you come to talk about exposing Mrs. Markham, you've got to show me first why you want her exposed, and you've got to let me tell you that you're wastin' your money. There's enough that's fake about this profession, but I know two mediums I'd stake my life on—barring, of course, myself"—here Rosalie smiled a smile that might have meant a confession or a boast, so balanced was it between irony and sweetness—"Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Anna Fife. They're real."

She peered into the face of her investigator. His expression showed skeptical amusement. She knew that her passion for talking too much was her greatest professional flaw; though had she thought it over maturely she would have realized that she had never got into trouble through her tongue. Her trained instinct for human values led her inevitably to those who would appreciate her confidences and keep them. So the sudden retreat within her defenses which followed proved irritation rather than suspicion.

"See here," she pursued, "are you a psychic researcher?"

"Cross my heart," answered the young man. "I never associated with spooks in my life until this week. I did it then because I wanted a first-class professional medium to take a good job."

"Investigating Mrs. Markham? What for? Has she got a cinch on a relative of yours?"

"Well, I'd like her for a relative," he started. Then he hesitated and for the first time faltered. A light blush began at the roots of his hair and overspread his face.

"I got that you were a physician," said Rosalie. "But there's one place I got you plumb wrong. I thought it was business troubles. So the trouble's your heart and affections! It's that big-eyed blonde niece of Markham's, of course. Well, you ain't the first. The best way to bring the young men like a flock of blackbirds is to shut a girl away from 'em."

Now the young man showed real surprise.

"How did you know?" he inquired.

"My controls and guides, of course," responded Rosalie. "They couldn't find anybody else to fall in love with around the Markham house—ain't as smart as you thought you was, are you?"

"Beside you," he responded, "I'm the Missing Link."

Rosalie acknowledged the compliment.

"I ain't asking you how I'm going about it," she said. "Probably you've planted that. I am asking you if you're willing to risk fifty a week on a pig in a poke? I know about her; we all do.

"She's just like Mrs. Fife. The psychic researchers has written up Mrs. Fife, but they ain't got half of her. They miss the big things, just like they get fooled on the little ones. We know. And we know about Mrs. Markham, too, though she's had sense enough to keep shut up from the professors.

"You're a skeptic," pursued Rosalie. "And I'm blowin' my breath to cool a house afire when I talk to you. I guess I just talk to hear myself talk. We start real. I did; we all do. With some of us it's a big streak an' with some it's a little. I was pretty big—pretty big. Things happen; voices and faces. Things that are true right out of the air and things that ain't true—all mixed up with what you're thinking yourself. It comes just when it wants to, not when you want it. And the longer you go on and the more horse-sense you get, the less it comes."

Rosalie stopped a moment and veiled her eyes with her lashes, as though speaking out of trance.

"Every one of us says to herself: 'It won't leave *me!*' And we start to practice. What are we going to do then? You git a sitter. She pays her two dollars. And the voice don't come, perhaps—not for that sitter or the next sitter or the next. But you have to give the value for the two dollars or go out of business. So some day you guess. That's the funny thing about this business, anyway. Lots of times you ain't quite sure whether guessing did it or spirits. I've glimpsed the ring on a girl's left hand, and right then my voices have said: 'Engaged!' Now was it me makin' that voice, or the spirit? I don't know. But when you begin to guess you find how easy people are—how they swallow fakes and cry for more. As sitters go, faking gets 'em a lot harder than the real stuff. An' before long—it's so easy—you're slippin' the slates or bringin' spooks from cabinets—let me tell you no medium ever did that genuine. But it's funny how long the real thing stays. Now, you—I called your father Wilfred. Maybe I'll wake up tomorrow night, seein' your face, and a voice will come right out of the air and say a name—and it'll be yours. It's happened; it will happen again—but generally when I can't make any use of it.

"I'm goin' a long way round to get home. There's some so big that they don't have to fake. Sometimes, of course, the controls won't come to them, but they can afford to tell a sitter they can't sense nothin', because the next sitter will get the real stuff—the stuff you can't fake. Mrs. Fife is that way. I've seen her work, and I know. I know just as well about Mrs. Markham, though I haven't seen her. She keeps tight shut up away from the rest of us. She never mixes. But some of us have seen her, and they've passed it on.

"Mediums," added Rosalie Le Grange, after a pause, "is a set of pipe-dreamers as a class, but there's one place where you can take their word like it was sworn to on the Bible. It's when they say somebody has the real thing Because mediums is knockers, and when they pass out a bouquet you can bet they mean it. No, young man; Mrs. Markham, if she does play a lone hand, is the real thing. But I may help you waste your money."

The young man had lost his air of cynical levity; he was regarding Rosalie Le Grange somewhat as a collector regards a new and unclassified species.

"Why?" he asked.

"Who's the greatest doctor in the world?" asked Madame Le Grange.

"Watkins, I suppose," responded the young man.

"What'd you give for a chance to stay in his office a month and see him work? See?"

He nodded.

"Of course."

"I was a darned little fool when I was young," pursued Rosalie Le Grange, "and now that I'm gettin' on in years I'm jest as darned an old one. I like to take chances. See?"

"Madame Le Grange," said her sitter, again clapping her rounded shoulder, "you're a fellow after my heart."

"Just a second before we come to the bouquets," responded Rosalie Le Grange. "There's another reason. Can you guess it?"

"I've already given up guessing on you."

On the table beside Madame Le Grange lay an embroidery frame, the needle set in a puffy red peony. Madame Le Grange picked it up and took a stitch or two, her head bending over her work, so that the playful light made gold of the white in her chestnut hair. She pursued:

"Maybe you specialize on mendin' people's bones, and maybe your specialty is their insides. I've got a specialty, too. You see, in this business it's easy to go all to the bad unless you do somethin' for other people. You have to have a kind of religion to tie to. Mine is unitin' and reunitin' lovin' hearts. Of course, you're saying that this is a lot of foolishness. Never mind." She paused a moment and plied the needle. "What's the trouble between you and that slim little niece of Mrs. Markham's that you want her aunt exposed? An' can't I fix it some other way?"

"What do you know about Miss Markham?" asked the sitter.

"I've opened myself up to you like a schoolgirl in a cozy-corner chat," said Rosalie Le Grange; "ain't it time you was doin' some confidin'?"

"Did you ever hear that Miss Markham had been brought up to be a medium? That she mustn't marry because it would destroy her powers? That she's been taught to believe she will never develop fully until she's put aside an earthly love?"

"Oho!" quoth Rosalie. "So that's the way the wind sets. My! I must say that's the fakiest thing I ever heard about Mrs. Markham. We all know that a medium's born. This dark-room developin' séance work is bosh to stall the dopes along. Still, Mrs. Markham has always played a lone hand. She's never mixed with other mediums, which is why I'll be safe in goin' into her house—she won't recognize me. Probably she's kept some fool notions that the rest of us lost long ago. But the poor little puss!"—her voice sank to a ripple—"the poor little puss!" Her eyes grew tender, and tenderly they met the softened eyes of the young man. "Just robbin' her of her girlhood! I wonder"—her voice grew harder as she turned to practical consideration of the subject—"if Mrs. Markham got the idea from them Yogis and adepts and things that she mixed with in India? Just like 'em. They've got the real thing, but they're little, crawling dagoes with no more blood in 'em than a swarm of horseflies."

"It is terrible to think of," said the sitter.

"You poor dear, I should say so!" responded Rosalie. "Of course, I see what you want done. If I can prove that Mrs. Markham is a fake, then I prove to the girl that it's all bosh about her not marrying. I can't give you no encouragement as far as exposin' goes, seein' 's I know Mrs. Markham is real; but if I'm on the ground maybe I can fix it some other way. How are you goin' to git me into the house?"

"This week," responded her coconspirator, "Mrs. Markham will advertise for a housekeeper. I suppose you can play housekeeper well enough to keep the place a month, can't you?"

"If there's anythin' I can do," responded Rosalie, "it's keep house—is it a big house?"

"Three stories—three or four servants, I suppose."

"That's good; I'll enjoy it; I never had a chance at that!"

"Remember, you must get the place from the other applicants

"If my mediumship hasn't taught me enough to git me a plain job it hasn't taught me nothin'," responded Rosalie.

"Then it's as good as done," answered the young man. "Shall I pay you now or later? Mrs. Markham's salary will be your tip."

"It's a good paymaster that pays when the job's got," answered Rosalie. Her sitter rose as though to go.

"Confidences is like love," said Rosalie—"first sight or not for ten years. Here I've opened my whole bag of tricks, and yours is locked tight. Don't you think you might tell me your name?"

The young man reached for a card

"Doctor Blake," he said as he fumbled.

"Walter Huntington Blake, Curfew Club," corrected Rosalie.

His hands dropped and he stared. "How—how ——"

"Sprints—my kind." Rosalie extended her hand. In it rested his little cardcase. "Excuse me. I done it just to show you I wasn't quite a darn fool, if I do tell everything I know to a stranger. Now don't get silly an' think from this marvelous demonstration that I've been givin' you a con talk. It's just a lesson not to take your cardcase along when you visit a medium. It's a proof that I can expose Mrs. Markham if there's anything to expose. Good-by, Doctor Blake, and good luck."

The following Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, a messenger boy woke Madame Le Grange by prolonged knocking. He passed in this note:

Answer early the third advertisement, third column, sixth page, in the Herald Help Wanted column. From the address I know it is Mrs. M's. W. H. BLAKE.

VII

ROSALIE LE GRANGE, upon assuming her position as housekeeper in the Markham establishment, had written Doctor Blake that Tuesday was her afternoon out, and suggested that he meet her every Tuesday afternoon at three in the ladies' parlor of the old Hotel Greenwich, which lay far from main lines of traffic and observation. So they sat on the faded velvets of the Greenwich that fall afternoon, heads together in close conference.

"You're wastin' your money," began Rosalie.

"Tell me about Miss Markham first," he interrupted. "Is she well?"

"As well as she ever is—that girl's far from strong. The more I think of this job"—she reverted to her subject—"the more meechin' I feel about it, spyin' on a good woman an' a great medium like her. Git the girl away from her! Let me tell you, Doctor Blake, your girl's the luckiest girl in the world, and I don't care if I have to say it right into your face. If I'd had a chance to develop my mediumship straight from a great vessel of the spirit like that I wouldn't be faking test books and robbing cardcases and giving demonstrations to storegirls at a dollar a trance. To learn from Mrs. Markham! She ought to be thankful for the chance."

Then, perceiving that she had left his feelings out of consideration, noticing by the droop of his eyes how much she had depressed him, she patted his knee and let a tender smile flutter over her dimples.

"Of course, boy," she said, with the sweet patronage of woman, "I don't take no stock in the notion that the girl has got to put aside earthly love, and that kind of talk. We've all got our notions and our places where we don't follow the spirit guides. Perhaps that's just Mrs. Markham's weak spot. Maybe her own love affairs was ashes in her mouth. Come to think of it, I never did know who Mr. Markham was. What I'm tryin' to tell you is that you've got your pig by the wrong ear, for you can't expose what's genuine. And I'm ashamed of what I'm doin', and if I hadn't promised to stay a month I'd leave this very day." Her companion made an involuntary motion of alarm.

"Don't be afraid—I'm not goin' to—yet. Gettin' the place was easy. You want a housekeeper stupid and respectable; I was all that. I was bothered, before I started, to get letters of recommendation, but I got 'em—never mind how. And they were good, too. I'm Mrs. Granger, as I told you, and I'm a widow. So I took the place away from a

(Continued on Page 44)

Not for Him the Grouns and Contortions Which So Impressed Factory Girls and Apprentices

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1910

Take the Post-Office Out of Politics

IN ATTEMPTING to charge up the deficit in his Department against the magazines the Postmaster-General has done the country a genuine, even if an unintentional, service. He has drawn attention to the necessity for a thorough reorganization of the Postal Department. He has emphasized the importance of taking the Post-Office out of politics for all time. Already the Post-Roads Committee, headed by a business man, Mr. John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, is considering new legislation. And we have great hopes that a bill will result which will place the administration of our postal affairs on a sound business basis.

The committee has an excellent foundation on which to build. The Fifty-ninth Congress authorized an investigation of postal affairs, and a joint commission, headed by Senator Penrose and Representative Overstreet, made a thorough investigation of the whole subject. As a result, the Overstreet bill, which contains many excellent recommendations, was presented.

We want our readers to understand that it is not from guesswork that we have concluded that the Department is in need of radical reorganization, but from the official reports of this Joint Congressional Postal Commission and of the disinterested accountants hired by it to investigate the business methods of the Department. Let us quote from these reports, remembering that the findings and criticisms are not ours, but those of a Congressional Commission and its authorized agents. First read these recommendations from the preliminary report of the Joint Postal Commission:

As an indication of the views at present entertained it is proper to say that the commission is profoundly impressed with the wisdom of the accountant's report in recommending the following:

(*a*) That the actual direction of the business of the Post-Office Department and postal service be committed to an officer with necessary assistants to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, for long terms, so as to insure the continuity of efficient service, and that the Postmaster-General, as a member of the Cabinet, be chargeable only with general supervisory control and the determination of questions of policy.

(*b*) That the business of the Department be decentralized, so as to avoid the congestion at the National Capital, which is believed to seriously impair the efficiency of the service throughout the country, while at the same time greatly increasing its cost.

(*c*) That the bookkeeping, auditing and accounting be simplified, unified and centralized as far as practicable so as to secure greater accuracy, the record of profit and loss somewhat in detail, a more prompt method of accounting for money and property, and the elimination of apparently needless duplication of work.

(*d*) That the practice of requiring needless detailed reports from small post-offices be discontinued. This will undoubtedly result in large savings in the matter of bookkeeping while in no sense impairing the efficiency of the service. The moderate application of the non-accounting system to small offices will eliminate about 30,000, or nearly one-half, of all the post-office accounts from the present complex report and bookkeeping system, or would at least greatly simplify the same.

It appears too obvious to require argument that the most efficient service can never be expected as long as the direction of the business is, as at present, intrusted to a Postmaster-General and certain assistants selected without special reference to experience and qualifications and subject to frequent change. Before the Postmaster-General and his assistants can become reasonably familiar with the operations of the service they are replaced by others, who, in turn, are called upon to resign before they can, in the nature of things, become qualified by knowledge and experience to perform their allotted tasks. Under such a system a large railroad, commercial or industrial business would inevitably go into bankruptcy, and the Post-Office Department has averted that fate only because the United States Treasury has been available to meet deficiencies.

Then read these extracts from the report of the public accountants employed by the Joint Commission:

The service has grown from small beginnings over a long period of years, hampered by restrictive laws which may have been necessary in the past and may even now be considered necessary to some extent for a Government department, but which would render it practically impossible for any private business to survive.

The general absence of any efficient methods of accounting has been brought to light by the inquiry carried out by the Joint Commission on second-class mail matter. This report was referred to Congress on January 30, 1907, and our investigation has confirmed the impression gathered from the study of it, that the whole of these methods are crude in the extreme and such as no private business concern or corporation could follow without the certainty of loss, if not of financial disaster.

There exists an independence and lack of coöperation not only between different bureaus and different divisions, but even between different sections of the same division, and in identical fields operations which must undoubtedly do much to hamper the service and increase its cost.

The service is, throughout, closely controlled by Congress through its Committees on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, and no important variations in the system or in its administration can be initiated without an act of Congress, which, even when indorsed fully by these committees, is frequently difficult to obtain.

The appointments of postmasters, clerks in post-offices, and many other grades of the service are still largely affected by political influence, and it is to be feared that nominations made have often insufficient regard to the fitness of the applicant, to his previous experience, or to his familiarity with the routine of the postal service. Moreover, the frequent changes in the personnel of the service naturally operate adversely to its efficiency.

The work of the Department and its development is hindered all along the line by slavish adherence to old methods and to precedents created in previous years, and many reforms which might otherwise be instituted are hindered—if not entirely prevented—by appeals to the decisions of the Comptroller, made, perhaps, many years ago under entirely different conditions. Then, again, the conservatism of Government officials is a generally admitted fact. There is no inducement to employees to suggest improvements in the service for the reason that if these improvements result in greater efficiency or economy of administration they will receive little credit; and, on the other hand, if new methods are not successful they will be charged with the whole blame. Moreover, to suggest improvements which will result in economy is to create hostility among other members of the organization, whose services may thereby be rendered unnecessary. On the other hand, a clerk who adheres to the routine which existed prior to his appointment will be left undisturbed and will receive credit by performing his duties with even a slight degree of efficiency and accepting without comment methods which have been handed down from earlier generations.

We have already called attention to the bureau system in the Post-Office Department and to the fact that the appointments to the offices of the Postmaster-General and Assistant Postmaster-General are purely political. They run for short periods of years and their holders, with few exceptions, have had no previous experience in the postal service. At the end of a few years, at which time it may be supposed they have attained some familiarity with the details of the business which they are administering, they go out of office. The remuneration attached to the positions of Assistant Postmaster-General is so small that of necessity the incumbents must have private means; it is hardly reasonable to suppose that any man of ability would be willing to retain his position for more than a few years, at the end of which time he must feel that the sacrifices he has made for the Government service are sufficient. Upon their acceptance of office the Postmaster-General and his assistants find themselves involved in a mass of administrative work of which they may have had no previous knowledge, and that little time is at their disposal to master the many intricate details of the business which they are called upon to administer. At the best they can only hope to master the work of the few divisions which form their particular bureau, and from this it follows that each bureau has developed into a separate organization, operated without regard to the interests of the service as a whole.

Another point to which attention should be given in connection with the salaries of employees is that no pension or superannuation allowance is provided by the Government regulations, and there are many employees in the Department who have reached an age when their services are worth little or nothing, but who are kept on the pay-rolls mainly for the reason that they cannot be turned adrift and left with no means of subsistence. The Department pay-rolls include a number of pensioners who are of little or no use, but whose existence thereon can always be used by Congress as an argument against further increases of the staff.

In view of these official statements by those whom Congress authorized to investigate the Post-Office, we submit that the Postmaster-General's attempt to wipe out the deficit in his Department by raising the postage on your magazines, instead of by devoting his energies to securing legislation that will place the service on a sound, efficient and economical basis, is unwise and unbusinesslike. The nature of his recommendations, and the attempt to exempt newspapers from any increase, are final grounds for a divorce of this great business department from politics.

Farmers and Senators

THERE are over two hundred thousand farms in Michigan. Hence the significance of the report that the State Grange and the farmers' clubs are actively opposing the reëlection of Julius Cæsar Burrows to the United States Senate.

In contemplating the Upper House of Congress many questions come into the mind. The first of them is this: How in the world did two-thirds of the members ever get there?

Occasionally we know the answer. Thanks to a Senatorial investigation, for example, we knew how Clark, of Montana, obtained his seat. A consensus of opinion seems to solve the riddle in the case of Guggenheim, of Colorado. The peculiar political convolutions that issued in the election of Lorimer, of Illinois, are still tolerably fresh in the recollection of newspaper readers. But there are many other cases as to which no answer of a specific nature occurs to mind.

The general answer is that, until recently, farmers and the common mass of citizens were supposed to take the same interest in the election of a Senator from their state as in the appointment of a minister from this country to Brazil. There were a few simple requirements—that is, the gentleman should possess a silk hat, a mellifluous voice and be of tolerably sober habits. Possessing these qualifications, and having been duly selected by a handful of mysterious persons at the capital, the people were supposed to accept him without question and to refer to him with pride as "our Senator." The dozen men who really ran the Senate ought logically to have furnished the silk hats, as they furnished the ideas to go under them. But this little detail was overlooked.

If farmers are going to take a hand in picking out Senators there will presently, we opine, be a grand opportunity to get some forty or more second-hand silk hats at a bargain.

Milk, Water and Pennies

USERS of milk in New York and Chicago have been trying to find out why they pay so much for it. A Brooklyn committee concludes that the chief concern in the monopolistic combination of milk-dealers, operating in both cities, holds up the price to the consumer in order to pay dividends on watered stock. The question is rather important, since among the many families with six-hundred-dollar incomes, forty-five cents out of every dollar must go for food, and five cents out of the forty-five for milk.

And, meanwhile, the dairymen who furnish the milk for Chicago have been trying to find out why they get so little for it. They report that, during the six months beginning last April, the average price which the dairymen received from the dealers was a trifle under two and a half cents a quart—the dealers charging consumers seven cents. Since then, while buying from the dairymen on the same basis as last year, dealers have raised the price to the consumer a cent a quart.

The dairyman furnishes the milk and gets two and a half cents. The dealers' combine furnishes the selling organization and gets four and a half cents. Naturally, dairymen are beginning to ask themselves: Why don't we furnish the selling organization ourselves, since there is where the profit is? Consumers might ask themselves: Why don't we furnish the selling organization, since that is what makes the price so high?

For either producer and consumer, coöperation seems to be the cure for such a situation.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Aims of Ames

VIEWING it from all its angles, putting it to the acid test, that simple act of lese-majesty, while it has a considerable amount of distinction—as a high-class endeavor to start something—has, also, its limitations, its restrictions.

When one is conscientiously authoring one desires to do one's full duty, and there can be no higher obligation to one's art than to apply to the relation of the circumstances coincident to the occurrence one desires to embalm in deathless prose the exact term that shall fit its particular needs. Thus, if one feels called to portray some epochal event the words used in the portrayal should be commensurate, selected with that cold, calm, discrimination that marks the artist, and not put together in the hit-or-miss style of the careless worker who runs amuck down the lanes of language. To be sure, there are times when our written speech fails to picture a situation in all its direness, fails to delineate to the reader's mind the hideous and horripilatious qualities of a condition. This in extenuation.

Now I make me no doubt that what has been done recently in Massachusetts smacks—if I may be so bold—of treason to the tenets, the traditions, the tenures of the state; but—would you believe it?—lese-majesty was the only descriptive term I could think of when the news came stridently off the wire from the Old Bay State. I admit humbly that lese-majesty does not describe the shocking event at all; that it utterly fails to present adequately to the people of the United States, for their astounded contemplation, the atrocity that has been committed; but lese-majesty is the best I can do, unless, for the nonce, I shall borrow from the immortal classics and say, with Homer, it is something fierce.

You ask me what has stirred me so—and I say to you that never have I been so stirred—and I point out to you those three rebellious—nay, revolutionary—lines that, dated from Boston, read recently in the daily press in this dumfounding wise: "Butler Ames, Representative in Congress from the Fifth Massachusetts district, today announced that he will be a candidate for the United States Senate against the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge before the Legislature that will elect Mr. Lodge's successor next year. Senator Lodge's present term will expire on March 3, 1911. Mr. Ames will open headquarters in Boston."

There! What do you think of that? Mock no longer at my feeble attempt to designate this act. Pity, rather, the paucity of the language. To think that we should live to see the day when a young person named Butler Ames should have the temerity to contest for a seat in the Senate that belongs, by tradition, by *convention*, by RIGHT to the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge! Does Butler Ames realize what he is doing? Does Butler Ames understand that Henry Cabot Lodge is a Massachusetts doctrine? Does he not know that, after all the honor Mr. Lodge has graciously conferred on the people of Massachusetts by being their Senator since 1893, he is still as graciously willing to confer the further honor for a space of six years more?

It has been justly urged against the younger generation that it is impatient of institutions, and not beholden to the precepts of the former days. Mr. Lodge is both a precept and an institution. More than that, he supplies the culture for the United States Senate, thereby shedding additional luster on the state that honors itself in honoring him. It has so fallen out, of late years, that young men, men of the people, have been seeping into the United States Senate, have brought some red blood and a fair knowledge of what the great masses of our population want, but stern against this invasion has stood a little handful of men, none sterner than Henry Cabot Lodge, who have sought to maintain the theory that the Senate is the legislative aristocracy and that they hold the fief.

Massachusetts Menaced

STUDENTS of contemporaneous affairs and writers thereon have observed these new conditions with alarm, none with more alarm than the towering representative of it all, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge; and those of us who realize how great is the boon Mr. Lodge confers on us by consenting to admonish, instruct and criticise, are at a loss to understand the impulses that actuate Mr. Butler Ames in his incendiary attempt to deprive us of the services of which we stand in so great need.

Who is this person, Butler Ames, who seeks to divest us of Henry Cabot Lodge? Who is this iconoclast who, caring nothing for the glory and honor of his native state, will endeavor to abolish one of her institutions? A hasty perusal of his biography shows us he is the grandson of Benjamin F. Butler and the son of Major-General Adelbert Ames; that he is a graduate of West Point, an engineer by profession; that he has served in the militia, was in the Spanish War at the occupation of Porto Rico, and that he has been a member of the common council of Lowell, a member of the state legislature, and is now serving his fourth term in Congress from the Fifth Massachusetts district.

He Has Plenty of Money, Plenty of Friends, and a Good, Hard Nerve

Think of that! A member of the common council—the *common* council—and seeking to tear from the uncommon shoulders of Henry Cabot Lodge the toga he wears with such conspicuous dignity, grace and right. We have indeed fallen on evil and unregenerate days when any young legislator, who happens to have a fortune and a family, can stroll unconcernedly into the arena and dispute the seat of the man who is our most impressive type of the Scholar in Politics.

It must be said for Butler Ames that he is young and has lately been inventing an airship. Likely as not his struggle with the angle of incidence has destroyed that finer appreciation of his duty to his state, his conjecture of the coincidence, as Mr. Lodge might say himself—if he thought of it—and he has rushed in without a full survey of the paths which he seeks temerously to tread. Once he stops to think, once he awakens to a full realization of his rash adventure he will retire to his airships, remain in the House, and look back on his essay as a boyish prank. He cannot have considered it fully. What would the country do without Henry Cabot Lodge to admonish and instruct—particularly admonish?

Still, the struggle may go to its iconoclastic end. It may be that young Ames has given full consideration to all these things and has irrevocably set his hand to the enterprise. If that is the case it need only be said that he has plenty of money, plenty of friends, an excellently favorable conception of himself, and a good, hard nerve. He has been so fortunately situated in life that he has had what he has wanted about as soon as he expressed the desire, but so has Henry Cabot Lodge. Thus, somebody will be disappointed in the event the struggle goes its lacerant length. Moreover, in the event of the dread disaster to H. Cabot, young Ames wouldn't be half bad as a Senator. He has brains, a commodity that still has its value in the Senate, notwithstanding contrary reports.

Now, can you see how lese-majesty fails as a term descriptive of the bold and audacious venture of young Ames? It is more than that, but it is that, too. Far be it from any person without the inside of the politics of Massachusetts to speculate on the politics of all this. Far be it from any person to say why this has happened. We only have in Washington the impression gained from Mr. Lodge himself of the distinction he has been conferring all these years on his state by being here, and we stand in open-mouthed wonder that there should exist within the confines of that state any person, or combination or collection of persons, who should be so careless of the benefits conferred on the Commonwealth as to seek to deprive her of the conferrer. We have set Henry Cabot Lodge on a pedestal, thinking to have for many years the ineffable delight of standing afar and saluting with polite and somewhat awed respect. There he has stood, polished, precise and pedantic, condescendingly complacent. Now to think that Butler Ames should seek to dispossess him! Ah, youth, youth, how reckless in the pursuit of what youth wants!

Private word for the ear of Butler Ames: Dear But: Albeit H. Cabot Lodge is the Scholar in Politics, do not go gayly into this affair thinking there is no Politics in the Scholar. An' you do, you will have lese-majesty in vain.

A Lack of Foresight

EARLY in life George Moses, now the American Minister to Greece, wanted a job as a page in the New Hampshire Legislature and needed it, too.

He went to the Capital and was told to see Cheney, then an influential politician who, he was told, controlled the Legislature. He stated his case to Cheney, but Cheney coldly turned him down, and Moses got along without his job as page and, finally, came to be the editor of the biggest paper in New Hampshire.

One day Cheney came into Moses' office and asked for a favor. It was something vital to Cheney. He needed it almost as much as Moses had needed the job as page.

Moses heard him through. Then he leaned back in his chair and said: "Cheney, I'm going to tell you a story I have never told to any other person." Whereupon he related, with the tremolo stop working, the tale of his boyhood ambition to be a page.

"Cheney," he said, "do you expect me to grant you this favor? I was that boy you turned down so hard and cold."

That would have feazed any other person except Cheney. It never made a dent in him. Instead, he leaned over the table and asked: "Moses, why in thunder didn't you tell me then what you were going to be?"

The Human Lighthouse

MEDILL McCORMICK, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, has recently allowed himself the luxury of a full, red, not to say crimson, beard.

When the Governors and such were going down the Mississippi with President Taft McCormick was along. He saw an old friend on the boat and went up to him.

The friend stared blankly.

McCormick stuck out his hand: "Don't you know me?" he asked. "I'm Medill McCormick."

"Nay, nay, young man," replied the other, gazing at the whiskers. "You may be the lighthouse at the next bend, but you are not Medill McCormick."

The Wisdom of Two-Strike

WHEN General George H. Harries was out at the Rosebud Agency at the time of the Sioux troubles, part of his work was to get Indians to sign some treaties.

One chief, named Two-Strike, one night agreed to sign, but when it came time for him to come in next morning, touch the pen and make his mark, he reneged. It was important to get him, for his signature controlled about three hundred Indians.

"Me no sign," grunted Two-Strike.

"Why not?" asked Harries persuasively. "You promised last night to sign this morning."

Two-Strike said a short sentence in Sioux and the interpreter turned to Harries and translated. "The chief says he has thought it over and will not sign, for he notices every time he touches that thing"—pointing to the pen—"he loses something."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is chairman of the Senate Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, but they were civilized before he got to them.

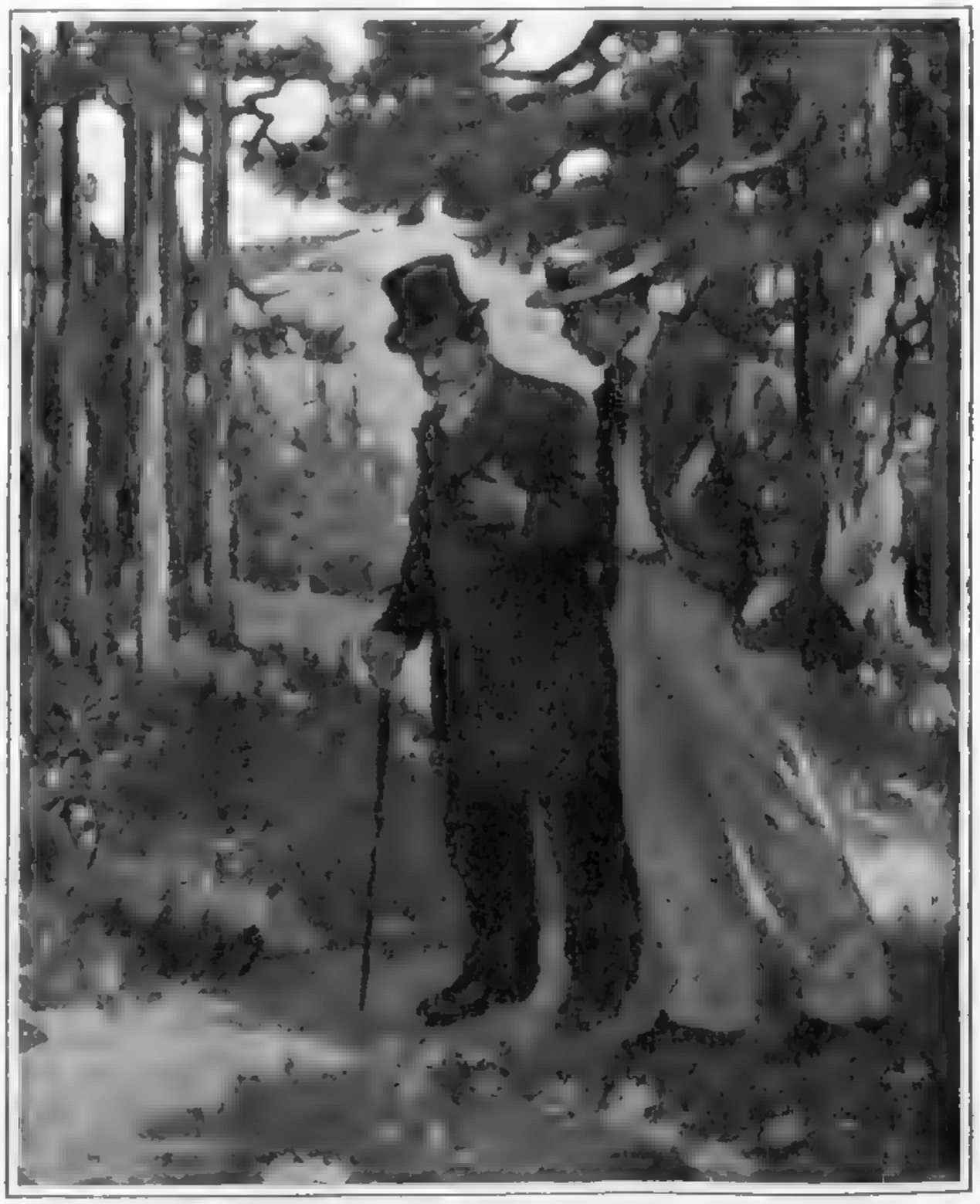
¶ Representative Hayes, of California, is known as the Friend of the Boarding-House Keeper. He is one of the biggest producers of prunes in the United States.

¶ Representative J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, was a student at Heidelberg for a time, but he didn't get a scar in the duels he fought, if he fought any, thereby scoring two on our German brothers.

GRANT'S LAST DAYS

By FRANK W. MACK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL



On the Haggard Background of the Old Soldier's Face Lay First the Tense Lines of a Grim Bravery Against Great Odds

WHILE General Grant was living in the "bluff, broad-shouldered calm" before the wreck, friends had strongly and often urged him to write an autobiography, but he had steadily declined to do so. He had determined never to write anything for publication. Then came the crash.

On the evening of the Grant & Ward failure General Grant went uptown to his home penniless. The news of his trouble had flashed around the world. That evening a short, slender man, black of hair and eye and swart of visage, called to see General Grant. It was the Honorable Matias Romero, then, as he was during Grant's Presidency, Mexico's Ambassador to the United States. For years the men had been friends. Grant respected and was fond of the keen, silent little man from the Latin republic, and the unobtrusive little diplomat from the home of the Aztecas revered and loved the silent man of the American field and Cabinet.

In a half-embarrassed way, as though himself asking a favor, Romero informed Grant that he, the Ambassador, had some money in bank and that he wanted Grant to accept and use it.

Imagine the touch of such an act on the sore heart of a betrayed and penniless man. Did the silent man of our armies falter and pause with hardened throat? I cannot tell. I do not know. But at length he protested. Perhaps he knew the swart-faced man should not hazard his savings. Possibly, so raw was the hurt, the General's quiet pride could brook no loan, even from a friend. However, at length, the General said he would consult Mrs. Grant, and went away to do so.

When he was alone the dark, slender man drew from his pocket a slip of paper and, leaving it in view, quietly went out of the house without waiting the General's return.

When the penniless man returned he found his friend had gone. But on the table lay a check that read up into four figures. Not a large sum then, a small one as money flows in these days, but infinitely touching because it was all a friend could do. And out of this check for days the marketmen and grocer got their pay.

But such help, obviously, could be only palliative. Because of the money it gave him and because at that moment he was living upon borrowed money the General consented to write a series of magazine articles. He found the work congenial and determined then to continue it. Thus he began his Memoirs, a work he lived to finish and to finish which he lived, I believe, by sheer supremacy of purpose through the last weeks of his stay. There is something grimly touching in his committal of this work to the public.

"There are," he wrote, "but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by their own choice. This event is an important one for me, for good or evil; I hope, for the former."

The Enormous Sale of the Memoirs

HAD he written here: "This event is an important one"—not "for me," but "for my family"—the old soldier would have uttered what was in his heart, for he had little reason to believe his life would outlast his task.

And just here, following the lead of this informal chat, let us use an incident which, I think, fits in better now than it would in any hard, chronological composition of what I have to tell.

One morning at Drexel cottage among the pines on Mount McGregor, whither Grant was taken to prolong his life, the General received a letter from his publishers. Sitting on the broad porch he read the letter through, laid it thoughtfully upon his knee and for a moment gazed off to the far mountains. Then his strained and patient face relaxed a trifle and he handed the letter to Mrs. Grant, who was near. Sitting on the upper step I watched them.

"That's two hundred thousand," she remarked as she finished reading and held the letter.

"Three hundred thousand," the General corrected with a smile on his wan face, and then nodded a signal to pass the letter to me. I discovered at once that they had been speaking in dollar marks.

It was a communication from the General's publishers, telling him that at that date two hundred thousand sets of his Memoirs—two volumes each—had been sold. Mrs. Grant's ejaculation had sprung from an impression that the General's share would be one dollar on each set. The General's correction marked the real revenue to his family, namely: one dollar and a half a set, or a total royalty to him at that time of three hundred thousand dollars.

From the time of Romero's loan until he realized on his magazine work General Grant and his family were maintained by the proceeds from a chattel-mortgage loan. The sum was one hundred thousand dollars and the collateral was made up of the General's swords and memorials of his victories from the United States, states and cities, and tributes to his fame and achievements from Governments all over the world. These objects, which to my fancy would have been almost priceless mementos, were made the basis of a chattel mortgage, and William H. Vanderbilt advanced the hundred thousand dollars. I do not believe that Vanderbilt wanted this mass of relics. From some personal acquaintance with him I conclude that the entire lot did not present to Vanderbilt's judgment a value, either sentimental or intrinsic, that was equal to the loan he made upon them. More pleasant and more exact, I think, is the conclusion that the railroad man liked Grant and wanted to help him. I imagine, however, that the sensitive pride of the grim old soldier, then more than ever acute, would brook no gift nor accept any loan except upon collateral, and his relic treasures were the only security he had to give.

But see how it worked out. Vanderbilt bought in the relics on the foreclosure sale and then gave them to Mrs. Grant with the proviso that upon the General's death, or before if she chose, the mementos should be deposited at Washington as the property of the Nation. Thus, the General's mementos were sold to the United States for one hundred thousand dollars of William H. Vanderbilt's money, and they may be seen today, and always henceforth, at Washington.

Relics Stolen

ONE morning a truck was tailed against the curb before the Grant home. Instead of waiting until the General died Mrs. Grant had determined to transfer the mementos at once, and this truck at the door had come to haul them away.

The General's two sons, Fred and Ulysses Simpson, Junior, were carrying the relics from their storage places into the rear parlor on the first floor. Mrs. Grant was there. Naturally, it was not a gleeful occasion. Each object brought some recollection to the mother, some reminiscence to her boys. Perhaps the old soldier didn't know, grimly at work on the floor above. I had entered the house on some news quest—perhaps to learn the errand of the truck—and so was present at the transfer. Colonel Fred opened a flat box fourteen inches square and laid it upon the library table.

"There's something valuable," he said. "A complete collection of Japanese coins for twelve hundred years. They were presented to father by the Japanese Government—the only complete set in existence except the one that is in the Japanese Treasury; and, by the way, this set is not now complete, for two pieces have been stolen. Yes, stolen! Father's personal effects have been so long without a home that, perhaps, nine of every ten articles that originally made up this collection have been lost or stolen. Yes, there's a high value on every one of these coins, and any person found carrying one out of Japan would be liable to the death penalty. There are seven of these little coin plates that cost five thousand dollars, and the entire collection is worth probably ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars."

And when the box had been listed, packed and receipted for, the gift of Japan was carried out to the waiting truck.

"This looks as if it might be loaded," remarked the packer as he lifted a long, round tin case.

"It is a Chinese address to my father by the Chamber of Commerce of Penang," and Colonel Fred drew forth from the tube a rod of gold several feet long and having the address inscribed upon it in Chinese characters.

"There is an object my father is fond of, not for its intrinsic value, although it is made of gold, but because of the source from which it came." Colonel Fred, as he said this, held up a gold model of that table in the McLean house on which Lee signed the articles of surrender that Grant had just formulated. "Presented to my father," added Fred, "by four Confederate soldiers—a model of the table on which General Lee laid down their cause."

"That feeling by men of the South is very dear to your father," added Mrs. Grant.

And so passed the procession of odd souvenirs given to Grant. An exquisite onyx cabinet from the people of Pueblo, Mexico; an aerolite which passed over Mexico in 1871; a huge pair of elephant tusks from the King of Siam and a pair of little ones from the Maharaja of Johore; very old crackleware bowls, old cloisonné and old Chinese porcelain jugs from Prince Koon and Li Hung Chang, of

China; tobacco accessories consisting of a silver matchbox used by General Grant, a horn and silver snuffbox, and two gold cigar-cases from the Celestial King of Siam—one plain, the other enameled—canes, swords, uniforms, medals, Grant's military commissions from West Point up—hundreds of priceless mementos and gifts.

At length Mrs. Grant went away. The sacrifice had been made. The helpers had left; the packer had nearly finished his work. The two sons wandered half aimlessly to the front of the house, standing at length where they looked out on the old truck and its contents. The heavy vestibule door clanged shut, the packer went down the steps with the last bundle.

"There go father's swords," Colonel Fred remarked in a musing tone. "Buck" responded grimly: "I suppose they'll be kept safely."

"Yes, more safely than we could keep them." And the two brothers turned away before the rickety wheels commenced to turn beneath their load.

. . . . . .

It was so warm that one of the men wore his waistcoat wide open from wishbone to waistband—one of the two men who called at the Grant house one forenoon early in June. They had not come there to satisfy curiosity. They had business. You could tell it by the way they went up the steps.

They were quickly admitted, and they stayed a long time—over an hour. They had not been there before. Who could they be—to stay there an hour? It was unusual. I must learn their errand.

Anyhow, there was justification for an open waistcoat or none at all that day. May had taken on a summer fever that spring, and the old soldier working grimly in the brownstone house had already faltered in the heat and paused. Those who watched him were uneasy. June with added heat had crossed the threshold of summer, had shaken out the new leaves in the Park and brought to men that microbe of unrest that a new summer ever throws off. What should be done with Grant? The city's piled-up cells of brick and stone were already getting heated through. Grant was suffering; he must be taken away from the town. But where? I had set this problem forth in the Associated Press dispatches the day before, and was now watching the steel-spring swiftness of American thrift and of the American heart.

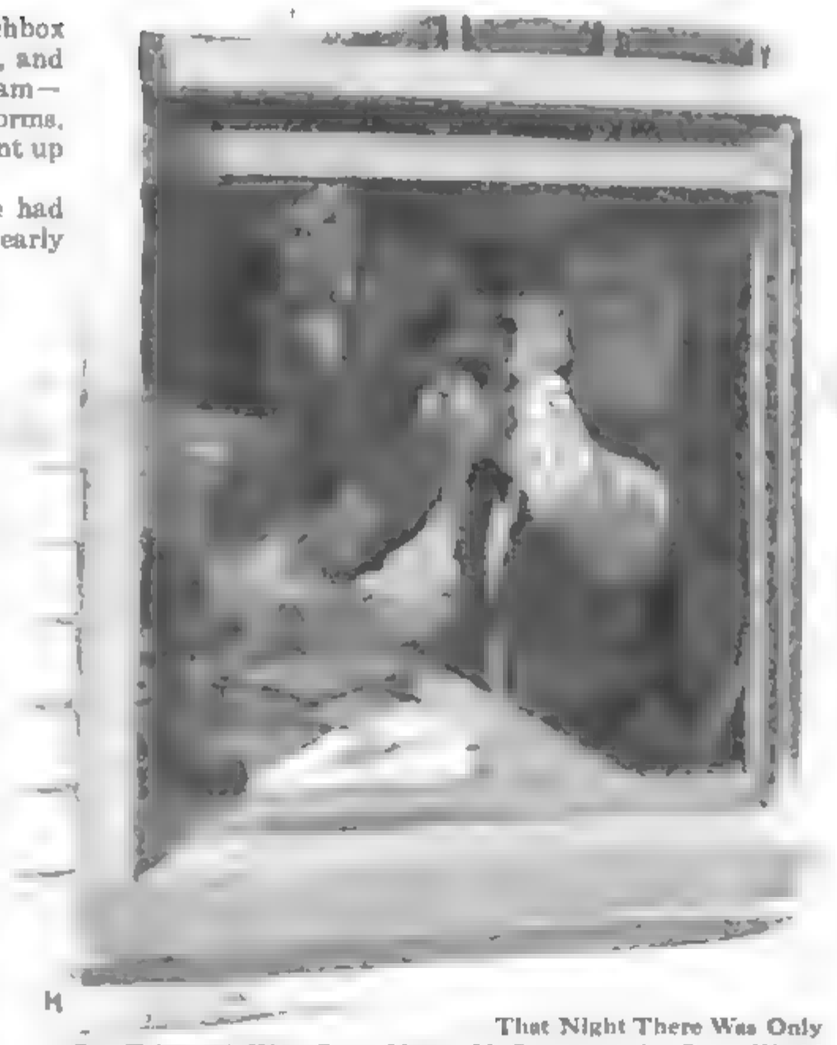
The Move to Mount McGregor

THE two callers emerged from the house and paused briefly in the vestibule to talk with Colonel Grant, who had seen them out.

"Tell the Associated Press about it," said the Colonel, who, seeing me there, stepped forth as the visitors turned to go. Whereupon I joined the group.

"This is Mr. Bailey," said Colonel Grant, "one of the great hotel men—of Cable & Bailey, you know—and this is Mr. W. J. Arkell, owner of the Albany Evening Journal." Whereupon the man with the open waistcoat stuck out a chubby little hand and looked at my face with a keen, speculative, yet genial eye.

I saw in him a citizen surcharged with dynamic power, round, sleek and plump without being stout. There was in his face optimism for others and for himself—utter self-confidence, daring, and possibly something of impertinence, to any possible combinations of commercial life or human existence. So much I saw as we made swift inventory of each other.



That Night There Was Only One Telegraph Wire From Mount McGregor to the Outer World

"Your damn town is too hot for the General and we're going to take him up to Mount McGregor—that's what Colonel Grant means," blurted Arkell after shaking hands. It was Arkellesque. I was puzzled. Arkell laughed.

"Don't know where it is, eh?" he said. "Wait till Grant gets there and the whole world will know."

"Mount McGregor is one of the southern foothills of the Adirondacks, two thousand feet high and twelve miles north of Saratoga," explained Colonel Grant.

"On top is a handsome new hotel which I shall operate this summer," remarked sane, quiet, brown-eyed Bailey.

"But Grant won't be at the hotel," Arkell interrupted. "Mr. Joseph Drexel has a big cottage up there and I came here this morning to give General Grant and his family an invitation to occupy it free this summer—as long as they want to. We saw by the papers last evening that the General must be moved away, and here we are! He has accepted and, if the cottage isn't enough, the General can have the entire hotel!"

So it was arranged, and one day Doctor Douglas detained me by the lapel as I was about to leave the Grant house.

"I've written to the manager of the Associated Press, asking to have you sent with us to Mount McGregor." The old doctor's eye twinkled. He knew I wanted to go.

"And I told him, moreover," the doctor added, "that you know the terms, phases, features and status of the case about as well as the doctors; and that I, for one, cannot think of breaking in a new man who wouldn't understand the conditions if I told them to him, and much less know their significance."

And a day or so later word came over the wire from the office that I was to make preparations to accompany the Grant party to Mount McGregor. No, the office in admonishing "preparations" had no thought of my raiment or baggage—there were other preparations.

The itinerary of the train was the starting-point. It would be a fast express leaving New York in the morning. A colleague from the New York office would "do" the Grant departure until the train began to move—then the trip and its story was upon me. I must write it as we traveled and get it off in batches by wire *en route*. The train would stop only at Albany and Saratoga. That would not answer. Albany was nearly four hours away, and the papers must not be kept waiting so long to know how the old soldier was faring on the way. Where the train would stop the agents of the Associated Press were in advance instructed to meet me and take my copy for transmission. At Tarrytown, Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck and Hudson, Western Union operators were instructed to watch for copy to be thrown off the train as it went through those towns.

A Running Story in Driblets

THE next provision was for throwing off my bulletins and connected story. Heavy, glazed manila envelopes with tape bands were procured, and several pieces of sheet lead that would just fit the envelopes—a piece of lead in each. Thus tied and weighted the copy could be put off a moving train. Tarrytown should receive and send back to New York a brief bulletin of Grant's condition when he passed through that town, and also a detailed story of the journey from the turn of the wheels at Forty-second Street until Tarrytown was reached. Peekskill would get a bulletin of conditions to that point, and a continuation of the detail story from Tarrytown to Peekskill. And so on to Mount McGregor, where I would file a bulletin of Grant's arrival at the end of the journey, his condition then, and the finish of the running story from Saratoga up the mountain.

And why all this bother and fuss, this piecemeal description of a six-hour journey? Why not wait until its conclusion and then send from Mount McGregor an unbroken story? Surely enough—why not?

Solely because of the afternoon papers. The Associated Press is responsible to its afternoon papers for any news happening on earth between four A. M. and four P. M., and the afternoon papers clamor mightily for their quota. Probably a preponderant bulk of operating expense incurred by the Associated Press is first enjoyed by afternoon papers, which frequently complain, however, that they do not get enough. It cost the Associated Press seventeen thousand dollars to report a yacht race off Sandy

An Instant Later the Weighted Envelope Was Soaring Over the Heads of the Crowd

THE choicest tomatoes that grow are raised in the market-gardens of New Jersey specially for our Tomato Soup.

They grow only a short distance from our plant. They are brought to us as soon as picked. And we make them into soup within a few hours, thus retaining all their fresh natural flavor.

So you see we have at the very start an unequalled advantage in producing

Campbell's Tomato Soup

No one could make such soup without these full-grown perfectly-ripened tomatoes fresh from the vines. And every ingredient we use brings out their spicy relish more perfectly. In this dainty blending we use crisp fragrant celery, fresh parsley, choice creamery butter and a touch of the best granulated sugar.—Not too much. No meat-product is used. The delicate savor and "bouquet" of Campbell's Tomato Soup are all its own, and unrivalled.

No preservative nor coloring is used. And the soup is condensed, so that *every can makes twice its volume of rich creamy soup.* Don't take anyone's say so. Judge for yourself. If there's any of Campbell's Soups that doesn't satisfy you the grocer returns the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's Menu Book is wonderfully handy in the house. Shall we send you a copy?—Free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Smells like a garden when the new
Sprinkler in early June
"Tastes like sunshine would,
if you
Could eat it with a spoon"

Hook. Without the afternoon papers it need not have cost one hundred dollars.

June 16 was a beautiful summer day. The morning was warm, but the air was good. There was something to breathe. It would be hot, but it would be dry. These conditions favored General Grant, who was that day to make his escape from the heated and hotter-growing town. He was driven through the fresh, bright morning to the baggage-room on Vanderbilt Avenue. A few persons only saw the General's drawn face, the well-worn silk hat pulled hard down on his head, the long coat that hung loose and lank from the stooped shoulders

The steps were few from the baggage-room to the platform where the train was ready and "the engine dumbly waited." William H. Vanderbilt had tendered his private car for the General's use, and it had its place in the train directly behind the mail and baggage cars, where the pull of the engine and the tug of the following train would steady it on the curves. I had been invited to travel in the car with the General and his family, but of this the General knew nothing. And here note once more his consideration of others. He approached his car supported on one side by Colonel Fred, and on the other by his nurse, Henry McQueeney. I saluted him with a cheerful "Good-morning." The grim old soldier nodded slightly, half smiled and, stepping aboard the car, whispered to his son:

"Is he going to Mount McGregor?"

"Yes, Father, he'll be with us there."

"Going on this train?" the old man asked as they entered the car. Colonel Fred assured him affirmatively, and the General did not speak again until he was seated. He signaled Doctor Douglas and whispered into his ear:

"If Mack is going on this train for the Associated Press he should be in this car to do his work properly," he said. And this, in the midst of bustle and supreme anxiety as to how Grant would bear the moving—this in its tender concern touched even the anxious old doctor who told me about it later.

"Your son has asked Mr. Mack to travel with us," the doctor said; and the General leaned back with a dismissive gesture.

He knew he was pulling Grant—the engineer did—when he hunched the throttle that morning. At any rate, he moved her so easily that the General didn't know they'd started until he heard the rumble of the wheels. No jerk, no jar—a start that had no beginning nor any ragged edges. The General sat on the river side of the car, beside a great, broad, double window at the center. The sky was brilliant, the sunshine very white through the crystal air; the river crinkled and sparkled; a tang of salt from the river and a smell of June from the hills raced each other through an open window of the car. Interest in the change and exhilaration from the conditions were apparent in the General's eyes during the early part of the journey.

The Man From the Wilderness

Evidently every human being along the route knew Grant was coming and intended to see him. At every railroad crossing and on every station platform the people had gathered. The ring of cheers almost constantly cut into the sound of the train, to be almost instantly sucked away in its clangor. Sitting ten feet away from Grant and writing constantly and rapidly from the starting at New York, I consciously watched him to note the effect upon him of the crowds along the way and of the expression of pitying adoration on the faces everywhere. If a man were untouched by such demonstrations he must be more or less than human—so it seemed to me. I certainly should have felt very proud and probably would have shown it. Was Grant proud? I doubt it. His face gave no sign of pride. Was he gratified at heart? Aye, undoubtedly. But I felt that Grant received the constant greeting from New York to Saratoga less as a tribute to his fame than as an expression of sympathy for a man who they happened to know had suffered.

At the stopping-places he bowed gravely to the throngs, glancing curiously over their faces with immobile face. The hurt in his throat was too severe for smiles or nodding of the head. Twice the General was stirred. The train slowed and at length stopped in a hesitating way on a rocky bend of the river, at the base of a mountain. A flagman's shanty fell directly beneath the car window where the General sat. He leaned to look out. The flagman at the same moment glanced up. For an instant the men's eyes met—the trackman and the ex-President. Only an instant, and then the trackman waved his arms upward toward the silent figure at the window. There was no hand on one arm.

"Thank God I see you alive, General Grant," he cried, while a quiver shook his voice. The train began to move, and the trackman, stepping beside it, held aloft the grim remnant of an arm.

"I lost that with you at the Wilderness, General Grant, an' I'd give th' other one to make you well," he cried.

Grant's lips suddenly tightened, his eyes glistened, his hand went quickly up and, lifting his hat, he twice saluted that remnant of the Wilderness. He glanced at his wife as the train moved away her face was quivering with emotion. He looked across to where Douglas sat—tears stood in the old doctor's eyes.

A little later General Grant, who was riding backward in the car, suddenly sat upright and then, leaning, he peered up the river. He had caught sight of Cranston's Hotel, mounted on the cliff a mile below West Point, and knew he was approaching the scene of his student days—possibly for the last time. The officers' quarters came in view; the General was gazing across the river with apparent interest. Then the sloping drive from the landing, the long riding barracks, the tops of the gray stone dormitories, the bell down on the point, the long, sweeping curve and the view of the parade ground and the mounted guns as seen from the north.

Grant's Interest in the News

No word was spoken in the car. The General had removed his hat and leaned his temple against the casement of the car window, his eyes losing no feature of the locality where more than forty years before he had been taught the theory of soldiering.

Who can guess what was in his mind? He certainly had won glory and position which, in his days across the river there, he had never dreamed were in store for him. Possibly and naturally, as the train swept by, he was busy with reminiscence and comparison. But he spoke no word and no one broke his reveries. I recall some disappointment at these conditions, for, as a correspondent, I had looked forward to the passing of West Point to furnish some effective incident for the story I was writing of the trip. Indeed, that running descriptive story engaged the General's attention not a little during the journey. He had the interest that an introspective and observant man takes in other lines of work than his own. He felt the greenroom element that there is in journalism. He liked to "see the wheels go around" behind the printed page. He had watched the accumulation of the written sheets, had curiously scrutinized the inclosure of the installments to be put off at Tarrytown and Peekskill, observed the insertion of the lead sheet ballast into the envelopes, first with a wondering look and then with a flash of understanding. I felt that he would have liked to have seen the packet flying from the train, but the stations were on the opposite side and he did not move. We were nearing the third place where an operator would be looking for my copy. The bulletin, the installment of the detailed story and the leaden weight had been stowed in the thick manila envelope, and I was tying the tape fastening when, glancing up, I saw the General had shifted forward to the edge of his chair and wished to speak to me. Instantly it occurred to me to get his confirmation of the brief bulletin of his condition which I had prepared. As I hastened to where he sat I reopened the packet and pulled out the bulletin, which stated that the General had passed West Point with attentive interest, with many silent reminiscences, but without any spoken word; and that at that hour there was little apparent fatigue. I leaned down and the General whispered:

"Do you put that off at the next station? I'd like to see it," he said.

"Yes, General, and the station is on your side of the car," I answered. "Here is my bulletin of your condition," I added, "and I'd like to have you confirm it."

He read it with evident interest and curiosity, then reached for my pencil and cut out the word "apparent," making it read "there was little fatigue," instead of

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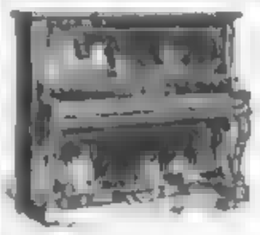

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The golden-brown granules are firm and crisp. They require thorough chewing. That's one reason why

Grape-Nuts

food is of special value. There are many others. But, *chewing* brings down the saliva so necessary to "taste" and also (more important) to *begin* digestion.

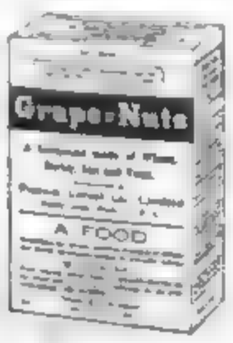
This act of chewing also causes, by a natural "reflex" nerve-action, the flow of digestive juice in the stomach, so that by the time the food reaches this organ it is ready for *further* digestion—and so on.

In making Grape-Nuts, whole wheat and barley are ground into flour, and the "vital" phosphates (phosphate of potash, etc.) are retained. These "cell-salts" are highly necessary to the repair of brain and nerve cells.

Try breakfasting on Grape-Nuts and cream alone (cut out white bread) for 10 days and notice the mental "glow" and physical "go" you revel in—How much better everything seems every way.

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



"little apparent fatigue." I smiled a quick appreciation of the positiveness lent to the bulletin, the General looked gratified and turned toward the window with the air of a partner in the enterprise, while I ran to the rear of the car and, clinging to the rail, crept down to the bottom step. Peering ahead as we boomed under the bridge I saw on the edge of the platform throng a young man in his shirt-sleeves, waving a handkerchief. He was my man—the waiting operator. An instant later the weighted envelope was soaring over the heads of the crowd. It struck and slid along the wall of the depot and, for an instant through the dust of the train, I saw the shirt-sleeves diving through the crowd after it. Reëntering the car I saw the General glance quickly up with a look of pleased interest in his eyes and a little nod that said: "He got it; I saw him."

A great throng filled and surrounded the depot at the summer capital, each hoping, somehow, to see General Grant. The way had been long for a feeble man, and the day had grown hot. Therefore, as the little engine tugged its way upward the cool shadows of the glades and glens were sweet, and at each step the air grew fresher, cleaner.

Mount McGregor at Last

The General's car stopped beside the rustic pavilion at last; the little engine threw up its frontlet, snorted and strutted off to its turning-table. Grant, supported tenderly on either side, stepped down to the platform and glanced about him. He had reached the end of the day's travel and had come to the spot where his life journey should end.

On the night of his arrival on Mount McGregor General Grant slept ten hours, and rose refreshed on the morning of June 17. Through the afternoon he sat alone and almost motionless on the veranda of the cottage. He was considering his chances in his battle with the enemy. He had walked a distance of two blocks in New York two days before his departure. He had marked the distance and his condition on returning to his house. Purposely, it was Grant's last measure of his own powers before changing base. Now, as he mused on the porch that bright June afternoon, Grant was gathering himself for a comparative test of his strength and possibilities. He wanted a basis for personal judgment of his own condition. He had borne the journey well, he had slept ten hours and well, he had rested all day, and he determined he would make the test that afternoon. He measured with his eye a distance that would about equal his last walk in New York. At about five o'clock, about the hour of his last exercise in the city, he summoned Harrison, his colored servant, and otherwise unattended, and without the knowledge of the family or physician, he left the cottage and laid a course among the trees, up the slope, about a block of distance, to the bluff of the mountain.

I had been idling for an hour in a rustic swing at the edge of the bluff, lost in the great picture that lay below and beyond. A crushing of twigs behind me suddenly caused me to whirl about. An instant of amaze, and then I leaped forward. I had looked into the most pitiful human face I have ever seen, and I believe I cursed the servant for brutal inattention. On the haggard background of the old soldier's face lay, first, the tense lines of a grim bravery against great odds. Blended into this was an expression of surprise, hopelessness, pain. The head was bent to ease the hurt in the throat, the shoulders were stooped, the steps were unsteady, the breathing was quick and short, the eyes of the man could have cried if they would.

In a gust of accusing wrath I glared at the black servant who sauntered beside the tottering man, to whom I at once offered help. The negro instantly spoke in self-defense:

"No use, suh, he won't take a lift, nohow," and, in confirmation of what he said, the General with a quick glance declined my proffered help and toiled on a few steps farther to a rustic bench, on which he dropped, well-nigh exhausted. His hands were gripped over the handle of the cane, which was planted between his knees. His head was bent, and first a cheek and then his chin rested upon the clasped hands. The eyes, with a hunted look in them, were fixed upon a huge rock near by.

Believing the General had come up to the bluff for a better view, I pointed out the Schuylerville monument, the upper bend of the Hudson, the crest of Mount Washington. As a castaway in mid-ocean might for an instant loosen one hand from a lifebuoy, so for a moment did the General lift his eyes over the valley. It was clear, however, that if the General had come for the view the weariness of coming had destroyed his power to enjoy it. If any other purpose had impelled him forth it had soon been achieved, for, having recovered his normal breathing, the General lifted himself to his feet and, despite renewed offers of aid, went away alone along the slope among the trees to the cottage. The old soldier returned to his room exhausted and disheartened.

The General's courage had been shaken and, though none at the cottage knew of the test involved in the brief outing, they all felt his depression and wondered thereat; by others his excursion was hailed as an evidence of renewed strength. But that evening Grant wrote his conclusions, and I have told this story of the General's experiment as one instance of his calm deliberation and in proof of his cool, clear view of his own condition. Here, then, is what he wrote that evening:

"*Doctor:* Since coming to this beautiful climate and getting a complete rest for about ten hours, I have watched my pains and compared them with those of the past few weeks. I can feel plainly that my system is preparing for dissolution in three ways: one by hemorrhage, one by strangulation, and the third by exhaustion. The first and second are liable to come at any moment to relieve me of my earthly sufferings. The time for the arrival of the third can be computed with almost mathematical certainty. There cannot be a hope of going far beyond this time. All my physicians or any number of them can do for me now is to make my burden of pain as light as possible.

"I do not want any physician but yourself; but I tell you so that, if you are unwilling to have me go without consultation with other medical men, you can send for them. I dread them, however, knowing that it means another desperate effort to save me, and more suffering."

And so it was that Doctor Douglas that night sent a telegram to New York asking Doctor Sands to come at once to Mount McGregor. Depression was upon the family and a sense of double responsibility upon the old physician, alone there on a mountaintop with the Nation's patient.

One Wire to the Outer World

That night there was only one telegraph wire from Mount McGregor to the outer world, the only operator a lad named Davis, who was about nineteen or twenty years old and a very recent beginner in his work. The hotel had hired him to send and receive the few telegrams during the season, to sort the mail and to attend to any possible express parcels coming or going. He was a bright, likable boy, but had not the training to transmit press reports hour after hour.

There were only two newspaper men on Mount McGregor that night. Grant had been so well prior to and at the time he left New York that only one New York paper had sent along a special man to write its story in different terms from the Associated Press report upon which all other papers relied.

And so, when General Grant collapsed that afternoon that he tested his powers, there were on the mountaintop only two men who would send out the disquieting fact to the world. And only one of them had seen the General's tramp to the bluff; the other was in the hotel or out somewhere in the woods. Clearly it was my beat if I could use it quickly enough. It was five o'clock—too late for regular afternoon editions in the East, but not too late for last editions in the Central West and on the Pacific Coast, where it was only two o'clock or a little after. I prepared and sent a bulletin of the General's tramp and of his extreme exhaustion. It was alarming, yes; but it was fact, therefore news, therefore stuff I must use.

So, while my colleague roamed the woods, that bulletin of Grant's collapse roamed forth through the wires and cables to all parts of the world. I had just filed a supplementary bulletin. . . .

Editor's Note—This is an unfinished story. Like General Grant, whose end he chronicled, Mr Mack wrote his own recollections when death was close at hand. Death stayed his pen in the middle of a sentence.

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Important Uses of Dioxogen

As a Gargle the daily use of DIOXOGEN cleanses the throat of secretions and impurities, which if neglected are apt to result in [illegible] In order to prevent this season Many dangerous diseases are caused by germs and germ poisons to which we are exposed. One application of DIOXOGEN will, through its cleansing properties, frequently prevent Grippe or serious developments. **As a Mouth Wash**, DIOXOGEN [illegible] and purifies from decay and the teeth, kills offending odors and destroys the germs and germ poisons which thrive in the mouth, and which frequently are the cause of serious disease.

For Chapped Hands and Face: DIOXOGEN mixed with the well known soothing preparations mentioned below makes a lotion that will quickly relieve the cracks and bleeding surfaces and soon restore the skin to healthy condition. Apply as a lotion, twice daily. The following formula: 1 part DIOXOGEN, 1 part glycerin, 2 parts rose water, 4 parts plain water. **For the Complexion**, DIOXOGEN, through its mechanical bursting, works its own way into the pores, thoroughly cleansing them and removing the accumulations of decomposing wastes that cause disagreements, such as blackheads, pimples, etc. The same formula given for chapped hands and face is most excellent for the complexion.

For Wounds and Cuts: DIOXOGEN is a reliable antiseptic, preventing blood poisoning, and by its mechanical action, bubbling and foaming, aids in removing the dirt and other irritating substances so often ground and rubbed into the wound. **For Burns and Scalds**, DIOXOGEN serves a treble purpose. It relieves the pain, prevents infection and encourages rapid healing.

After Shaving: DIOXOGEN prevents infection from cuts or other causes and relieves the irritation caused by "close shaving." **For Manicuring**, DIOXOGEN prevents the development of infection from hangnails, etc. It removes stains and is most excellent for use on the orange stick in pushing back the cuticle.

A bottle of DIOXOGEN should be in every home. It is the best safe-guard against infection and disease. It is the best kind of health insurance.

33⅓% More Dioxogen in the New Bottles with No Increase in Price

DIOXOGEN, the *pure* peroxide of hydrogen, is now sold in larger bottles, with no increase in price. In the new sizes the public is given the full benefit of a lower manufacturing cost, made possible by the rapid growth of the **Dioxogen** sales and the **Dioxogen** output.

The new sizes contain 5⅓, 10⅔ and 20 ounces respectively. This represents an increase of 33⅓% on the smaller sizes and 25% on the large size. You get just that much more *pure* **Dioxogen** without additional cost.

How Dioxogen Compares in Cost with Ordinary Peroxide

ORDINARY peroxide is sold in bottles containing from ¼ to ⅓ *less* than the **Dioxogen** bottles. **Dioxogen** is also from 25% to 50% *stronger* than ordinary peroxide. This increased strength means that **Dioxogen** can be reduced that much more with water and still retain its efficiency. Considering both the greater quantity and the greater strength, one bottle of **Dioxogen,** the *pure* peroxide of hydrogen, is very nearly equal to two bottles of ordinary peroxide in quantity alone, and without considering the vastly superior quality of **Dioxogen.** Bottle for bottle, you could afford to pay twice as much for **Dioxogen** as for ordinary peroxide; from the standpoint of quality and efficiency there *is* no comparison, and after all *quality* and *efficiency* are even more important than "first cost" in any article for personal use.

The Oakland Chemical Co.

How Dioxogen Compares in Quality with Ordinary Peroxide

THERE *is* just as much difference between **Dioxogen,** the *pure* peroxide of hydrogen, and *ordinary* peroxide as there is between *pure* distilled water and ordinary river water. There is in each case the difference between the refined and the unrefined, the pure and the impure, the suitable and the unsuitable.

Ordinary peroxide is preserved with acetanilid, and acetanilid causes the peculiar and decidedly disagreeable taste and odor characteristic of all peroxide containing it. **Dioxogen** does not contain acetanilid; **Dioxogen** keeps without it and is, therefore, entirely free from the objectionable acetanilid taste and smell. This fact *alone* is sufficient reason to discriminate against ordinary peroxide and to use **Dioxogen** exclusively for all toilet and hygienic purposes. Cheap, impure peroxides of hydrogen are universally preserved with acetanilid; they would not keep without it. So, when you see the acetanilid statement on a peroxide label (as required by the Pure Food and Drug law) it is equivalent to an *admission* of inferiority.

Dioxogen

H_2O_2 12 V

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

The name **Dioxogen** is a positive guarantee of purity and efficiency; it is your protection against the many weak, impure and inefficient makes and grades of ordinary peroxide. Lack of uniformity is characteristic of all ordinary peroxide; when you buy "just peroxide" you never know how strong it really is or how much it may lack in purity and efficiency. **Dioxogen** never varies in uniformity; it is always the same because always pure. In **Dioxogen** you always get the same high degree of efficiency.

How to Buy or Try Dioxogen

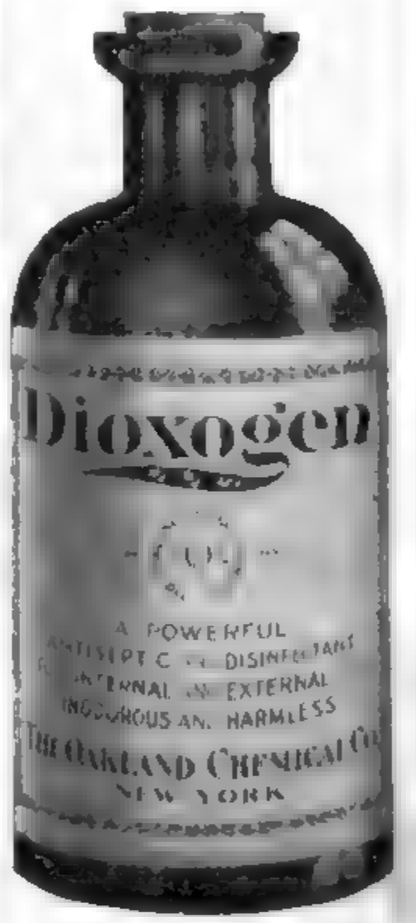
Estimated conservatively, our records show that **Dioxogen** is sold by more than 36,150 druggists in the U. S. and Canada. Yours will surely have it, so it will be easy for you to buy **Dioxogen.** Be sure and ask for it by name. Do not ask for just "a bottle of peroxide" for the dealer then has a perfect right to sell "just peroxide" of any kind or grade; "peroxide" is a general term without distinction as to quality. If you want to try **Dioxogen** before you buy, read the free trial offer in the column at the right of this advertisement. Ask your druggist for **Dioxogen** or write for the trial bottle today.

100 Front Street, New York

This Size Bottle

(Convenient for Travelling)

Sent Free



The best evidence of the advantages of DIOXOGEN is DIOXOGEN itself, and we will gladly send a free trial bottle and booklet upon receipt of attached coupon properly filled out, or a postal giving the same information. We will send a full two-ounce bottle (convenient for travelling) entirely without cost to you. DIOXOGEN *proves itself*, or we could not afford to make this offer as the postage alone on each of these bottles costs us eight cents. Write us *today—now*—before you forget.

S. E. P. 2-26-10

The Oakland Chemical Co.
100 Front St.
New York

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☐ I have never used Dioxogen or any Peroxide of Hydrogen.

☐ I am using a peroxide but not Dioxogen, for personal use.

I would like to try Dioxogen; kindly send free trial bottle and booklet

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

The Senator's Secretary

JOCUND JIM, our expert Vice-President, who works under the alias of the Honorable James Schoolcraft Sherman, had a party the other night. It was a whale of a party. On the cards it said: "To meet the Senate of the United States," but really it wasn't for that at all. It was for Jocund Jim to extend himself and show off his sons and their pretty wives, and to pay up, in a lump, all the hospitalities that have been extended to him since he came into office.

You see, the Vice-President is the Angora in many social functions. Inasmuch as a generous Government has fixed it so he has but little to do, aside from looking wise and remaining expectant, he is at liberty to accept all invitations, and it adds very much to the distangue—as John Dalzell, our very best French scholar, would say—to have a real Vice-President at the board. Besides, there's no telling—so I won't tell.

Anyhow, the way invitations have been pouring in on the Vice-President since he came to Washington in this official capacity—he was here for years in the House, you remember, and had a pretty good string of places where he could eat before he was elevated, or depressed, as you may prefer—has been something amazing. So he and Mrs. Sherman decided they would get even all at one glorious time, and they invited all who had invited them, all they wanted to invite, all who should be invited, all they had known in the old days, all they expected to know in the new days, everybody and everybody's wife, and it was a grand affair.

Jocund Jim's Party

Said generous Government, hitherto mentioned, only allows one East Room for receptions, and that is monopolized by the Taft family, at the present time. So Jocund Jim had to hold his reception in his own house, or out on Scott Circle, and it was a bit too cold for that. They invited two thousand—maybe three. At any rate, there were that many there, whether invited or not. The flattering thing about it was that every last one of the invited went to the party. You can take splurgers in this town of Washington who will invite two thousand and be lucky if they get two hundred, but not Jocund Jim—not on your champagne punch and angel food! He invited, say, two thousand or three, and everybody stuck up the invitation on the dresser and was on the job that night, foregoing all other affairs that lasted longer than ten o'clock so as to make sure to get around to shake hands with the Shermans.

They give big receptions at the White House and get great crowds, but it has been a long time since there have been as many people out to a social function as tried to ooze into the Sherman house that night. The Shermans are popular. They are likable folks, coming from Utica, New York, and putting on no frills. Mrs. Sherman is the dearest gray-haired, ruddy-cheeked little woman you ever saw, and Jocund Jim is some ruddy himself; and those sons of his are whoppers and they showed themselves good pickers when they selected their wives and, all in all, it was a nice, comfortable, homey sort of a party, anyhow, even if there were a few tons of diamonds there, and more flossy Paris clothes than were ever gathered together under one roof in honor of a Vice-President and for the incidental exaltation of the pretty ladies who wore them.

Jim, you understand, remains Jim. He puts on no more dog than he did when he was chairman of the Indian Committee in the House and had no more thought of being Vice-President than he had of becoming an anthropologist. There was that party of Uticans who came down a few years ago and wanted to go up to the House to see Jim.

"Hadn't better do it," said one. "Jim's in there and he's mighty busy attending to the affairs of the nation. We'd better wait until he comes back to his hotel and then we can get hold of him."

"Huh!" said another—and Sherman tells this himself with great glee—"I'm going up there and I'll send in my card. Jim'll come out and see me, too. I tell you, men, Jim Sherman's as common as an old shoe."

Well, that may have been Utica hyperhole, but the fact is Sherman has none of that cranial enlargement that has gone with his particular job in days gone by, and for that reason, as stated, the whole town put on its happy clothes and went to his party. The invitations said from nine to eleven, but there was nobody there from nine to ten except the band and the waiters, and some of the younger Mesdames Sherman were beginning to think it was going to be a frost. Older and wiser, the Vice-President and his wife told the youngsters to cheer up, saying there would be quite a smattering of folks along about ten P. M

It was even so. Almost on the dot of ten the quiet of Sixteenth Street was disturbed by an automobile that whizzed up to the Sherman door and let out a party of visitors. Then it began to rain automobiles, taxicabs, landaus, coupés, herdics, station wagons, and all other known kinds of conveyances, and then the citizens-on-foot division clogged what some of our leading property owners on the far end are trying to get changed from Sixteenth Street to The Avenue of the Presidents, inasmuch as that name will look much more aristocratic on the advertisements of lots for sale.

Talk about your Johnstown flood! Here was a human one. Like a few thousand other houses in Washington the house the Shermans live in has a stairway leading up to the front door, over a basement, and a short hall that opens on the stairway, leading to the second floor—with parlors and drawing-rooms and reception-rooms on each side. The plot was to come in, go upstairs, leave wraps, come downstairs again, greet the Shermans, go in and be refreshed and go home when you got ready.

That was the plot; but when three thousand people, fifteen hundred in one bunch and fifteen hundred in another, try to play such a drama, it reminds you of the irresistible object meeting the immovable substance, or words to that effect. It really is exciting to be in the ingoing fifteen hundred while the other fifteen hundred are trying to get out, and all operating in conjunction with a door about big enough for Mr. Taft to walk through without squeezing in.

Woe to the lady who dropped her train. She retired for repairs within the nearest haven. One lady did and four men stepped on it simultaneously.

"Time to change trains," she said sweetly, as she looked over her shoulder. "This is as far as I go."

However, that is neither here nor there. The fact is that everybody was good-natured, and that, presently, everybody got in or out as the case might have been. The Shermans stood inside the drawing-room door and shook hands. Jocund Jim knew nearly every man by his first name and called him by it. Mrs. Sherman was so happy that she beamed. The young Shermans and their wives were upholding the dignity of Utica, New York, and it was a most ornate occasion.

The Senator's Diamond Brooch

After you had greeted you were swept on with the crowd to the room where they had the angel food. A very dignified and most impressive Senator of the United States was swept along, too, just as if he had been ordinary folks. He didn't want any angel food, but he had to go. There was no help for it.

Just before he reached the door to the dining-room the crowd parted a bit and left him standing in the middle of a clear space about three feet by three. He looked down at the rug.

There he saw a diamond brooch glittering in the light. He could see that the center diamond looked to be of large size and was surrounded by smaller ones It appeared to be very valuable

"Ha!" exclaimed the very dignified and impressive Senator, as he stooped to pick up the gem, "some lady has dropped her brooch. I shall make inquiries and restore it to the proper owner."

That is the way he always talks—just like that.

He stooped and grasped the gem. It appeared to be fastened to the rug, so he gave it a sharp tug.

Charity or Business—Which?

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THE germ of both life and fire insurance had its rise in the custom of taking up a collection for the stricken family. ¶We all chipped in in the hope and expectation that if we were snuffed out by sickness or accident, the neighbors would do as much for us. ¶When I lived in Kansas I well remember how when a farmer, who owned the next eighty to my father's, was killed by a runaway team, we all turned out and plowed the widow's fields, planted her crops and cared for her live stock. ¶That she was young and comely probably had much to do with the ready and cheerful service which we brought to bear. So it seems that it was largely a matter of mood. ¶Life insurance avoids the uncertainty of leaving things to the neighbors. It is a business plan, founded on the laws of mathematics and sound economy, to provide for those dependent upon us in case of death. ¶Life insurance is no longer charity, or quasi-altruism, any more than fire insurance is. ¶Life insurance is a duty, and it is a privilege. ¶To eliminate the distressing results of death, through insurance, payable to business partners, wife or children, seems but common prudence. ¶Lord Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter "to the tender care of the British Nation, to which I have given my life." And the wife and daughter—gravitated to the poor house; for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. ¶Don't leave your loved ones to the care of the public or the neighbors. The neighbors may have troubles of their own. Cut out risk, accident and worry, by life insurance. ¶There are no microbes in a life insurance policy. ¶Some folks cannot get life insurance. Possibly you cannot. ¶If so these words are not for you.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

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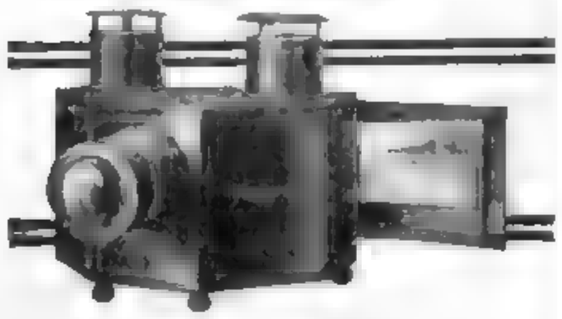
PROJECTOR

Fun for the whole family—spring, summer, fall and winter

No better all-the-year-'round investment can be made. The endless variety in its forms of entertainment for young and old is astonishing.

The delightful evening you spent with the Mirroscope at your friend's house is only a taste of the pleasure you will have in owning one.



What the Mirroscope Is

The Mirroscope is an easily operated machine that throws pictures on a sheet or screen by means of reflected light projected through a strong lens. The pictures look like magic lantern views; but instead of glass slides you use any original photograph, kodak picture, post card, illustration from magazine, newspaper, fashion journal or book, original painting, drawing or sketch—anything not larger than seven by seven inches.

Everything is shown in its own colors, but enlarged to five feet in diameter. Care should be taken to select good subjects. All imperfections in the subjects are magnified, while all good subjects are improved when shown on the screen.

3 Mirroscope Styles

ELECTRIC, GAS and ACETYLENE including generator, for city, town, farm and camp. Specify illuminant required.

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Put up ready for use in white and tints. Sent on $5.00 lot enough for one room. Two or more coverings need not be removed. Write for booklet and color chart.

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Just at that moment a superbious lady, in whose powdered hair there glistened a priceless tiara and who was shimmering elsewhere with jewels—also priceless, I take it—turned and inquired, in freezing language: "Will you kindly inform me, sirrah, what you desire to do with the buckle on my shoe?"

You see, it was a rhinestone shoebuckle the haughty and impressive Senator had discovered, attached to a shoe he had not seen, and the shoe was, likewise and in natural sequence, attached to a foot. All he could do for an hour was to lean limply against a mantelpiece and ejaculate, at short intervals: "'Pon my word! Bless my soul!"

The President got there about half after ten and stayed for twenty minutes. Archie Butt and the Secret Service men made way for him, but as soon as he was in he was surrounded, and he had to lean against the crowd to get through to his host. He was jolly as a grig. Apparently, such incidental bothers as insurgents and the rest had no part in his thoughts. He boomed and blew through from room to room, shook hands with everybody he met, had a jolly for every lady and a "Hello, Bill!" or whatever it was for nearly every man. There was no formality, no flubdub, no fuss and no feathers. Jocund Jim Sherman was giving a party and his friend, the President of the United States, came over to take part in the festivities.

Did you mention Democratic simplicity? There was as much of it as you would find when the united congregations of the village churches give an oyster supper for the benefit of home missions in a village in western New York.

A Real American Party

Meantime, there was a mile of conveyances outside waiting to get up to the door, and a mile more of them waiting to get away. There were a dozen carriage callers, but everybody helped everybody else. One ambassador stood for half an hour, yelling out numbers, before his carriage got along, and having a heap of fun. At one time it looked as if half the people would not get in the house and some of the more experienced reception-goers, thinking the crush inside would be so great there would be neither time nor opportunity to get to the cloak rooms, cached their high hats and overcoats in the basement stairs and asked a policeman to look after them and then climbed up bareheaded so as to get in to make their salutations.

Now, there are plenty of big receptions in Washington, scores of them every year, but Jim Sherman's set a mark for lack of formality, for genuine heartiness and good will, for real fun and for what seemed to be actual pleasure over being there. Most of these big functions are stiff, tiresome, calculated to bore all who are unwise enough to attend. Likewise, there is usually an attempt to invite only those who are in official or residential society, to make them a bit exclusive. The reason Sherman's party was so great a success was because no lines were drawn. Everybody he knew and Mrs. Sherman knew was asked to drop around, and the way they dropped astounded even those born cynics, the men who rent the carriages in this Capital.

It certainly was a miscellaneous affair, but the miscellaneous part of it was the real folks who do things and with whom Sherman has been doing things here for twenty years, and who, ordinarily invited to many receptions in the course of a season, never go to one because receptions are all bores and the people to be met mostly bores, too. This one was a real American party, given in a real American way, and it has the record for being a reception that had some spirit to it and not an imitation function given and attended mostly by imitation people.

"I had a wife," said a mournful citizen who was half-way up the first flight of stairs, wedged in like a sardine. "I have lost her."

"Be perfectly calm," replied a Cabinet Minister who was standing on the other's toes; "you are a piker. I have lost two daughters, a wife and a guest!"

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Out-of-Doors

Ski and How to Use Them—II

IN NORWAY different forms of ski are to be found. Sometimes a man may have one shoe fifteen feet long, and the other only four or five, so that he can turn around readily. Turning around on ski is harder than going uphill. The expert does it by throwing one foot up about as high as his head, the front end of the ski describing an arc of a circle, meantime, and falling, as the turn is completed, on the snow with toe to the rear, instead of in front. When one foot is around, it is easy to swing the other one around. Of course, the theory of the ski is that in use it shall lie flat on the snow and not be lifted, the art being to keep the one from crossing over the other, either in front or behind. Unless you can turn on ski as above described, you will have to tread around in a circle on the snow, a little at a time, in order to do an about-face.

Some hunters in the Rockies use ski twelve feet long, making them of spruce or pine. For a man weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and carrying a pack of forty pounds, ski nine or ten feet in length will do. Ash is a very good material and, of course, the shoe is made of a single piece of the wood, planed even with the grain. In front the ski come to a point, and are turned up for, perhaps, a foot. They are widest just back of this turn—about four inches across—and narrow back to the heel, where they will be about three and a half inches in width. The footrest in the middle of the ski, or at the balancing point, is about an inch in thickness, the shoes tapering fore and aft to about a quarter of an inch in thickness. There is a sort of rib on top of them to shed the snow; and underneath, to give a good grip on the snow, there runs for the full length of each shoe a shallow groove. Such a shoe as this will not be very heavy and it should be tough and springy. This is a man's model of ski, and it is quite different from the dinky contrivances sometimes sold under the name in Eastern sporting-goods shops.

Straps and Fastenings

The straps used on ski by practical men also are different from those sometimes put out by the dealers. Of course, the strap must be different from that of the web snowshoe, which simply lets the snowshoe dangle and come along. The ski-runner must have far more control over his shoe. The typical straps used in our western country, where the clumsy Norwegian boot, permanently attached to the shoe, is not employed, are made out of two pieces of harness leather about three inches wide and four inches long, which are nailed or screwed to the thick part of the ski on each side of the footrest. The inner edges of these straps are perforated and laced, so that the toe-boot may be adjusted to the size of the foot. The whole foot goes into this up to the bottom of the instep. A heelstrap passes back from the toe-boot to keep the foot from falling out; and a lighter strap passes above the instep to keep the heelstrap in place. The heel is, of course, free, but there is not so much ankle action as in web work. The stride is a shuffle, and the weight of the shoe is left resting on the snow, the foot bending only enough to allow the advance of the other leg. Some mountain men do not use heelstraps. One recalls an old hunter at Yancey's, in the Yellowstone Park, whose ski had simply a little piece of wood nailed across, back of the toe-boot. The old fellow said that this cleat came up in the hollow of his shoe, and kept his foot from going too far forward or back. The average man would not be likely to get very far with this kind of a rig.

The condition of the snow is a factor of comfort or discomfort with ski, just as with webs. When the snow is wet and sticks to the bottom of the shoes there may be twenty pounds of it attached to each shoe. In such cases one does not travel, but stops, builds a fire and waxes his ski. Again, he may prefer to travel at night, when the snow is cold. One recalls such a midnight journey through the Rockies, several nights in all, which was worth a lifetime of tamer sport. In such travel the world around is all white, and though there may be no moon, the snow seems to give a pale light of its own. In cold weather the ski leave behind them at each step a trail of

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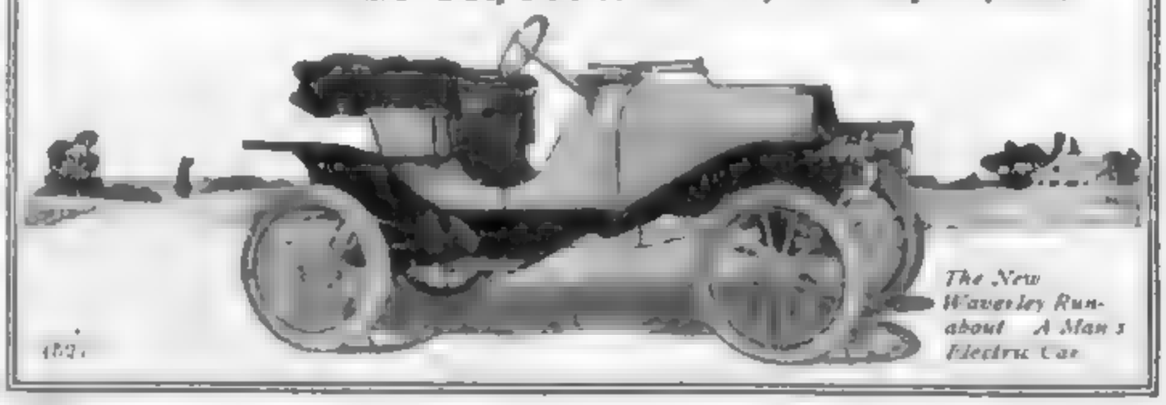

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phosphorescent fire, flitting back and forth on the snow—a weird but interesting phenomenon. At such times the trees look very black, and one can see ahead no very great distance. When the country is open enough, it is sometimes necessary to take a long *glissade*, even in the dark. To stop at the top of a half-mile mountain pitch, every one ignorant of what is ahead, and to watch your companions, one after another, disappear in the depths below, each marked in his going by a flare of pale-blue fire, is something to leave one thoughtful for the time. Few sports offer a similar experience.

To keep his shoes from balling up the snow under his feet, the ski-runner usually has a strip of tin, a foot or so in length, nailed under the toe of the boot and running back under the foot. Rubber is not so good. Rawhide with the hair on sometimes is used. The foot covering should be chosen with great care. I have seen very good pictures made by artists showing men and women on ski with moccasins for foot covering. This, of course, is absurd, as so soft a foot covering would punish the foot and not give control over the ski. A good rubber shoe, worn over heavy German socks, or a pair of arctic overshoes stuffed full of the same kind of socks, makes a better form of footgear. For a long trip it is sometimes necessary to reinforce the front part of the overshoe, which will chafe and cut under the toe boot. The feet, of course, must be kept dry.

Moreover, the ski themselves must be kept dry, and at night they must be stood up on end in the snow, and always kept cold, so that the snow will not melt on them. There is hardly any wood glassy enough for ski work without being treated with wax, and it is usual to heat into the bottoms of the ski once in a while a preparation of beeswax and paraffin. If you put on too much beeswax the snow will not stick, it is true, but you may make your ski so slippery you cannot stand up on them. Some men who have not this preparation at hand use tar, or the melted resins and gums of the pine forest, which also will shed snow. Sometimes it is necessary to scorch down the grain of the wood, where it had been raised by wetting, and an old-time pair of ski which has seen actual work in the Rockies is apt to have a rather blackened look from much scorching and heating in of wax over the open flame.

Ski in the Army

Sport and war, or even sport, war and utility, are not antipathetic, and ski are sometimes used in stern sort of work. The United States soldiers of Western posts are encouraged in the use of ski, just as are those of Norway. Sometimes there will be a company located at Fort Yellowstone, for instance, out of which three-fourths of the men will be competent ski-workers. At one time, many years ago, poachers infested the Yellowstone Park even in wintertime; and one of the government scouts once made a solitary winter ski trip of nearly a hundred miles, and arrested a man who was far in the interior, engaged in killing the park buffalo, with the intention of selling their heads when he could get them out the following spring. The poacher himself, as nervy as his captor, had been in camp alone for more than a month, and naturally thought himself safe. It always seemed to the writer that these two men, although on different sides of the game, were about as good examples of mountain daring as ever came to notice. Certainly they were both very good examples of the usefulness of the long wooden snowshoes.

For most of us who cannot take time for wild Western trips in midwinter, the use of ski must take a form different from that last mentioned. None the less, ski-running as a sport is perfectly adaptable to any part of the country where there is a foot of snow and a hill. Suppose you get yourself a pair of real ski, preferably from some Northwestern city where they make and use them, and after having greased up their bottoms as above described, take a trip out to Uncle Bill's farm some winter day. At the top of the pasture hill you place your feet together, both pointing straight ahead, and, giving a little push with your snowshoe pole, start down. You begin to go faster and faster, and pretty soon you tumble in a heap, in all likelihood. It will astonish you to find how soft the snow is and how little resistance it offers to the human hand and arm reached down in search of support. As you lie all mixed up,

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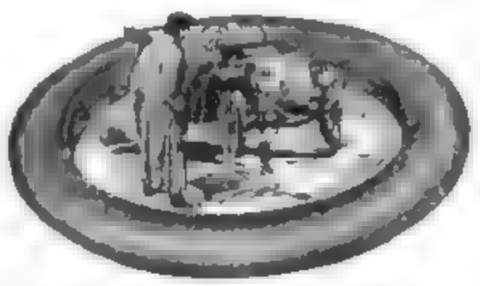

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Not on mechanical repairs, for ordinarily mechanical repairs are *not* big items of expense.

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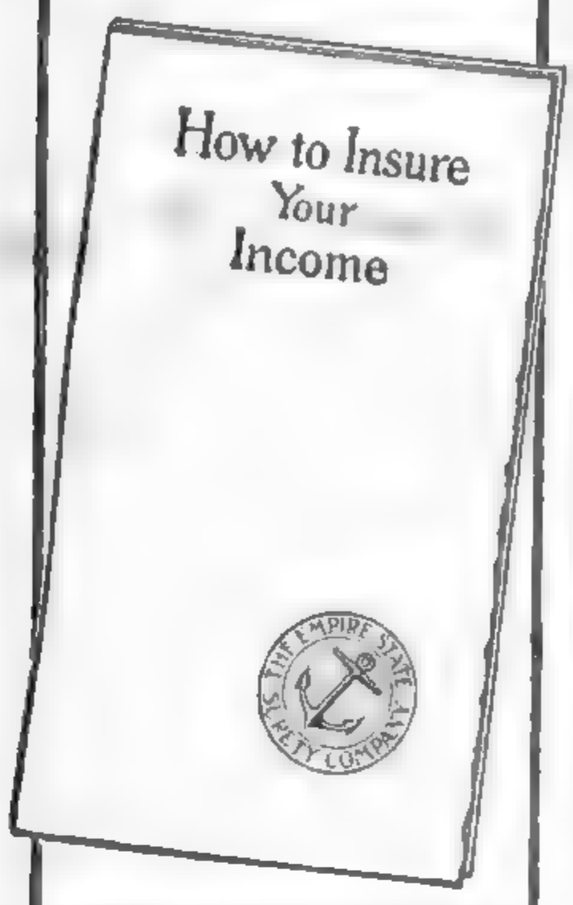

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you will have to get one foot out of the strap somehow, and then engineer one ski under you somehow. After that you can get up all right and try it over. Perhaps instinct will come to your relief. When you begin to be frightened at the speed you are gaining, it is natural to straddle the showshoe pole and sit down on it. Thus the rear end drags in the snow behind and serves as a brake, sufficient to stop you even on a very steep pitch. This is legitimate even for experts in steep country. When you get to the bottom of the hill you will probably fall over again, anyhow. If there is a fence there you will probably mix it with the fence, because, at first, you will not know how to change your direction on a *glissade*. It is done by lifting the front of the shoes a little and treading sideways, one foot after the other, repeatedly.

It does not take much experience to learn to enjoy the glowing exhilaration of this most fascinating form of snowshoeing. All you want is plenty of snow and plenty of hill. You will not need plenty of clothes, even though, since your sport is practiced in unsheltered country, the wind will strike you full. Woolen gloves or mittens you should have, and heavy German socks and rubbers. A sweater you will probably find too warm while you are at work, and a simple canvas jumper will serve to keep off the wind. In your pack you should have a jersey or sweater, and if you can get a real buckskin shirt do not be ashamed to wear it. It is the warmest thing in the world for its weight, and the best thing to keep off the chill when you sit down in the snow, at the end of your day's work.

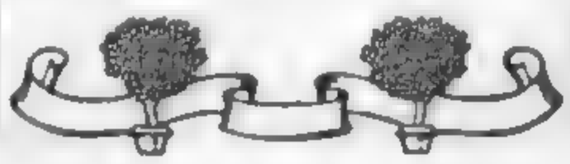
Hints for Ski-Runners

Two things the ski-runner should remember: In the first place, he should have with him smoked glasses, not too dark, as that would make it difficult to see the inequalities in the snow, yet dark enough to keep out the glare of the sun, which is extraordinarily trying, especially high up in the mountains. That brilliant mountain light in wintertime, the fastest light in the world for photographing, will surely make you snowblind if you do not protect your eyes either with smoked glasses or with a slit band of buckskin, as the trappers sometimes do. If you have neither, at least you must blacken the face, cheeks and sides of the nose with charcoal. This will to some extent mitigate the glare. In the second place, you must learn not to "fight your shoes," as the old-timer calls it. Take it easy, go along slowly and steadily, and don't fret. If you fall down, or if the snow is not just right, don't get angry over it and begin to curse things in general. If you do you are apt to come into camp late, if you get there at all, in case you are on a long tramp.

One more thing the old-timer will forbid you, and that is the eating of snow when you get thirsty on the march, or even the drinking of ice water from the stream that you may cross. The best way is to do your drinking before you start, and after you stop for lunch or for the night. Snow does not satisfy the thirst, and drinking a pint of cold water will slow up a tired man more than anything he can do. In the less dilettante form of ski-running it is very likely that the average man will need to husband his forces for the sort of march he may have to take across midwinter mountains. On one such journey a party of us had with us a young soldier, a strapping youth who had long been accustomed to the use of ski, but a little hotheaded and careless about taking advice. He ate snow, did not wear his smoked glasses, and cursed his shoes when he fell down. In two days he was snowblind and unable to travel, so that he had to be abandoned at the first human habitation we found.

Ski-jumping by experts in the winter competitions, which is frequently pictorially reported, is a specialized form of sport which the amateur need neither covet nor hope speedily to emulate. The men who can do this are apt to spell things with a "k" or a "j" and probably have been at it from the time they could toddle But there is plenty of good fun far this side that pitch of excellence.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on this subject.



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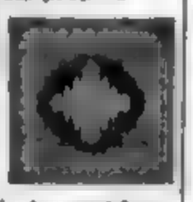

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00

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Are You Aware that the Melodies of the Old Masters are Placed Within Your Reach by

The "CECILIAN" Piano

¶ Wouldn't you appreciate, at the close of a strenuous day, the rest that comes from enjoying music such as your mood would dictate?

¶ Perhaps all alone enjoying some familiar song or Hymn of your childhood, or surrounded by your friends and neighbors, delight them with a "dreamy nocturne" from Chopin, or charm with the matchless majesty of Liszt—or possibly something from the latest opera.

¶ That you have been denied the advantage of a musical education matters not at all, for this is a piano

That Any One Can Play

¶ Its metal mechanism, scientifically constructed, so simple and easy to operate, yields to your every mood and enables you to produce music just as you would enjoy it. Won't you allow us to demonstrate its many superior qualities to you?

¶ We will mail you, free, a little book which fully illustrates and describes the Cecilian Piano. Won't you send for this book?

The Farrand Company, Dept. D **Detroit, Michigan**

3125
Flemish Sofa

Furniture For Every Home

Whether you are furnishing a bungalow or a palace—buying a suite or a single piece—you will find the right upholstered piece, at the right price, by demanding furniture made by the house of Karpen.

3987
Modern German Arm Chair

Karpen Furniture comes in every style, from simple Mission designs to the wonderfully beautiful period furniture for the elaborate drawing room.

Each is as reasonably priced as good furniture can be made—each bears the Karpen lifelong guarantee.

Karpen chairs and rockers are the acme of comfort—made on harmonious and graceful lines that insure ease. Karpen sofa and davenport beds give you a splendid piece of furniture by day—by night a bed unequaled for luxury.

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The name of Karpen stamped on a piece of upholstered furniture means that it is insured through a lifetime of use against defects in material or workmanship. Should any ever develop, even after years of ownership, your dealer is authorized to replace the piece free.

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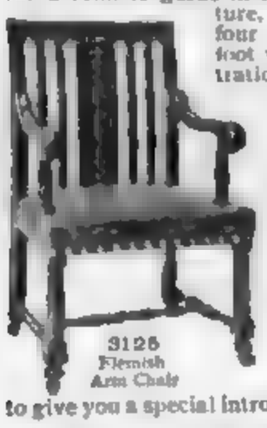
Modern German Arm Chair

And this guaranty stands always and everywhere for Karpen Sterling genuine leather—genuine fabrics and lasting colors. It is your assurance of Karpen Steel Springs, the kind specified by the United States government. It means a faithful reproduction of periods—not weak imitations—of modern designs that show individual style combined with perfect symmetry.

Send For Free Style Book D

for a reliable guide in the selection of correct furniture. 72 pages—each a foot and four inches deep, and nearly a foot wide—show over 500 illustrations of Karpen Furniture, all reproduced from actual photographs, artistic interiors designed for us by leading decorators. Illustrations in colors of beautiful woods and leathers. It shows you how to judge furniture values—how to detect upholstery fraud—makes you a competent furniture critic. And it gives you Karpen prices.



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Flemish Arm Chair

With this free book we will give you the name of a dealer whom we authorize to give you a special introductory price. Write today

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Karpen Building, NEW YORK

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture
TRADE MARK

2,850 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the new U. S. Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with the manufacturers everywhere. (B1)

3129
Flanders Style Sofa

THRIFT

Saving Money on the Farm

THE farmer is usually frugal, but he isn't always thrifty in the true sense, understanding thrift as management. Good management is more difficult for him than other people, because he lives in an awkward financial world of his very own

A skilled mechanic, for instance, is paid every week, while the farmer gets money only at that season of the year when he sells his produce, and is often forced to sell when his neighbors are selling, too, depressing the market. The skilled mechanic may need a loan but once or twice in his lifetime, when he buys a home or marries, and is kept out of debt in spite of himself because his borrowing capacity is limited. But the farmer has a basis for borrowing and needs capital continually to improve his plant and carry on the business.

About the first thing the average farmer needs, to be really thrifty, is an accounting Only one in ten, it is said, knows what can be raised on his land for the best profit, or where he is making and losing money.

A Massachusetts farmer, living on an inherited sixty acres, had never "kep' track" of anything. In the spring he planted chiefly what had brought highest prices in the fall, and when everything had been sold in the fall and debts met, including the interest on a one-thousand-dollar mortgage, he usually had a little money left—sometimes fifty dollars, sometimes a hundred or two. This represented his margin for saving, but he didn't happen to save it.

Bookkeeping That Paid

One fall there was a surplus of a hundred dollars. He was forty, with nothing to show for his life's toil thus far, and had been thinking matters over He believed what farm papers said about the value of keeping records, but thought it too much work. Yet keeping books for one field promised to be simple, and he decided to set aside a certain five-acre field for experiment. That field should be planted to a crop representing savings. All work, fertilizer, seed and harvesting should be charged against it, and its yield put into the bank. Moreover, he would work it with a succession of crops that would build up the soil, as a beginning in remedying the chronic run-down condition of his whole place. The first year he harvested corn that would have sold for about one hundred and thirty dollars and planted timothy and clover at the last cultivation. Instead of taking this surplus in cash, however, he decided to increase it by feeding the corn on his own place. That led to his starting records of cows, pigs and sheep. In the spring there was a surplus of nearly three hundred dollars, which proved so encouraging to him that he set aside Field No. 2. Eventually the entire farm came into his system of records.

Five years later the mortgage was cleared off, and he had enough cash in bank to buy another farm such as his had been when he started keeping records. His soil has been immeasurably enriched by intelligent crop succession, cover crops and the use of humus and fertilizer. The original Field No. 1, for instance, is now in alfalfa, a fine stand of this forage plant yielding three cuttings a year and good for at least twenty years.

A young farmer's wife in the Middle West, when she married, made a definite arrangement under which her finances were kept separate from her husband's, and those of the house kept apart from both. In the first place, the husband pays her five dollars a week table money, out of which she buys meat and groceries, and also takes care of the vegetable garden after it is plowed and planted, hiring a boy to do part of the work. In the fall she has an additional fifty-dollar allowance for clothes. All feed that she takes for poultry or other stock belonging to herself is considered as compensation for her work, and whatever money comes in for eggs or dressed poultry is her own, to be disposed of as she pleases. If she fattens a shoat and lays it down for winter, that reduces table expenditures, and she saves part of the allowance, which is hers also. During six years of married life this young wife has accumulated nearly a thousand dollars.

Lifting the Mortgage

Her husband has prospered under this arrangement, too. It was part of the agreement that he should pay table money each week in cash. They started life on a mortgaged farm, with little cash, but he put what he had into a commercial bank, subject to check. His balance for a year was under fifty dollars, but he got to depending on the checkbook in making payments, and put all receipts into the bank instead of following his father's financial system, which consisted of cashing checks received for produce as quickly as possible and disposing of the money by paying something on account to creditors who were most urgent. The son's bank balance showed just where he stood at any moment, provided he kept out of debt. He got interested in keeping up the balance, and avoided credit purchases as much as possible—within two years, in fact, he was buying everything on the closest cash basis. Interest in watching the bank balance led him to look ahead and anticipate the year's profits, and to do this he had to keep records of his costs on different crops and herds.

The mortgage was divided up into annual payments of about the sum that it was felt he could conveniently devote to extinguishing that debt.

Yet, while he strained every nerve to meet that payment, his cost records led him to get knowledge as to where real profits lay, and if it was advisable to add to the year's possible profits by investing in choice seed, some fertilizer or a piece of machinery, he skinned such investments off the mortgage.

In brief, every step of his farming has been done on actual figures, owing to interest originally created by a checking account, and today he is as prosperous as his far-seeing wife, with the mortgage nearly cleared off and a good bank balance to work with.

Modern Mother Goose

St. Ives

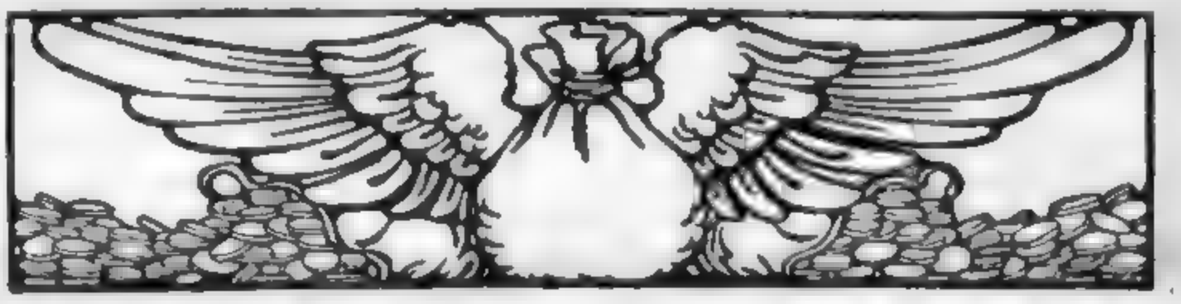
As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven rats,
Puffs, curls, brands and hats,
Rats, curls, hats, wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

The Troubled Menagerie

Hey, Diddle, Diddle,
The Sphinx and the Riddle,
The lion jumped over the moon;
The whole world was stirred
At a dollar a word,
And our Teddy is coming home soon.

Millinery Mary

Mary, Mary, Millinery,
What does your garden grow?
Plumes and wings and fruit and things,
And buckles and pins all in a row.



—And Remember This:

If a trial can does not prove to be exactly as we represent,

Money will be Refunded by the Grocer

We go even further than this: When

Snider Pork & Beans

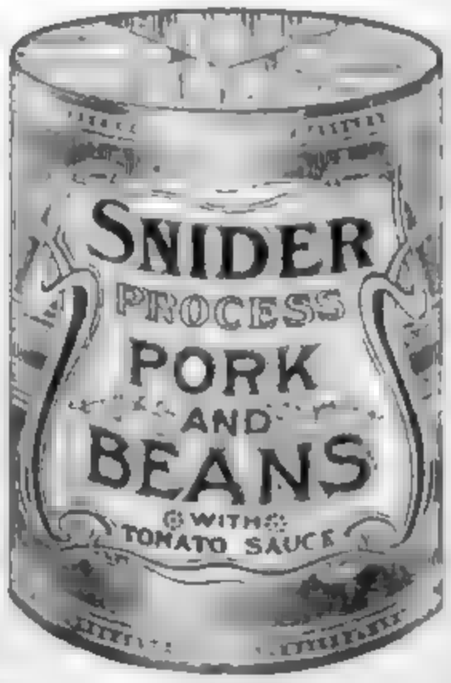
are tried by a housekeeper and she says they are not the best Pork & Beans she ever tasted the Grocer will refund the price without question.

Why are we so confident? Look at Snider Pork & Beans—smell 'em, taste 'em,

THE ANSWER IS IN EVERY CAN

The superiority of **Snider's** is in every way evident—

"It's the Process"



"The Mark of Guaranteed Quality."

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Overland

How the Overland Won the Fight

Two years ago the Overland was an utterly unknown car. Today we have orders booked, for this season's delivery, amounting to $24,000,000. Those two years have been years of fierce rivalry. Many makers have come and departed. Reputations have risen and waned. But the Overland has come out of that battle as the foremost car in the field.

The Demand for Good Low-Priced Cars

Two years ago, engineers saw that motor car mechanism had attained about its highest development.

The days of experiment were over. A myriad costly mistakes had been made and corrected. All the main features of the better cars had become standardized. It was apparent that the future held little chance for advancement along mechanical lines.

Then came the cry for lower prices—for lesser profits—for economy in manufacture. Good motor cars had been the rich man's extravagance. Their future lay in serving the poorer man's need.

With lower prices, and smaller cost of upkeep, users could be multiplied a hundred times over

Then came the army of low-priced cars. Then came the war of claims. Amateur makers sprang up like mushrooms. But competition, as usual, led to serious skimping, and haste led to neglect. Most of those cars, when it came to the test, were found to be sadly wanting.

Then came the inevitable sifting. Cars that failed to make good went down like burnt rockets. Some flourished for a time because the shortage of cars made almost anything salable.

But in the end, only cars of real merit emerged in good repute. And, among those cars, the one which stands first both in sales and prestige—is the Overland

The Car That Gave Too Much

The designers of the Overland were wise and experienced. They knew that no car could live—however low-priced—unless it gave full satisfaction

They knew that the economical buyer would demand even more than men who cared little for cost. He would, in most cases, operate his own car. There would be no expert to care for it.

The cost of repairs or of upkeep would fall on men who counted their dollars. Reliability was even more important in the low than the high-priced car.

So these designers compared every feature of all the world's greatest cars. They selected the best of each kind. Thus they embodied in this car the best ideas that the best engineers had developed. This was done without regard to cost.

The original Overlands sold for one-fourth more than the Overlands of today. But they gave far more than the makers could afford, until a multiplied output cut the cost of production. As a result, the original makers failed.

Enter John N. Willys

It was then that Mr. Willys took hold. He had handled the Overland cars in New York State. He had compared them with all other cars in their class. He had seen them outsell all others, ten to one, when brought into competition.

The Overland in his section had become the only car wanted. And he saw that if such a car could be sold at that price it would become the greatest seller ever known in America.

So when the first makers failed he took up the problem of so increasing the output as to make the price possible.

The Magical Growth

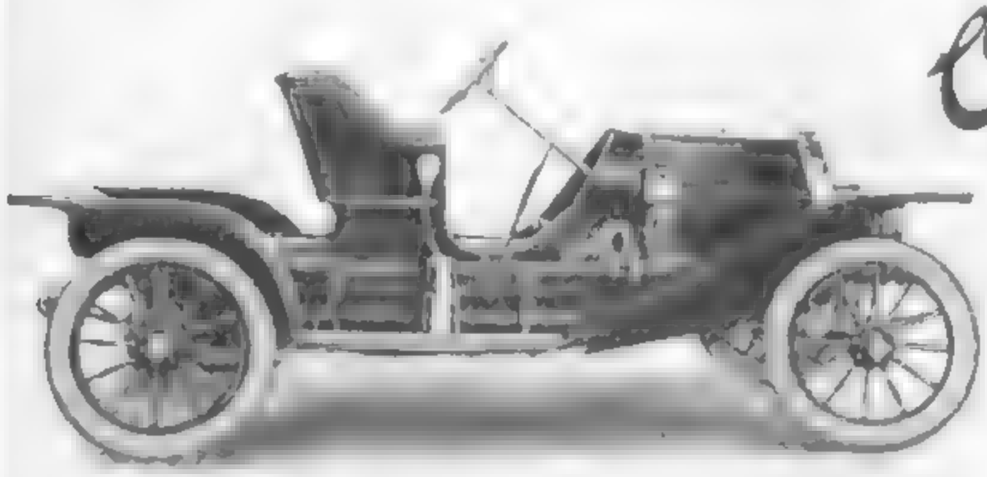
Within four months of that time the factory capacity was far oversold. Then tents were erected to help meet the demand. Then two other factories were purchased—factories whose owners fell down in the fight. In the next fiscal year Mr. Willys made and sent out 4,075 Overland cars, yet the demand was not half supplied.

The next step was to buy the great Pope-Toledo plant—one of the greatest automobile plants in existence. This was another maker defeated by the new conditions. Immediately Mr. Willys built an addition larger than the original factory

Now four great factories, employing 4,000 men, are turning out thirty carloads of Overlands daily to meet the unexampled demand. This year's advance orders call for 20,000 cars. And the making cost, through multiplied output, has been cut 20 per cent.

This was done in two years, without advertising, all because the Overland, wherever used, proved itself the greatest value ever given in automobiles.

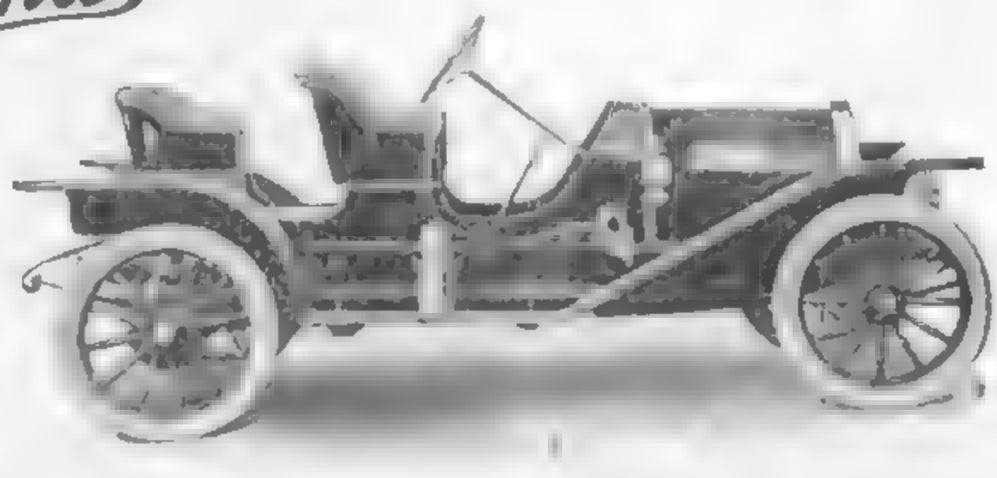
The Overland



Overland Model 38—Price, $1,000

25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, $1,050—double rumble seat, $1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, $1,100

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 40—Price, $1,250

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Double rumble, in place of single rumble, $50 extra

The Car That Became the King

The Overland

The car that wins what the Overland won must be a marvel of mechanism. The field has been filled with contestants. But the men who bought Overlands told others to buy them. Our users, until this year, were our only advertisements. When a car wins first place through the sheer force of proved merit, it is well that you know that car.

It's Simplicity

The designers of the Overland adopted the best that other engineers had developed. But they did more. They went far beyond others in removing complexities—in simplifying construction—in making the car trouble-proof.

They immensely reduced the number of parts in the car. They invented one piece which took the place of 65 pieces, and another that displaced 47.

They eliminated the intricacies which had bothered the novice. The lubrication was made automatic—the water pump was made unnecessary.

Then the operation of the car was made as simple as walking. Three of the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead, and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to change to high speed. There is nothing else to do but steer.

The result is a car which a 10-year-old child can master in ten minutes. A novice can run it a thousand miles and back. A woman can operate it as easily as driving a horse.

That is one reason for the Overland's amazing success. Experts are not needed. Anyone in the family—man, woman or child—can enjoy the fun of running the car.

The $1,000 Overland

This year—through reduced cost of production—we are giving a 25 horsepower car for $1,000. It is a better car than the original Overland which sold for $1,250.

This thousand-dollar car has a 102-inch wheel base, and a possible speed of 50 miles an hour. It is not like the under-sized, under-powered cars which are offered around this price. It is a real automobile—the first real automobile sold for $1,000.

This car, with four people in it, has made marvelous records in hill climbing. It has won a perfect score in a 10,000 mile non-stop run. Think what a test that means.

It is made in a factory long famous for a $4,250 car. Made by the same workmen, under the same inspectors; and, so far as desirable in this lighter car, it is made of the same materials.

But it is made by new machinery—machinery adapted to this one particular car. Our whole Toledo plant has been equipped to make this one car economically. And this factory turns out 80 cars per day of this single model alone.

That is why no other car gives so much for the money, and no other maker can hope to compete with it. The making cost is cut to the absolute minimum.

40 Horsepower—$1,250

This year we are selling a 40 h. p. Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250. This price is for roadster body. The best of the Overlands—a car made to compare with the highest-priced cars—sells for $1,500, all lamps and magneto included.

Yet every material is the best that is known—the best any maker can use. Each feature is the best that engineers have developed. No care is slighted—no part is modified—to reduce the cost of the car. In the process of making the parts are subjected to more than ten thousand inspections.

The whole reason for the price lies in enormous production—in labor-saving machinery—in devoting a whole factory to one model alone.

The Car You Want

One of the Overlands is just the car you want, whatever your ideas about cost, style or power. To pay more is sheer waste. To get less for your money is not shrewd.

If you are an expert, you will see at once how the Overland excels. If you are a novice, you will appreciate the Overland's matchless simplicity.

This car, wherever known, is the car most desired. It has fairly captured the country. The car that has done that, in spite of all rivalry, is bound to win you when you know it.

We issue two books—the beautiful Overland catalog and a pamphlet entitled "The Wonderful Overland Story." They are fascinating books which every motor car lover should read. We will mail them to you if you'll send us this coupon today.

F. A. Barker, Sales Manager,

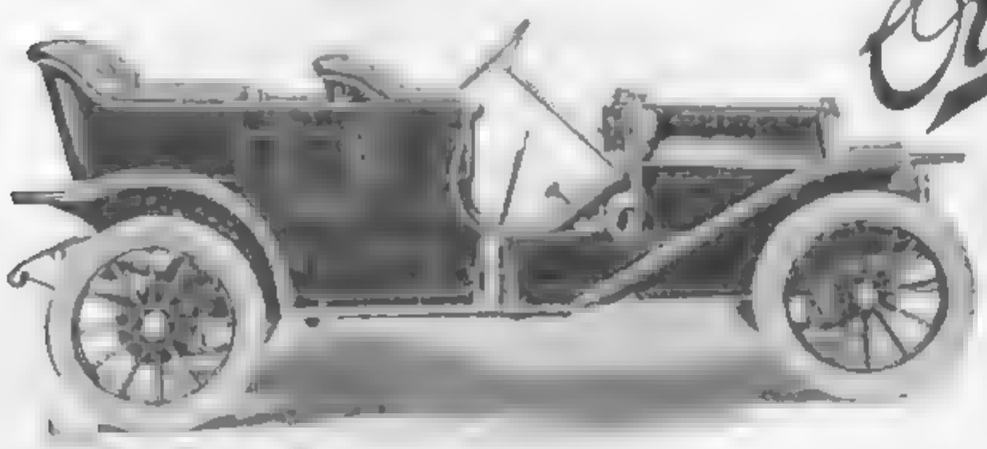
The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio

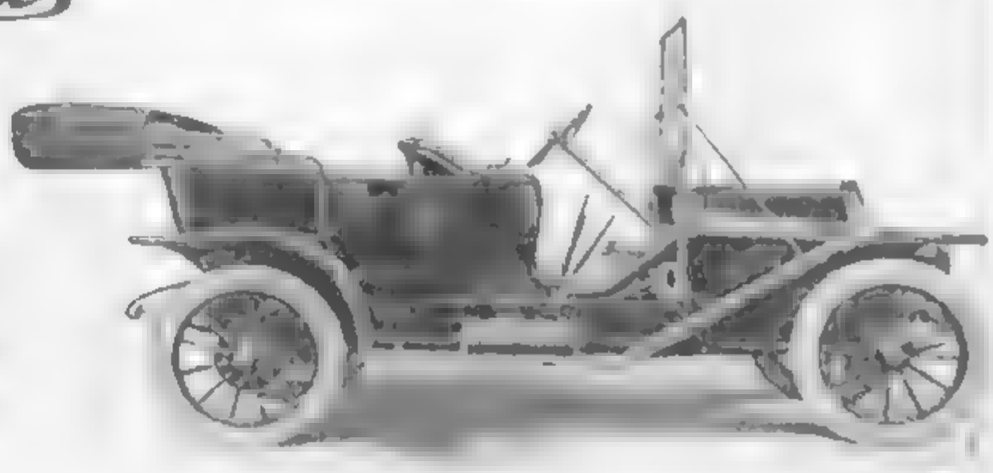
Licensed Under Selden Patent

Please send me the two books free

The Overland



All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 41—Price, $1,400

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Either 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body

Overland Model 42—Price, $1,500

Either Touring or Close-Coupled body. The folding glass front, the top and gas tank are extras

Smoke These
BETWEEN THE ACTS
Little Cigars

You'll enjoy the fine, full flavor of the rich, mellow tobacco.

You'll appreciate the *generous quantity*—the *superior quality*.

You'll be glad of the saving—especially when you have time for only a short smoke.

You'll be convinced that—for short or long smokes—you could get no more fragrant or delightful cigars.

Packed in a neat, convenient metal box.

Special Introductory Offer

Send us 4 cents in stamps to partially cover cost of mailing and we will send anywhere in the U. S. complimentary box of Between the Acts Little Cigars (regular 10 cent size) for personal trial.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
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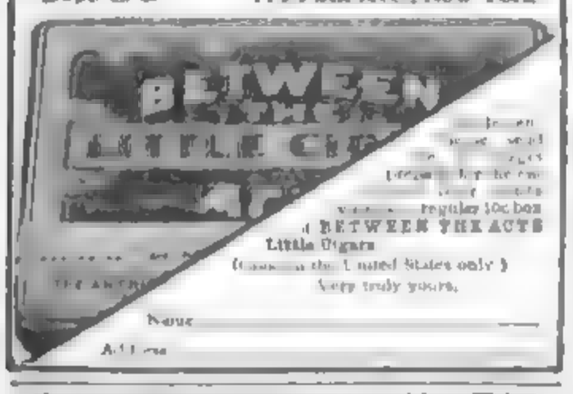

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

believing in his own other country. But now I have finished this poor drawing of William's character. If I could have made it enough like him it might have been fit for one of the family portraits of the saints in Heaven. And I have often wondered why the monument builders have never thought to raise a statue to the Methodist circuit rider. The D. A. R.'s and the other daughters of this and that raise monuments to men who were only brave, but no one has thought yet to erect a statue to the memory of the Methodist circuit riders, who are not less brave, but who have doubtless broken some Heaven records in simple goodness and self-sacrifice.

P. S. I had thought that these letters were finished, but I am adding this postscript to say that I leave New York tomorrow for the little house between the hills on the Redwine Circuit. This resolution is not in keeping with some views and sentiments I have written in these pages, but, being a woman, I thank God I can be as inconsistent as is necessary to feminine peace of mind. I reckon I'll never be satisfied now in the world or in the church without William. I can't seem to settle into any state of being of my own. I am not saying that I have not had a good time here, but, after all, I do not belong with the people of the world, either. Since I have been with Sarah I have had constantly to resist the temptation to speak to her about her soul, just from force of habit. I have never seen, in all my years with William, a woman of her age so youthfully, cheerfully unconscious of having a soul. And that is not the worst of it: I can feel the moral elbows of mine sticking out in every conversation, as if Heaven had made all my thoughts angular. It is a sort of horned integrity that grows up in a woman who follows the gospel flag of the Methodist itinerancy. I am sure it is often embarrassing to Sarah and the girls, especially when they have company—not the kind of company William and I had, thinly-bred missionaries, and Bible peddlers, and tramps, and beggars, and occasionally toward the last a little, sweet-faced, pod-headed deaconess—but Lilith ladies, and one or two that William would call Delilahs, and handsome, sleek, intellectual men who appeared to be as ignorant of God as I am of natural history. I am not saying that they are not decent people, but they are not all there. I miss something out of them. If they have ever had souls they have had them removed, by a kind of reasoning surgery quite as effective as the literal surgery with which so many of them have their appendixes done away with.

I have told Sarah, and while she expresses regret I am sure she feels relieved. It is straining to have a person in the family who belongs to a different spiritual species. And now I have just finished packing my things. I am thankful I told the neighbors that I was going on a visit. I came suddenly to the conclusion today that it was only a visit because of a thing that happened. I have not been offended morally by anything I have seen in the theaters or other places of amusement, but I have had conscientious scruples about the churches here!

This would be the Sabbath day far away in the country, where the hills are at prayer and the pine trees swing their shadows over the graves in Redwine churchyard. But here in New York it is merely the day when you change your occupations and amusements. Still, there is preaching for those who are not drunk, or asleep, or in the parks, or at Coney Island, or giving week-end parties at their country places, or planning the millennium without God along socialistic scantlings of thought and barbed-wire theories of the brotherhood of man. And I went with the girls to a fashionable church. And this is how the morals in me that William planted came to take offense, and how I reached the conclusion that I had best go back home, where life is indeed made too hard for the spirit, but where at least one may be decently conscious of having one according to the Scriptures.

The church we attended was nearly as grand-looking inside as a theater. Every pew was filled, and there was no misbehavior on the back benches, such as

Write for this Book
IT'S FREE

"How To Save"

by

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw

(Former Secretary of the United States Treasury.)

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Philadelphia, Pa.

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KEENEDGE CO. 601 Kenosha Building, CHICAGO

Amatite ROOFING

PLANT OF THE CHERRY RIVER PAPER CO., RICHWOOD, W. VA.

Everyone Should Read This Letter!

IN 1909 the Cherry River Paper Company bought five carloads of Amatite Roofing to be used as they thought for temporary purposes. The satisfaction it gave was so surprising that they ordered three more carloads, and after four years of service, they are so satisfied that all their new buildings are being covered with Amatite.

Read their letter herewith

Four years ago we purchased about five cars of this Amatite Roofing.

Our idea of buying this Roofing at the time was to have our buildings covered immediately as they were completed and after the entire plant was finished to decide on the kind of a roof we would put on for permanent use.

When we were ready to take the matter up, the Amatite was in such good shape that we decided to give it a chance. It now has had four years' use and is practically in the same condition as when we first applied it. Since, we have purchased One Thousand rolls or more, which amounts to about three carloads.

(Signed) CHERRY RIVER PAPER CO.

This is not an exceptional case. Amatite is far more substantial and serviceable than the ordinary "ready roofings."

It has a *real mineral surface* and *needs no painting* to keep it tight. Thousands of owners of Amatite roofs have been delighted to find that after years of wear Amatite does not show the slightest sign of deterioration—and remember—it gives this service *without painting* or coating of any kind

Smooth surfaced ready roofings require constant painting to keep them tight. It is the *paint* that protects, and *not the roofing*.

Free Sample

We would like to send every reader of this magazine a sample of Amatite. It is our best advertisement. It shows what a durable and satisfactory roofing Amatite is, and why it needs no painting. Address our nearest office.

Barrett Manufacturing Co.

New York Chicago Cleveland
Boston Philadelphia Pittsburg
Cincinnati Kansas City
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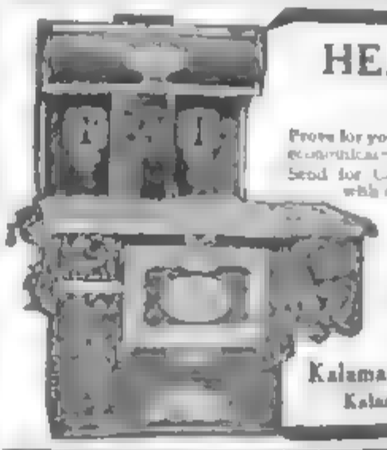

HERE IS SOMETHING NEW FROM KALAMAZOO

Prove for yourself in your own home that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not. Send for Catalog No. 151 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others.

CASH OR TIME PAYMENTS

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo. You can buy on easy time payments or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save $10 to $20 on any stove in the [illegible]. We make [illegible] people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES Make Big Money

Stereopticons

A wonderful opportunity for men with a little money, no matter where located. [illegible] no limit.

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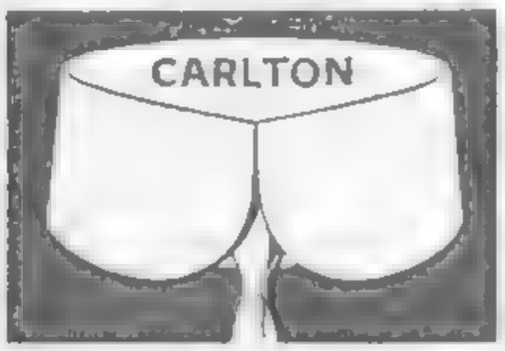

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William contended with to the last. We had a plush-covered one near the front, and a stool to put our feet on, and a library hooked to the back of the pew in front of us, containing a bulletin of the church's news.

I didn't have time to find the "society column," but I was looking for it when the preacher came in. I expected to hear a perfectly-scarifying sermon, he looked so much like a tintype of the prophet Jeremiah; but he took his text from Mark about the healing of the man with the withered hand, and preached on the hypnotism of Jesus! He made a clean sweep of the miracles in the most elegant, convincing language you ever heard. And I sat and cried to think of what he'd done to Scriptures that William would have died to preserve.

The girls were mortified at the scene I was making. I don't reckon anybody had ever cried in that church before, and I am sure no man was ever convicted of his sins there.

When we reached home I told Sarah about going back to Redwine, first thing. Then I came on upstairs and had it out with William in a very few words, while I was pulling out the dresser drawers and putting my things in the trunk.

"William," I said, kneeling down on the floor with my back to his picture on my dresser, laying my collars in the tray, "you were right. There is something wrong with the church system, something wrong with the institutional religion that the church is propagating; but there is nothing wrong with the truth of God for which you stood and made me stand for thirty years, and I am going back where some of the people know it, whether they know anything else or not. Up here the best, the wisest people don't know what the truth of God is: they think they can find it in science. Faith is for fools who cannot think. They are not trying to reconcile God to man, but man to God." Then I reached back, snatched up William's photograph, laid it bottom upward on top of the collars. I didn't feel that I could look him squarely in the face till I had it sitting back on the mantel in the house at Redwine.

I have got the first out-and-out orthodox Methodist feeling of being backslid I ever had in my life. And it was not going to the theaters and tea parties that brought it on. It was going to church every Sunday and hearing some preacher explain away the Divinity of Jesus, or reduce His miracles to scientific formulas. I do not wonder that so many men and women go wrong in New York

These people are orphans, deprived of their Heavenly Father by the very preachers themselves. And it's very hard for orphans to behave themselves. They know what is right, but righteousness does not appeal to them because it has never been sanctified by love. That is what is the matter with these people. They do not love God, they do not care, or know, or believe that He loves them. They are so sensible, so profoundly reasonable that they are sadly damned already by their own little intelligences. They have theories, views and knowledges that are not going to show up well in the next generation. And that is their crime, to propagate ideas that will destroy the integrity of those who will come after them.

(THE END)

A Fine, Ripe Beverage

THE late Isham G. Harris and the late William B. Bate, both Senators from Tennessee, were prisoners of war together in the penitentiary at Nashville during the Civil War.

It was an arid time. However, they were resourceful men, and they saved out some corn each day from their rations, secured a coffee pot and distilled some moonshine.

They made three quarts of it, which, Senator Harris was wont to explain, was probably the finest whisky ever distilled in the State of Tennessee. However, a Union soldier found two quarts of it and confiscated it.

"He was inhuman, suh, but he took it, suh, by fo'ce an' duress. Still, fohtunately, he did not discovah the othah qua't."

"What did you do with that?" asked a listener.

"We aged it, suh, an' consumed it."

"How long did you age it, Senator?"

"Fo' days, suh."

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We have published a little book, bound in an embossed cover. It contains *five facts worth five dollars* to anyone who is ever going to buy another watch. The title of this book is *"How to Judge a Watch."* What is your address? We would like to send you a copy with our compliments.

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Right- and left-hand Ratchet.

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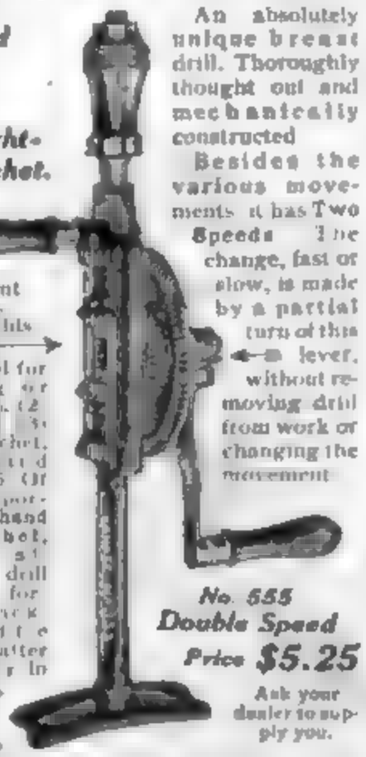

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A big time-saver at work in subway or place.

No. 555 Double Speed
Price **$5.25**

Ask your dealer to supply you.

All mechanics, especially machine-shop men, are invited to send for free descriptive booklet.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

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A prospective customer writes: "Your advertisements read well and seem to ring true—but 'show me' how you can sell cigars by the hundred to the consumer at wholesale prices."

All right, I will try to do so.

In the first place I manufacture every cigar that I sell and I manufacture in a large way, which enables me to buy tobacco in quantities and at the most favorable prices. Consequently, I produce my cigars as cheaply as other large manufacturers.

Next, in every commodity that men buy, no matter what, let it be a locomotive or a paper of pins, the cost of merchandising the article plus the cost of manufacture is paid by the consumer.

Think that over.

In the cigar business the merchandising cost is necessarily large—salesmen or commission houses selling to jobbers or wholesalers. Their salesmen in turn selling to retailers. And the retailers must have a very large profit. Their store rents are high; clerks' salaries, light, heat and even the matches and premiums they give away—all cost, and cost a good deal. And, of course, these have to be added to the price of the cigars—someone pays for them. And no one is selling cigars or anything else for the benefit of the community.

My way is to make my cigars sell themselves. An examination of my books will bear out the following: Ninety per cent. of my cigars are sold on repeat orders, these orders cost me nothing: they cost my customer the price of a postage stamp. My advertising does not cost more than a salesman's commissions. A most prolific source of new business is a new customer recommended by an old one.

Now, of course, I can sell at wholesale prices while men in constantly increasing numbers keep sending me orders, and that is just what they are doing.

I can sell cigars at wholesale prices because I have practically eliminated selling expense. And to induce my customers to order I give them the benefit of the saving. I couldn't succeed unless I did sell at wholesale prices.

And without fear of successful contradiction I make this statement—that from no other source are smokers securing cigars at so near the cost of manufacture.

The tobacco, Filler long, clean, clear Havana tobacco, grown in Cuba, and nothing else—no shorts or cuttings, no doctoring, drugging or flavoring. Wrappers; the finest of Sumatra, genuine Sumatra grown in Sumatra.

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I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

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Put in Dimes, Take out Dollars

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Returns You $36 00 Each Year, If you

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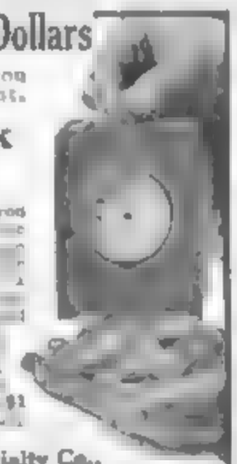

American Bank Clock Specialty Co., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Live representatives wanted.

POLITICAL PARTIES

(Concluded from Page 5)

sincere patriot and to respect him as such, however much they may disagree with the mugwump's theory of political action.

Even the professional politician is forced to respect the out-and-out independent voter for his strength, much as he may hate him for his embarrassing performances at the polls. For the class of men who are independent of all parties and vote for the candidate or party that suits them best is growing in numbers—alarmingly growing in numbers from the point of view of us party men. There is scarcely a state in the North where the out-and-out independent vote does not amount to from many thousands to many tens of thousands. And this independent vote itself takes on a kind of vague organization—a curious unity of action. It is remarkable how the independent vote of thousands is "plumped," election after election.

Here again is a political fact that we must take into account in the management of parties. The independent party voter will not vote against his own party unless he is literally driven to it; and even then he will not vote for the other party if the other party does not present candidates and policies so much better than his own that their superiority is overwhelming. A party can hold its independent party voters if it does even moderately well.

But it cannot secure the out-and-out independent vote unless it does admirably well. For the out-and-out independent voter has not the least sentiment about voting against his party—he has no party to vote against. If one party puts up a candidate the least bit better than the other party's, and proposes policies the least bit sounder, the out-and-out independent voter will support it at the ballot box.

The Change in Party Names

We party men must get the out-and-out independent voter's point of view—a difficult thing for us to do. We must remember that he does not in the least regard political parties as sacred things. And indeed they are not sacred things—they are not even permanent things, are they? Our own history as a Nation has been comparatively brief, yet brief as it has been our political parties have changed their positions and even their names.

The Democratic party has existed, so far as its name is concerned, only from Jackson's day. As everybody knows, the party that Jefferson founded was called the Republican party. Its opponent was called the Federalist party. The Federalist party became the Whig party, in the ridiculous supposition that there was a resemblance between the resistance to Jackson's alleged "invasion" of the prerogatives of Congress and the resistance to the Crown's invasion of the rights of Parliament. It is a curious fact that the nullifiers—the ultra state-rights men—joined this Whig party in rebellion against Jackson, who was the most rampant nationalist the country has seen since Washington. Still more curiously, these very men later captured the Democratic party.

Or take an illustration from the history of the Republican party. It sprang from the people, as all parties should—as all parties must that have any vitality. It elected its President, Abraham Lincoln. Yet the mighty appeal that Lincoln made to the spirit of nationality and of liberty was far wider than the membership of the Republican party when he was elected. Tens of thousands of Democrats answered Abraham Lincoln's call to arms to save the Nation. So it came about that when the political convention that renominated Lincoln in 1864 was called, it was not the Republican Convention at all, but the Union Convention. The National Republican Convention nominated him in 1860, but the National Union Convention renominated him in 1864.

The theory of party solidarity—the mobilization of a party's voters—was originated in this country by Aaron Burr when he founded Tammany Hall. Burr's idea was that a party should have military discipline. Burr was an extraordinary man. He had manners, learning, immense ability. He was a soldier, too, of courage and skill. If Aaron Burr had possessed the moral quality he would have been one of the greatest Americans. It was the Mephistophelian in his makeup that made him worse than a failure and his life a curse instead of a blessing to the country. But he was a superb politician. There have been only two in our history that have equaled him in that respect—Lewis, master wire-puller and political wizard of Jackson's Administration; and Quay, that amazing but misguided genius who might have been a great statesman but who became a party boss—and no one more keenly regretted this maldirection of his great powers than did Quay himself toward the close of his life.

Very well; it was Aaron Burr who originated the idea of party discipline as we now understand the term. His mind was so imperial and his will so dominant that when in New York he organized the opposition to Hamilton he played upon the passions of the "ragtag and bobtail," as they were called, upon the one hand; and on the other hand he introduced the theory that in party affairs the voters are soldiers who must obey orders. It was for him to think—it was for them to vote. That was Burr's theory of party management.

This conception of party fealty—or "party loyalty" as it is curiously called in these days—that every man who belonged to a party should vote for that party no matter what the party did, what candidates it put up, what platforms it proclaimed—Martin Van Buren, "the fox," as he was well named, developed almost to the point of Quay's discipline. "Don't argue; go along," said Quay. The organization was the supreme thing with all these men.

They thought for the organization and the organization thought for the party. And the members of the party—oh, they were to do the voting. "Politics is war," said one of this school of political generalship. Their idea was that a party is an army, and that it was just as foolish and wrong for voters to refuse to vote as they were ordered as for soldiers to refuse to shoot as they were ordered. It was an intelligent and effective theory—but it left out human nature and it left out the idea that this is a government of the people.

I suppose that we have heard more in the last nine months about parties and party solidarity and all that sort of thing than we have heard since the Civil War. Yet, what are parties? Are they not millions of citizens who do the voting? What is party solidarity? Is it not that cohesion of those millions of voters acquired by a righteous execution by their elected representatives in Washington of the principles or policies in which they believe?

Is the party composed of its representatives in Congress, its Senators? No, surely not. That was the old "caucus plan" which proved so unsatisfactory from Washington's day to Jackson's day that the political convention sprang up in the latter period to take the place and correct the evils of the "caucus" system. No, indeed; the party consists of millions of citizens, not of thousands of office-holders.

The latter are the servants, not the masters, of the former. It is for the servant to take orders from the master—not the master to take orders from the servant. That is good law—yes, and good sense. And is it not good politics, also? Anyhow, it is the only method of party success at the polls—that is plain. And it is the only method by which political parties can be made useful to the people—and, after all, that is the main thing, the only thing worth while.

No Beauty Show

THE late humorist of the House of Representatives, Francis W. Cushman, of Washington, who died last summer, was in one of the House elevators a year or two ago, in company with a man he did not know.

"Where are you from?" Cushman asked.

"Oh, I'm from Washington State."

"Is that so? Know any of the Congressmen from that state?"

"Oh, yes, I know them all."

"Know Cushman?"

"Sure I do. I know him well. He's an old pal of mine."

"Well," said Cushman, "they tell me Cushman is the homeliest man in Congress. Say, friend, is he any homelier than I am?"

The stranger took a long look. "Hell!" he said, "Cushman's got you skinned a mile."

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KNAPP-FELT hats have an individuality which appeals to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good. In every one of the thirty-seven unique processes through which a Knapp-Felt hat passes, it receives the individual attention of a well paid, contented workman who measures up to the C & K standard.

The superb quality, the noticeable elegance of style and the steadfast Cronap dye are features peculiar to Knapp-Felt which cannot be successfully imitated by the mechanical manipulation common to other makes.

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The smart styles for Spring will be shown by the best dealers everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

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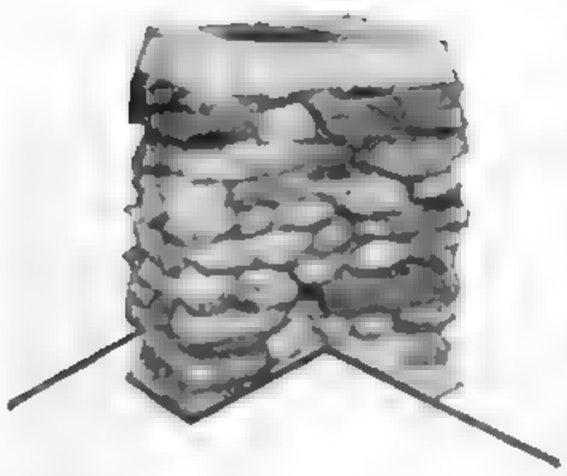

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Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day.

NONE JUST AS GOOD

THE DEBUT OF DUMAS

(Concluded from Page 7)

"May I not know even the name of my benefactress?" pleaded the crafty youth.

"Then you do not identify me?"

"Only"—with a grand bow—"as a lady of surpassing beauty and an angel of goodness to an unknown youth."

"Assuredly, after that," smiled the lady with a curtsy, "I shall preserve my incognito."

"But, Madame, I pray that I may have some opportunity to serve you!"

"What, you—a red republican—do a service to a lady of the court?" she spoke a trifle sharply. "You are far more likely to do me an injury."

Again the sweeping bow and white hand on heart. "Before I was a republican I was a gentleman, and gentlemen do not make war on women, your Highness!"

"Your Highness, indeed, Monsieur!" cried the lady. "Then, after all, you must know me?"

"No, Madame. But the more exalted your rank the more anxious I am to prove that Alexandre Dumas is not an ingrate. Here, Madame"—he pulled a card from his pocket and tore it into two irregular pieces, one of which he handed to the lady. "If your Highness will do me the honor to keep this bit of card? It alone will fit the torn edges of this other piece, which I shall wear here next my heart." With a fine gesture he put the talisman inside his coat. "In any emergency send me the token that I have given you, and I shall not fail you!"

The lady laughed merrily and slipped the bit of card into her bosom. "Presumptuous youth!" she cried. "You offer aid and succor like a prime minister, at least."

"In Paris, Madame, anything can happen. Did not a butcher's boy on one occasion save a royal duchesse from the guillotine?"

The lady in the mask drew back haughtily. "This is poor jesting, M. Dumas. Come, Mademoiselle. We will bid you adieu."

As the lady turned to the courtyard door Dumas dropped on one knee, seized the timid hand of her companion and kissed it fervently. At the little, involuntary cry of alarm which she gave the lady in the mask stopped and looked back. Laughter struggled with anger on her face.

"Fie! fie! Mademoiselle," she said sharply. "Why do you not rebuke such insolence?"

With blushing cheeks and downcast eyes the young girl faltered her reply. "Madame, my father has forbidden me to speak to Monsieur Dumas."

"It is, then," laughed the lady, "an affair of long standing?"

"Madame," said Dumas, still on his knees and still holding the reluctant hand, "when Mademoiselle and I were children—years and years ago we were playmates and friends. She was always good and beautiful, and she was very good to me."

"Madame," said the young girl, raising her eyes in an appealing look to the great lady, "we are cousins."

"Very distant cousins," declared Dumas emphatically, releasing her hand and getting to his feet.

"Ah!" laughed the lady. "That convenient cousinly relation! It has covered many a maiden's blushes." Glancing at Dumas, who was bursting with impatience to speak, she nodded archly. "And then, Monsieur?"

"In those days, Madame," he said, with the grand air of a millionaire, "I was very poor. I was unknown. I was a poet. Her father forbade me his house."

The great lady turned to her companion, still smiling. Plainly the situation amused her. "As for you, Mademoiselle?"

"Surely, Madame," came the timid answer from Mademoiselle, "it is my duty to obey my father."

"Now, Madame," Dumas interrupted, "her father is chief of the royal treasury and I am still a poet. Only yesterday I heard that he was in treaty with the Count de Perigord for an alliance with his daughter. Consider, Madame la Duchesse, my despair!"

Into the face of the Duchesse came a haughty look. "You will admit, M. Dumas, that an alliance with so great a name would present certain decided advantages?"

The tall youth straightened his figure and threw back his head. "Madame," he said grandly, "I shall make for myself a greater name than De Perigord inherited. As a potential prince of the pen I ask for the continued favor of a princess of the blood!"

"Your Potential Highness," cried the Duchesse, laughing, "I am breathless! Pray, give me your commands!"

Dumas took from his pocket an envelope and, bowing profoundly, extended it to the lady. "Here are tickets for a stage box at the Française tonight. Will your Highness send them to M. Devoilaine, adding your command that he attend the first night of my play with his daughter?"

With a sweeping curtsy the Duchesse accepted the envelope, at the same time taking the hand of Mademoiselle Devoilaine. "Come, Mademoiselle!" she cried, her voice breaking with mirth. "Let us escape before this irresistible youth marries us both out of hand! You first, if you please. Adieu! my potential princeling! Adieu!"

Dumas kissed his hands to the ladies as they swept through the door, then turned to where Michel stood—a lump of abashed awkwardness—close against the wall.

"Michel, my boy! Our fortune is made!" he cried, seizing the bumpkin by both hands and dancing furiously with him about the room. "We are as good as millionaires already. Hurry away and order my architect to build us a château! Stop at the tailor's and order your master a dozen suits of parti-colored velvet! Buy me a silver-gilt swordbelt and two diamond rings! Don't forget the silver laurel wreath to be presented at the theater tonight! And buy yourself a livery of purple plush! Come, Michel! Hurry! Hurry!"

Still spinning rapidly, they disappeared through the door and out into the streets of Paris.

The master had begun to live a more picturesque and amusing romance than he ever wrote.

Showing Uncle How

A NEW ENGLAND farmer had the grinding thrift which led him to convert everything into cash, putting all surplus into a savings-bank at three or four per cent interest, and to run into debt for what he bought.

The longer he could let a debt run, keeping his cash in the bank, the more he considered that he was ahead, not realizing that this limited his field of purchase for supplies and machinery, and that the people who carried him on long credit had to protect themselves by charging interest for the accommodation.

One winter a nephew came East to visit him—a boy who had gone to Oregon with little money and developed a fine fruit farm, chiefly on borrowed capital. This wide-awake boy had also learned mercantile methods in marketing fruit for his local association.

The uncle had always been a "mixed farmer" of the old school, raising a little of everything, selling without much study of different markets, and running his place with the least outlay. By spring, however, his nephew had converted him into a specialist. He showed the old gentleman that his soil, coupled with demand in near-by markets, would make potatoes a very profitable crop. Production had almost stopped in that locality on account of potato diseases. By investing some of his savings in fertilizer, modern spraying and digging machinery, experimenting with the most suitable varieties, and combating disease by the most up-to-date methods of soaking seed in fungicides, Uncle could not only earn several times bank interest on his hoard, but lighten and simplify his work and improve his land. Uncle took this advice, bought a manure-spreader for a Christmas present to himself, and set a man hauling manure from stables in the nearest town.

His crop the following fall netted him more than he had ever cleared on any previous summer's work. In three years he was raising an average of more than two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, had built up a good business selling direct to large consumers in his own locality, and today has storage facilities for holding his crop until prices advance, the difference paying better than bank interest on his whole farm.

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whose work takes them out in all kinds of weather, find our Challenge Waterproof Collars a wonderful help to a trim, stylish appearance and money savers at the same time.

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have a correct dull finish and linen texture that you really can't tell from linen. They delight thousands of careful dressers who wouldn't think of wearing the *ordinary* waterproof collar.

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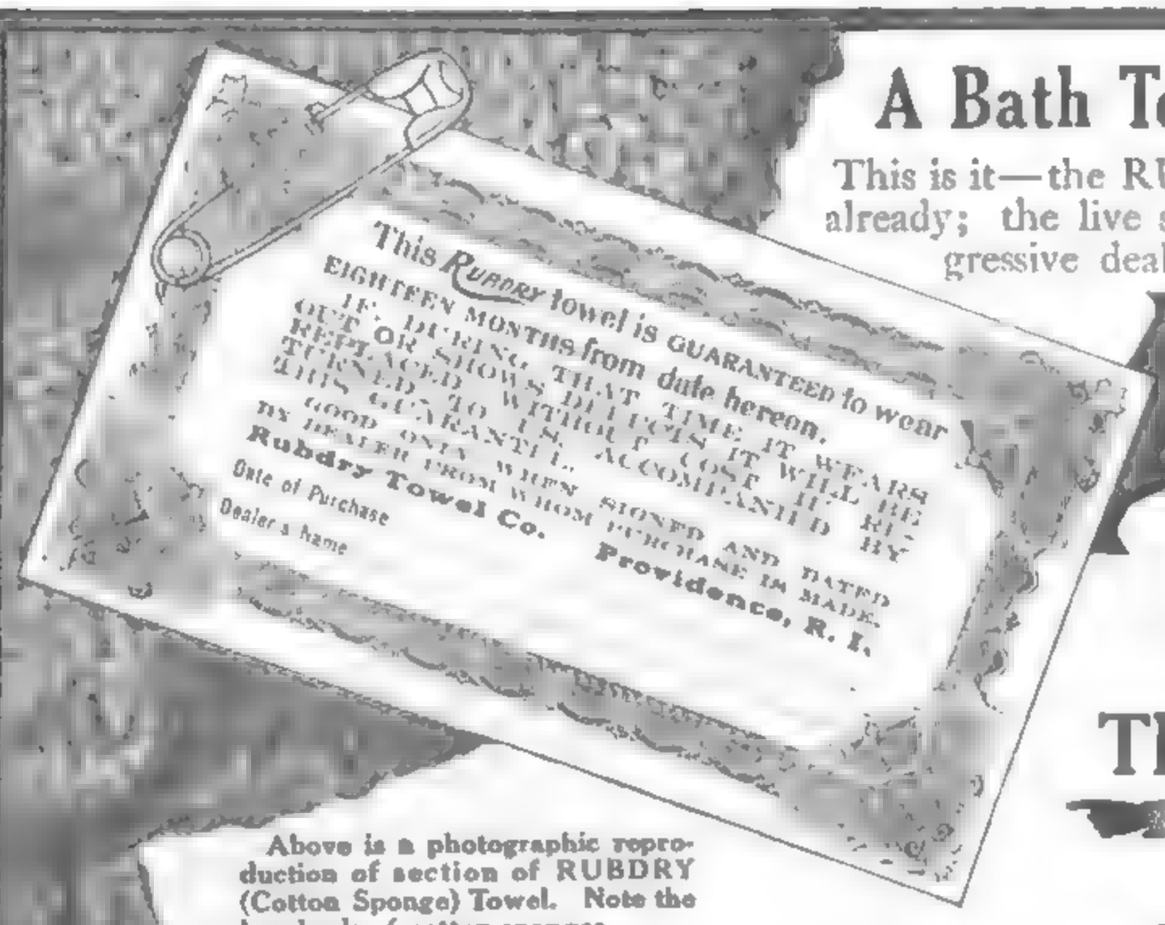
A Bath Towel with an 18 Months' Guarantee

This is it—the RUBDRY *(Cotton Sponge)* Bath Towel. Many stores have it already; the live stores will all have it by March 15th. Don't let an unprogressive dealer tempt you with the old, "just as good" plea. There's nothing "just as good"—there's nothing like it.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GOOD ONLY WHEN
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Date of Purchase
Dealer's Name

Above is a photographic reproduction of section of RUBDRY (Cotton Sponge) Towel. Note the hundreds of cotton sponges.

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS

The Cotton Sponge Bath Towels

This printed 1½ Year Guarantee with each Towel

Price, 39c., 53c., 67c.

Rubdry Extra, 85c. **Rubdry De Luxe, $1.25**

Each Towel Put Up in a Separate Box

Section of RUBDRY Yarn (roll of loose absorbing cotton bound with strong thread). Note sponges.

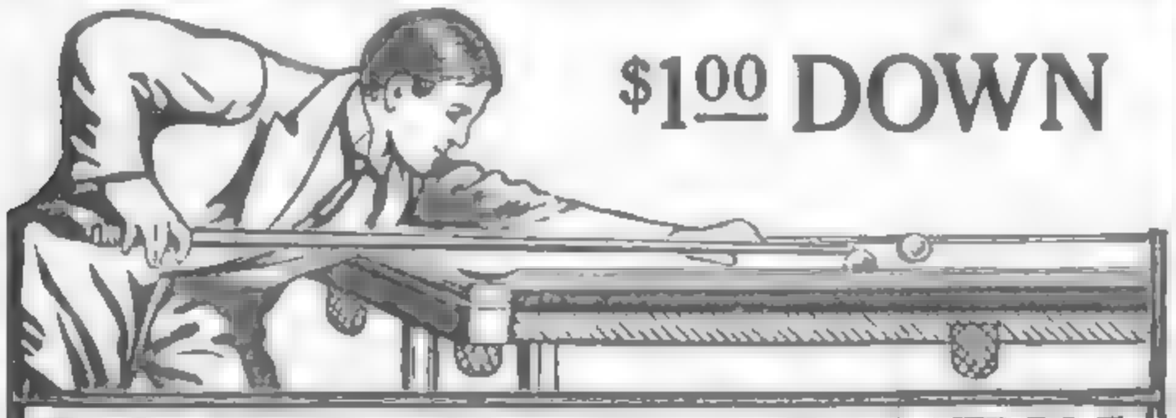
Section of thin, hard-twisted thread which forms the surface of every Turkish towel.

The RUBDRY (Cotton Sponge) Bath Towel is the most absorbent towel that has ever been designed; it will dry the body quicker and more thoroughly than any other, will stimulate and invigorate the skin more. Unlike the Turkish towel, which is a series of thread-loop brushes, which *brush* the water back and forth on the body until it evaporates, the RUBDRY (Cotton Sponge) Bath Towels are made of *rolls of untwisted cotton*, bound into nubs or sponges, which *absorb* water the moment they touch it. The action, therefore, is more healthful and more stimulating. Small cuts to left show section of RUBDRY yarn with binders unfastened and the roll fluffed, showing the cotton loose and absorbent. Lower small cut shows the thin, twisted, non-absorbent thread loops the Turkish towel is made of.

Ask your dealer for the RUBDRY (Cotton Sponge) Bath Towel, with the 1½ Year Guarantee

But if offered the "just as good" kind, ask for a 1½ year guarantee. We will send the towels direct at above prices, and pay postage or express if the dealer refuses to supply you.

RUBDRY TOWEL CO., Sole Manufacturers, 167 So. Angell St., Providence, R.I.



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BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

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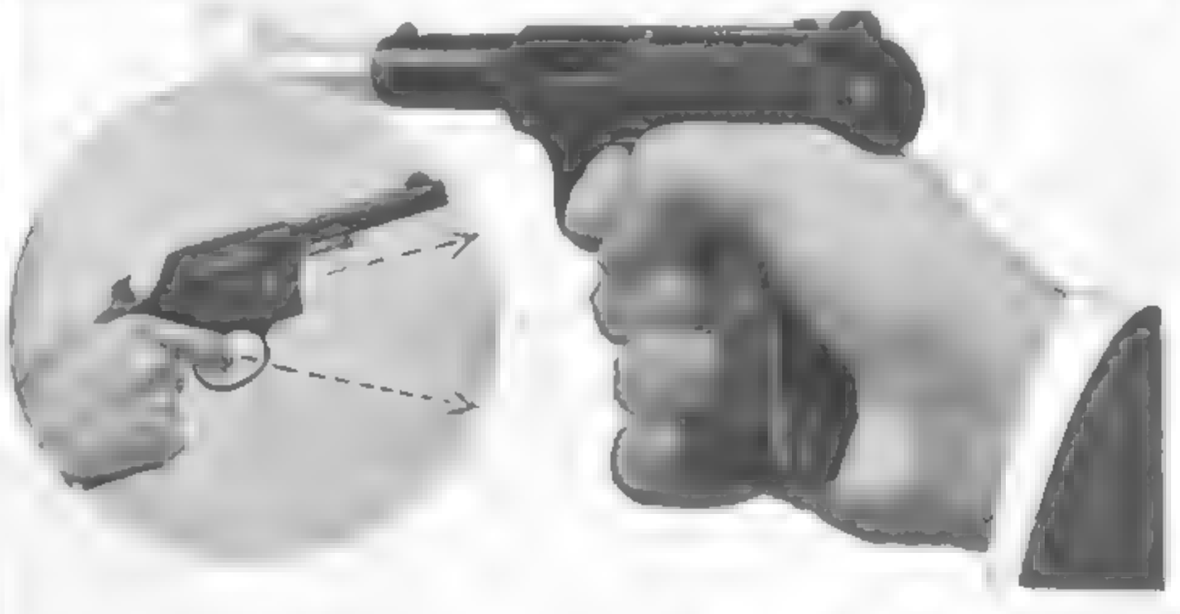

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¶ Your dark-lantern guest doesn't fear the wild bullets of the poor, unskilled revolver shooter. He knows the average man's aim is uncertain with a crooked-handle revolver, and bullets go wild because the long trigger pull gives a flinch just as the bullet starts. But the burglar does fear the sharp barking of the **Savage Automatic.** He knows it when he hears it.

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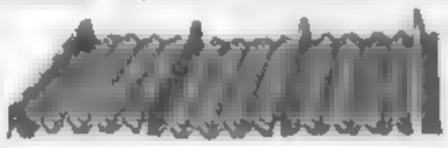

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THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 21)

Swede, an Irishwoman and a French ginny. Right at the start I found a line on Mrs. Markham. When she was alone with me, after we come to terms, she was just as kind and good as any lady in the land. I don't suppose that means anythin' to you, but it did to me. Big fakers and crooks just live their lives in terror, afraid of their own shadows. They've got to be sweet and kind on the outside, and so they take out their crossness and irritation on the help. I'd rather be keeper in an asylum than cook to a burglar. But Mrs. Markahm was fine—and no airs and no softness. If the spirit ever hallowed a face, it's hers. I know you don't like her and you can't be blamed—her keeping your little girl from you! But you must have noticed her voice, how pretty it is, if she does talk English fashion. Now, that was my first sight into her. Whatever she's done she's never done materializin', which is just where pure, proved fakin' begins. It's as soft as a girl's. It wouldn't be if she worked up her voices for men controls. I've been complimented on my voice myself, but you must have noticed the way it slides down and gits deep every little while. That's left to show I did materializin' in St. Paul; and I'm ashamed of it, too. My, how I do wander around Robin Hood's barn! But I'm full of it."

"Tell me everything," he said, "and in your own way."

"'You know my profession?' says Mrs. Markham

"'No, ma'am,' says I.

"'I'm a religious teacher in a way,' says she. 'A medium, if you care to call it that. I prefer another name.'

"'A medium!' says I. 'My! I was to a medium last week!'

"Perhaps you don't see why I done that. 'Twas to give her an opening. First move, when you're fakin' on a big scale, is to make dopes out of your servants. Git 'em to swallow the whole thing; then find the yellow spot, work it and pull 'em into your fakin'. But she never followed that lead, even so much as to seem interested. 'Indeed?' says she. 'Well, I see only a few callers, and usually in the evening. I'm a little particular about bein' disturbed at such times and I must ask you not to come below the top floor on such evenings. Ellen, the parlormaid, always sits by the front door to answer the bell.' That was a relief. I was afraid I'd have to answer bells, which would have been risky. Dopes that follow big mediums go to little ones sometimes; there was a chance that I'd let in one of my own sitters and be recognized. And the arrangement didn't look faky to me as it may to you; for a fact, you're just a bundle of nerves when you're coming in and out of real control.

"'And I hope you'll be comfortable,' says she. 'I'm coming up this evening to see if your room is all right and if there's anything you want. You'll like my servants, I think.'

"Right there I began to be ashamed of our game; and it hasn't got any less, I'll tell you.

"It was hard work getting the job to runnin', and I didn't have much time for pokin' into things. When I did git room to turn around I went through that whole house pretending to take inventories. I didn't find a thing that looked out of place or faky. Not a scrap of notes on sitters, not a trap, not a slate, not a thread of silk mull, not a spark of phosphorus. I wasn't fool enough to break the rule about coming downstairs when she had sitters. Let her catch me spyin' and the bird's gone. But last Sunday night I had a fair chance. I knew it would come if I waited. There's three servants under me—Mary, the cook, who's a hussy, and Martin, the furnaceman, who's a drunk, and Ellen, who's a fool. I'd listened to 'em talkin' and I'd pumped 'em gradual, but I couldn't git a definite thing—and what the help don't know about the crooked places in their bosses ain't generally worth knowin'. Ellen, the maid, ought to 'a' been my best card—her sittin' every night at the door, catchin' what comes out of the parlors. She couldn't tell a thing. All she knew was that she heard a lot of talk in low tones, and it was something about spirits and the devil, and then she crossed herself. As help goes, they like Mrs. Markham, which is a good sign.

"Last Sunday at supper Ellen begins to complain of a pain in her head. It seemed to me that I'd better take just once the chance of being recognized by a sitter, an' 'tend door for the séance. So I begun on Ellen.

"'You're sick, child,' says I, having her alone at the time. 'It looks to me like neuralgia.'

"Well, you're a doctor, an' I don't have to tell you how easy it is to make a person think they're sick. And that's my specialty—mak'n' people think things. In half an hour I had that girl whoopin', an' Martin telephonin' for a doctor. Then I broke the news over the house telephone to Mrs. Markham. She waited ten minutes and called me down. It come out just as I figured. She wanted me to 'tend door. I'd been playing the genteel stupid, you know, so she trusted me. And I must say I'd rather she hated me, the way I'm out to do her. She told me that I was to sit by the door and bring in the names of callers, and if any one come after eight o'clock I was to step into the outside hall and get rid of 'em as quick as I could. Now, let me tell you, that killed another suspicion. One way, the best way, of fakin' in a big house is to have the maid rob the pockets of people's wraps for letters an' calling cards an' such. I'd thought maybe Ellen played that game, she acted so stupid; but here I was lettin' in the visitors, me only a week in the house. I took the coats off her callers myself, and I watched them wraps all the time. Nobody ever approached 'em while I looked. She had only four sitters, two men and two women—an old married couple an' a brother an' sister—I took it from their looks an' the way they acted toward each other. The old couple were rich and tony. They didn't flash any jewelry, but her shoes and gloves were made to order and her coat had a Paris mark inside. The brother and sister must be way up, too; he was dressed quiet but rich, and he had a Bankers' Association pin in his buttonhole. Yes, they wasn't paupers; and that's the only faky sign I've seen about Mrs. Markham. But that's nothing. Stands to reason the best people go to the best mediums, just like they go to the best doctors and preachers.

"That sittin', you hear me, was real. I got by the double doors where I could listen. You just hear me—it was real. You ain't a sensitive. You've followed knowledge and not influences, and it's going to be hard for me to git this into you. So I'll tell you first how it would have looked to you, and then how it looked to me. I'm not sayin' what she gave wasn't something she got out of test books and memorandums, because I don't know the people or yet how much she'd had to do with them. It was the way it came out that impressed me. First place, she didn't go into trance. That's a fake to impress dopes, nine times out of ten. If you ever git anything real from me you'll git it out of half-trance. Then she didn't feel around an' fish, an' neither did she hit the bull's-eye every time. She'd get the truth all tangled up. John would say a true thing, that only he knew, and she'd think she got it from James. Her sitters were fine acknowledgers, especially the old maid, and I could tell. That's how it would 'a' looked to you, and now let me tell you how it struck me. You don't have to believe it.

"I was sittin' there just takin' it all in when I began to get influences. Now laugh; but you won't stop me. It never struck me so strong in my life as it did right there. And it all come from Mrs. Markham. It was like a sweet smell radiatin' from that room and just makin' me drunk. It was like—maybe you've heard John B. Gough speak? Remember how he had you while you listened? Remember how you believed like he did and felt everything was right and you could do anything? Now that is as near like it as I can tell you and yet that ain't it by half. You ain't a sensitive. You can't git just what I mean.

"An' then I begun to see. I can't tell you all; I was half out; but just this for a sample. I had a sitter last week, an old lady; an' the sittin' was a failure. Yes, I was fishin' and pumpin', but she was close-mouthed an' suspicious. I got it out of her that she was worried about her boy. I tried a bad love affair for a lead, an' there was nothing doing. I tried bad habits, and it was just as far away; and I give it up and was thankful I got fifty cents out of her.

LIVE MAP

is the phonograph of the road. It has disc records covering the roads of the entire world. You insert the *record* of the trip you want to make. The Live-Map "plays" it. Not out loud, but with a pointer that always points the way—that tells you where you *are now* and what to do about it.

To have it with you is like having in your car a man who knows every road, every corner, every crossing, every landmark, every puzzling fork and cross-road in the whole world.

It has the humanness of the phonograph, for it was invented by Mr. J. W. Jones, inventor of the disc phonograph Record, Jones Speedometer, Jones Electric Yobel and the Jones Taxameter.

Send for "The Live Map," a luxurious free book that tells you all about it. Write United Manufacturers, address below.

NEW JONES YOBEL

There is a vast difference between an automobile signal which says "I'm coming," and one which says "Get out of here."

One is a gentleman's request for his fair share of the road; the other is an insulting, abusive command to get into the ditch.

At the sound of one signal, a man turns out with quick civility; at the sound of the other, he unwillingly sulks aside.

Mr. J. W. Jones wanted a signal that would get the road without getting everybody mad, so he invented the New Jones Electric Yobel.

It is a signal that carries as far as any of the shrieking horns, but gives no offense. It sounds one harmonious, penetrating note. It is not the loud, coarse, vulgar blast of the rowdy. It is the signal of a gentleman's car.

Uses 75% less electricity than any other signal.

If your dealer doesn't keep the Jones Yobel, write United Manufacturers, address below.

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GEARED·TO·THE·TRUTH

Other speedometers depend on a magnet to pull the indicating hand around to the point that shows the speed. You know how uncertain a magnet is. Weather and altitude make it vary. The electrical apparatus on your car and outside magnetic influences make it vacillate. It is always unreliable, but especially so when its strength has leaked out.

There is no magnet in a Jones Speedometer. The speed is transmitted from your wheel to the dial by a metal-to-metal shaft-and-gear connection. This direct drive can never weaken, never vary. That is why we say the Jones Speedometer is "Geared to the truth."

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A Ragged, Scraggly Old Tree Is Not a Thing of Beauty

Only clean, healthy, prosperous trees have any value, and there is no occasion for possessing any other kind. There is something wrong when a tree [illegible] run down at the heel or when it looks wobbly and forlorn. If it is thin and sallow, it needs treatment. If it is [illegible] it wants [illegible]

John Davey, [illegible] of Tree Surgery, has worked out a scientific system of tree treatment that perpetuates tree life and maintains tree beauty. Under his methods of tree surgery, no matter how badly a tree may be diseased or decayed or injured, it can be cured and its life saved. All that a tree asks is a square deal—a chance to grow and thrive—and real tree surgery gives it that.

The Davey Tree Surgeons Save the Lives of Trees

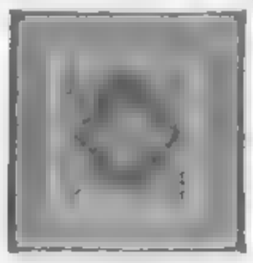
The Davey Tree Experts are trained under the [illegible] of John Davey and they understand the needs of the trees. They operate under the only scientific system of tree surgery that has been developed. Thousands of trees that have been saved testify to the efficiency of the Davey methods. "Our Wounded Friends, The Trees" is a [illegible] A copy will be sent free upon application to any owner of trees in the Mississippi Valley or [illegible]

The Davey Tree Expert Company, Inc.
342 Tulip St., Kent, Ohio
Operating the Davey School of Practical Forestry

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight

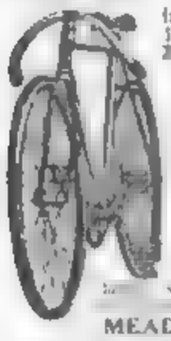
Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well known Regal Rug, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. Our Brussells Rug, greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid [illegible] Brussels Rug [illegible] $11 [illegible] Invincible Velvets [illegible] $16 [illegible] Axminsters, [illegible] $18.50 [illegible] quality Lace Curtains [illegible] per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums [illegible]



UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
[illegible] 3462 Jasper St., Phila.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1908 & 1909 Models all of best makes **$7 to $12**
100 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and models, **$3 to $8**
good as new
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL *without* [illegible]
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
[illegible] Coaster or Motor Wheels, [illegible] Do not buy [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. D 55, Chicago

Before You Buy Land

[illegible] the best new [illegible] Texas [illegible] Write [illegible] We [illegible] dealer Man[illegible] Editor Land Information Bureau Southwestern Farmer Box 915 Houston Texas.

THE BEST LIGHT

Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
8-95 E. 6th Street, Canton, O.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services.
WATSON E. COLEMAN Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Well, while I sat there listenin' to Mrs. Markham, right into my mind came a picture—the old lady leanin' over a young man—her pale and shaky, and him surprised an' mad—and he held a pen in his hand, an' I got the word 'forgery!' That's one of the things I saw while that influence come from Mrs. Markham; and if you only knew how seldom I git anything real, nowadays, you'd be as crazy as me about her. I just had to use all the force I've got to make myself look stupid when the sitters went out."

Rosalie had spoken on, quite oblivious to Doctor Blake's anxieties and feelings. He sat there the embodiment of disappointment.

"As perfect a case of auto-suggestion as I ever saw," his professional mind was thinking. But he expressed in words his deeper thought:

"Then that line fails."

"I'm sorry, boy," responded Rosalie, "but I'm doin' my job straight, and you wouldn't want it done any other way. And I feel you'll git her, somehow—if not this way some other. And the longer the wait the stronger the love, I say. She don't seem any too happy, even if Mrs. Markham does treat her well."

"Doesn't she?" he asked, his face lighting with a melancholy relief.

"Good symptom for you, ain't it? And I can't think of nothing else that can be on her mind. But how that girl passes her days I don't know. It must be dull for her, poor little bird. She and Mrs. Markham ain't much apart. She looks at Mrs. Markham like a dog looks at his master, she's that fond of her. Seems to read a lot, and twice they've been out in the evening—theater, or so the chauffeur said. We don't have no private car. We hire one by the month from a garage. An' if I ever liked a girl and wanted to see her happy, that's the one!"

Rosalie rose. "Must do some shoppin'. Can't say I hope for better news next week—not the kind of good news you're looking for. But I'm hopin' for good news in the end."

Doctor Blake remained sitting, his head dropped in depression on his breast. Rosalie stooped to pat it with a motherly gesture.

"Just remember this," she said. "You love her and she loves you, or I miss my guess; an' there ain't no beatin' that combination. If I was fakin' with you I wouldn't need no more than that to make me see your two names in a ring. And remember this, too, boy: There never was anything that turned out just the way you expected. You figure on it twenty ways. It always beats you; and yet, when you look back, you say, 'Of course; what a fool I was.' Good-by, boy—here, next Tuesday at three, unless I tell you different by letter." Rosalie was gone.

Doctor Blake walked in the park that night until dawn broke over the city roofs. And he drew out a dull and anxious existence, shot and broken with whims, fancies, all the irregularities of a lover, during the week in which he awaited Rosalie's next report.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Only Governors

THEY had the grandest aggregation of Governors this country has seen in a long time on that trip down the Mississippi River with President Taft.

The Governors started off as important personages, but soon found they cut little figure with the local committees. At Cape Girardeau a number of them got off their boat and thought to go the rounds with the President. There were many waiting automobiles. Two of the Governors attempted to enter a machine.

"Hi," shouted a local committeeman, with a badge a foot long. "Scat! Get out of that. You can't use that machine."

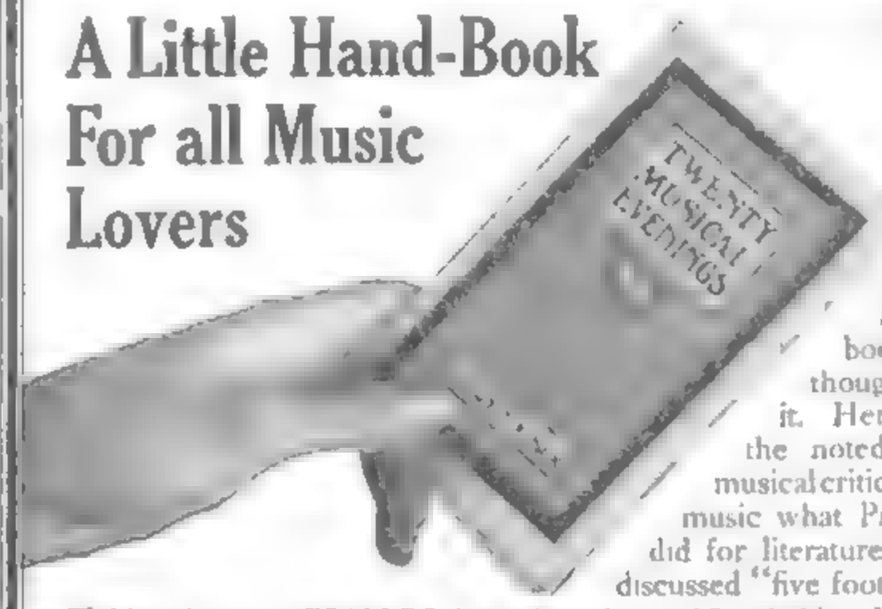
"Why not?" asked one Governor.

"Why," responded the local committeeman, "them automobiles is for the President and the diplomats and the newspaper men. You fellers is only Governors and you can walk."

Which they did.

A Little Hand-Book For all Music Lovers

Sent Free Upon Request



Here is a little book with a big thought back of it. Henry T. Finck, the noted author and musical critic, has done for music what President Eliot did for literature in his much discussed "five foot library."

Taking the great PIANOLA catalog of over 15,000 titles, Mr. Finck has selected 130 choice pieces that he specially recommends. Moreover, he has grouped them into "Twenty Musical Evenings," so that they represent a fascinating plan for home entertainment. Each program is followed by interesting comments. The book is a sort of Pianolist's "Baedeker," guiding the novice in the selection of music which is *both* first-class and popular.

The PIANOLA PIANO

Opens Up a Wonderful Field of Home Entertainment

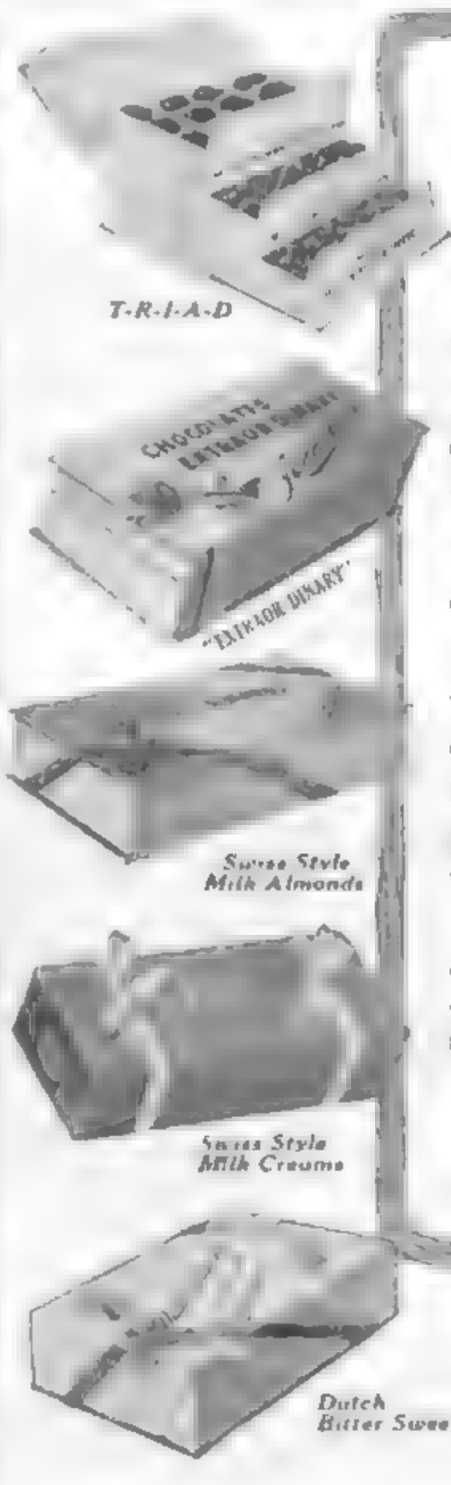
Anyone who reads this little book cannot fail to be impressed with the unlimited enjoyment that the PIANOLA Piano brings into the home. Here is a delightful means of entertainment in which the entire family shares.

The PIANOLA Piano is the *standard* instrument of its kind. It is the only one to have received the unqualified approval of the musical world. It is the only one that the great pianists themselves are willing to endorse.

Only in the PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano are to be found the vital improvements that give the humanlike quality to the playing.

The *Metrostyle* and *Themodist* are examples of the exclusive features that are wholly lacking in the PIANOLA'S imitators.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL, 362 Fifth Ave., near 34th Street, NEW YORK



Chocolates for Every Taste

Here, for your choosing, is the combined result of sixty years of candy making—chocolates to suit all—and the most delicious confections that money and skill can create.

Along the margin of this advertisement are pictures of the different packages. Note the titles. They tell the story of these premier chocolates better than words can describe.

Ask your dealer for Johnston's Chocolates in the style you prefer—there is surely one to meet your fancy.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

BURROUGHS Adding and Listing Machines

(Nine out of every ten adding and listing machines sold are Burroughs)

BECAUSE it gives him a firmer grasp on the details of his business; it will save time; avoid worry; do the work better; earn money for him.

Your cost keeper, with a Burroughs, can in quicker time and more accurately prove cost cards, calculate cost averages, compile comparative cost cards, tabulate cost of labor, tabulate cost of raw material, tabulate factory output, extend time and rate on piece work tickets, etc., etc.

Then in your other departments the Burroughs will aid you with

Ease, Quickness and Accuracy

To make trial balances, pay-rolls, recapitulate sales, summarize sales, balance cash, average sales costs, make statistical statements, compute commissions; average expense accounts; list freight bills, etc., etc.

An investigation will prove that you cannot *afford* to be without a Burroughs. Send the coupon whether you're ready to buy or not. Get the information—study it. Don't think you know *now*—because you don't unless you have already investigated.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
90 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Mich.
Foreign Address:
65 High Holborn, W. C. London, Eng.

9-12A

CHECK The Books

that appeal to you. They are published the dates named.

May, 1910
☐ "Cost Keeping Short Cuts"

Ready in May, 1910
☐ "A Better Day's Work" (new 4th Edition)

Name
Firm
Address
No. Employed
S. E. P. '10

FERRO

The World's Standard Motor-Boat Engine

Write us today for Ferro Book on boat-motors and equipment. It tells, in simple, non-technical language, what every buyer and owner should know about their construction and operation.

Free to any intending purchaser of boat or engine.

The Engine is the Deciding Factor in Purchasing a Motor-boat

The engine should be your first consideration; for on it depends your ultimate satisfaction

We help you to select the best boats built for all purposes, as well as the best engine.

Therefore write to us whether you intend buying complete hull or engine alone. We can send you full information on the best motor-boats built.

20,000 Ferros are in use, in all parts of the world

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.
Main Offices, 808 Superior Ave., N. W., Cleveland
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Ferro Motor and Boat Agents in all Principal Cities

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

BANKRUPTCY AS A FINE ART

(Concluded from Page 10)

bankruptcy practice, he is vastly more dangerous than the Isenbaum type.

A flagrant case of this nature occurred last year in the Southern District of New York, wherein the jewelry trade received a hard jolt. In this instance the clothing business of Mr. Robert Brown had been liquidated by reason of the death of his partner, and he was left with a comparatively small sum of money in cash. He owned several pieces of real estate, but these he conveyed to his wife's relatives before embarking on his bankruptcy enterprise and with the sum realized from his late business he entered upon a new career as a diamond merchant. By dint of his former business and banking connections he procured a good line of credit, and he eventually accumulated a stock of diamonds worth about fifty thousand dollars.

Within a year of his first purchase Mr. Brown found business dull in New York, according to his story told on the stand. He, therefore, placed the fifty-thousand-dollar stock of unset diamonds in his wallet, packed his grip, with a flask of brandy for emergencies, and kissed his wife after the uxorious fashion of fraudulent bankrupts. Then he took the train for Richmond. As luck would have it, he met one of his creditors in the buffet car and entered into a convenient talk with him, in the course of which his creditor unpacked his sample case and exposed a fine line of pins and brooches.

"And where are you going, Brown?" the creditor asked.

"I'm off for Richmond," Brown replied, "and this is my sample line and stock complete."

He pulled out a large wallet and tapped it with his fingers, but he omitted to open it and returned it immediately to his pocket.

At ten o'clock Mr. Brown retired to his berth, and what happened thereafter Mr. Brown testified to under oath.

He was nervous at the prospect of spending a night in the dark, mysterious recesses of the numbered curtain, and had difficulty undressing himself. Nevertheless, he took the wallet and put it into the inside breast pocket of his waistcoat, which he folded carefully and placed beneath his pillow. By his own confession he took a good swig at the flask of brandy, and then he remembered no more until he awoke next morning to the embarrassment of finding every berth but his own converted into the usual Pullman seat. He hurriedly drew in his head from between the curtains whence he had protruded it, and at once sought the precious waistcoat.

With a cry that rose above the rumble of the car wheels he announced to all whom it might concern, including his creditor, that the waistcoat and wallet were missing, and he called upon the porter to "produce." The porter disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and when the train arrived at Richmond his arrest was procured by Mr. Brown, whose behavior under the circumstances was exemplary. That is to say, the creditor, who accompanied Mr. Brown to police headquarters, was obliged to admit in the subsequent bankruptcy proceedings that Mr. Brown exhibited all the appropriate agitation; and that he, the creditor, never for a moment doubted the reality of Mr. Brown's loss.

On his return to New York Mr. Brown sought a meeting with his creditors, but he omitted all reference to the transfer of the real property made prior to his début in the jewelry business. This served to arouse his creditors' suspicion; also the fact that a Philadelphia Park policeman was hit on the helmet at midnight, on the bank of the Schuylkill River right near the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, and that the missile was a waistcoat containing a large wallet. The policeman looked up hurriedly and observed an express train disappearing in the direction of Wilmington. He pounced on the wallet and eagerly examined its contents, which consisted only of several thicknesses of tissue-paper.

But the Philadelphia policeman's loss was the creditors' gain. They secured Mr. Brown's stock of diamonds intact from the possession of his wife, and Mr. Brown went to jail cursing his poor aim—for he had intended to throw the vest and wallet out of the car window into the Schuylkill River, and not into Fairmount Park.

The Tool of a Hundred Uses

And any Man, Woman or Child can use it

THE best regulated Home on earth cannot avoid those seemingly insignificant breaks and leaks that constantly occur. Every Store, Office, Stable, Workshop or Factory is also subject to the same conditions. How often have you used the stove poker, hatchet, flat-iron, table-knife or some other makeshift tool and failed?

Utica Pliers

Are What You Need

when the water faucet leaks, that umbrella needs repairing, those toys need mending, those shade rollers need adjusting, that sewing machine belt needs tightening, that tack in your shoe irritates your foot, that chain is broken, you want to cut, bend or straighten that wire, or place or remove that screw, screw-hook or screw-eye. Without the aid of Utica Pliers you invite worry and expense. Our No. 700 Household Plier is more useful than any other six tools combined and your dealer can supply you for 85 cents. Direct from us, 15 cents extra for mailing.

No. 700 Household Style—85 cts. at all Dealers

Utica Pliers are so shaped that you can exert great pressure. They fit your hand and become as adaptable as human fingers. The jaws are hardened and cannot twist or bend out of shape. The cutting edges are tempered by a special Utica process. No other Plier in the world has Utica quality.

Don't accept a substitute, because you are entitled to your money's worth. If your dealer does not have Utica Pliers write us and we will see that you are supplied. Ask for free booklet showing necessary styles, sizes and prices for everybody.

U TI CA TRADE MARK

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Dept. B, Utica, N.Y.

Utica Pliers and Nippers are made to do things

U TI CA TRADE MARK

"I only wish I had another Face to shave."

COLGATE'S ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

JUST sprinkle a little powder on the wet brush and lather your face—

It's Quick.

You *don't* rub in the lather with your fingers, nor make it in a dusty cup,

It's Clean.

You *do* make the lather on your *face*—where your brush *both* works *up* the lather and works it *in*, while it softens your beard from the *start*. *No* skin-irritation from rubbing in lather with the fingers. Just lather-luxury and a soft, smooth shave—

It's Comfortable.

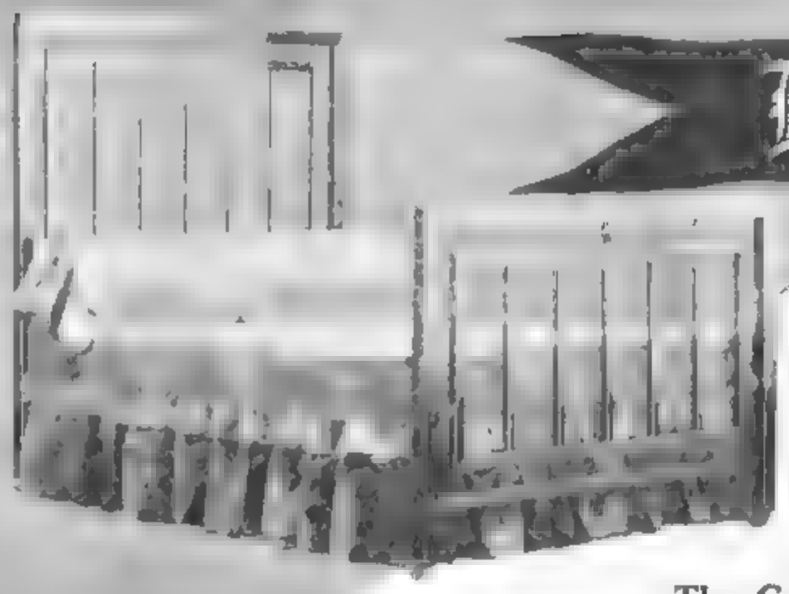
Chemists' analyses prove its antiseptic effect.

¶ The quickest and cleanest way of making as lasting and delightful a lather as that of our famous Shaving Stick.

Trial Box Sent for 4c.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P
55 John Street, New York.
Canadian Dept.,
Coristine Bld'g, Montreal.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap



Barcalo Buffalo

The Beds Without a Weakness *Anywhere* Bear This Trade-mark

Step into the brass-bed showroom at your leading dealer's. Barcalo *designs* will attract your eye at once. But it will be the Barcalo *construction* that will convince you that no other bed will do.

The Guaranteed Unbreakable Bed

The next time you buy a brass or an iron bed you can get one with corners that cannot break, though pounded with a heavy hammer—a bed guaranteed for 35 years. To get such a bed, insist on the Trade-marked Barcalo Bed.

That will make all the difference between getting a bed likely to snap at the corners the first time it's taken apart and getting one with malleable corners that will stand all the buffeting you choose to give it. Notice the "Guaranteed Unbreakable" seal. You will find it on *every corner of Barcalo Beds.*

The dealer who shows you the Barcalo Beds will pound the corners with a hammer. We defy the makers of other beds to submit to the same test. The ordinary corners, made of cast iron, are brittle and, consequently, snap or crack when jolted or wrenched. In buying such a bed you take too much risk. The Barcalo Guaranty relieves you of responsibility. If a Barcalo corner *should* break, you will get a new bed at *our* expense. Among Barcalo Beds you have the choice of the most exclusive designs and widest variety of patterns. Also a price to suit every taste and purse.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish

You can *use* a bed that has become dingy, streaked and worn; but, you cannot be *satisfied* with it.

The Barcalo Beds are made to satisfy you from every standpoint.

Notice the Finish Guarantee Seal shown here. It is placed on the head-bar of Barcalo All-Brass Beds. Make sure that it is on the bed you buy.

Thousands of people discard a bed, now and then, because of the shabby finish. This is experience dearly bought. Take no chances when *you* buy. Look for the Barcalo Seal.

Mail Card for Piece of "Shamo"

When you buy your Barcalo, tear off your 35-year guarantee from the Tag Postal attached and mail balance of card to us, so we can register your guarantee and send you, free, a large piece of "Shamo," a specially prepared polishing cloth, imported from Germany, for use on Barcalo Beds exclusively. Get our large catalog, if you want to pick your designs before calling on dealer.

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

Barcalo Manufacturing Co., Station B-4, Buffalo, N.Y.

Special Note: The Barcalo Beds at your dealer's, just now, may not bear the [illegible] seal as the [illegible] are a new feature. But every Barcalo shows trade-mark, reproduced above. Be sure [illegible] and 35 year guarantee goes with each. The Trade mark is [illegible]

Come, Girls—get together

and have a Taffy Pull. Make the taffy with Karo. See how smooth and golden it pulls. How delicious it tastes. How wholesome it is.

Karo Fudge too—simply perfect—and Caramels and Butter Scotch.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Use it for
Ginger-Bread
Cookies
Candy

★ Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book - fifty pages *including* thirty *perfect* recipes for home candy-making.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. R, New York

$8,000-$10,000 YEARLY

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work or is not fit for heavy work, and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousselles. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N.Y.

BIG GASOLINE SAVER!

The most power comes from a perfect mixture—lots of air, little gasoline. [illegible] requires a fat, white hot spark at high voltage to ignite it. Batteries won't give it—you have to use one-quarter to one-third more gasoline than you should or no expansion. All this wasted gasoline is SAVED by the

Motsinger AUTO-SPARKER

NO BATTERIES NEEDED TO START
A White-Hot Spark for a Lifetime

It delivers from 4 volts 7 amperes to 15 volts 4 amperes (adjustable **while running**, sufficient to fire a large motor [illegible] compression. It is self-regulating, fool proof and so durable that Auto-Sparkers 10 years old are still giving A1 service without repairs or replacements.

[illegible] the saved in a SINGLE MONTH will often pay the [illegible] PRICE. We charge [illegible] We also charge storage [illegible] terms for [illegible] Ask us for name [illegible] dealer [illegible]

Live Dealers Wanted [illegible]
Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.
Box 461 Pendleton, Ind.

Attached to Stationary Gas Engine

GRAND PRIZE CONTEST

For Men and Women Who Love to Draw

Draw this Picture and win a prize

Can you copy this Cartoon of "Zim"? Then win a valuable prize! Do you want the only magazine published entirely devoted to Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning? Each edition costs ten thousand dollars to produce. Make a freehand drawing of this picture with pen or pencil and mail it to us STATING YOUR AGE AND WHAT YOU ARE WORKING AT.

If your drawing is 40 per cent. as good as the original we will send you absolutely free a subscription to "The Home Educator," the most fascinating Art Journal in existence. The first issue alone has 125 PICTURES; most of them by WORLD-FAMOUS ILLUSTRATORS

Draw this Picture
And Get a Magazine Subscription

Hundreds have talent for drawing but do not know it. This contest will please thousands and stimulate an interest in [illegible] ing. Merely an hour copying this sketch may win this splendid Art magazine.

The Publishers of "The Home Educator" wish to get in touch with those who have a talent for drawing

Send it in Tonight, It Costs You Nothing!

If you do not hear from our Art Directors within 10 days it means your sketch is not 40 per cent. as good as the original.

[illegible] Zimmerman, known as "Zim," sent us this sketch with the following letter

"In a recent visit to the Metropolitan Art Gallery New York, I saw at least three canvases with the same inscription, 'Rembrandt by himself.' They inspired me to [illegible] for you as [illegible] and I hand you myself by myself. [illegible]

[illegible] fraternally, ZIM."

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 137 Scranton, Pa.

Here Is a Way To Be Prettier

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

Brings out the natural color tones of the skin, producing a smooth, beautiful soft [illegible] causing that objectionable "powdery" look.

It is so pure, so wholesome, so delightfully scented one cannot but appreciate the difference between [illegible] complexion and [illegible] powders.

[illegible], but will give the soft [illegible] desired by every [illegible] all to the skin. Carmen [illegible] its extreme fineness, [illegible]

AT OUR EXPENSE
WE WANT YOU TO TEST CARMEN POWDER

[illegible] pera size box [illegible] pretty purse mirror, [illegible] size of the powder box [illegible]

CARMEN POWDER IS MADE IN FOUR TINTS

A tint for every complexion: white, pink, flesh [illegible] the nice and medium which one of [illegible] looking) and if [illegible] at bottom of the [illegible] and carry to suit the hour's [illegible]

CARMEN POWDER FOR MEN

[illegible] write the satisfaction of a [illegible] now" for use after shaving restores the remarkable quality of this unusual face powder.

For Sale by all Drug and Department Stores
PRICE, 50c

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., 315 Ohio St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I inclose [illegible] and 10c. to cover cost of postage and packing.
Send me box of Carmen Powder and Mirror.

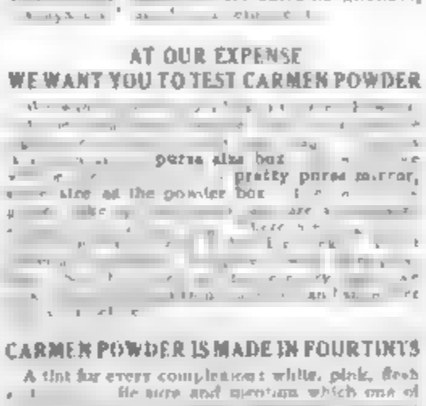
Shade desired is

Name

Address

PARIS GARTERS

For Every Clime and all the Time



Be sure you get this Box
At your dealer's, 25c, 50c and $1.00 per pair
A. STEIN & CO., 506 Center Ave., Chicago

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

THAT MAN

worked 1 year, averaged 8 sales a day and made $2880.00. If you live in a city or town where gas is used and will consider a good proposition, write today and ask the particulars. A postal is enough.
Address it to
Gas Users Association 1550 Madison St. Chicago

PATENTS that PROTECT

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 13)

Watson saw the tangled wreckage blow to leeward, but he discerned no human figure amid it. There was a jagged break in the bulwarks.

Under his booming orders they hove her to, stripped to the barest rag that would keep her to her position. When they were done it needed no cursing second mate to inform the crew that, unless the deck cargo were promptly swept overboard or securely lashed, the life of the Suisun would be short. Buoyant as she was, her terrific surges and wild dives threatened any moment to plunge her decks under or to snap the masts out of her. A constant flood of water raced across the deck and foamed out from under the mass of lumber in which the great planks and heavy timbers heaved and slipped to every roll. The weak lashings the mate had passed over it gave one by one, merely prolonging the agony and further endangering the vessel. Watson called the crew to the binnacle and put the grim question once more: "Will you turn to and stow that lumber?"

This time it was Smith who promptly replied: "The union rules say we must have time and a half, sir."

Watson's rain-swept face assumed a cold imperiousness. "You men know what you are doing."

"The ship won't pay time and a half?" Smith demanded.

The captain shook his head. With one accord the men shook their heads and withdrew to the rail, then started to make their way forward. For the moment the schooner was riding more easily, and the first two leaped down on the lumber and ran briskly to the mainmast. But here they lost their footing. A sousing sea swept them overside amid a raffle of broken planks, upended timbers and tumbling bundles of lath. As they bobbed to leeward Watson flung a useless lifebuoy toward them, hurling the rope's end after it. Then he leaped to the main-deck ladder and caught Oleson's arm as that struggling man dragged himself painfully to safety. Together they fished out Higgins and Smith. The second mate made his way to them and bawled in Watson's ear: "Cut away the lashings and let the rest of the deck load go, sir?"

The three able seamen, balancing themselves against the force of the screaming wind, listened for the answer that might mean a solution of their great, insoluble problem. Possibly Watson had a sense of their anxiety and hoped that if he maintained his stubborn demeanor they might finally acknowledge themselves beaten. Possibly he merely refused this last chance to compromise. He waved his hand in definite negation, drew his sou'wester more closely about his head and took his stand once more to windward, whence he composedly watched the wild leapings and sickening plunges of his laboring vessel.

Nightfall brought no surcease. The shivering cook served them with what cold victuals he could find in the cabin pantry, his galley being now inaccessible. Master, mate and men ate silently and hastily to the thump of the rudder-head pounding beneath them. When they had wiped their mouths Watson addressed his crew. "This gale isn't well started yet," he told them simply. "The glass is still going down. There's a bare chance to save this vessel if you stow that—what's left of the deck load."

The men met his steady eyes as steadily, shaking their heads. They knew, as he did—and they knew he wasn't mistaken about their knowledge—that to attempt to make fast the slipping, sliding mass of lumber on deck meant certain death for somebody—or all. But, being seamen of tried worth, they refused to consider that. "We'll do it if the ship'll pay us time and a half," they croaked.

A frosty gleam of admiration lit Watson's eyes as he shook his head, and that gleam did not die till the last man had filed out, leaving him swaying to the roll of the deck, sipping cold coffee out of a tin cup in a composed manner.

So, little by little, the storm wrought out unhindered its furious will. The dark devouring seas took the lumber ton by ton. The lashings parted to the last strand. The bulwarks were slowly bitten away. The shrouds sang and shrieked

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In December, a few days too late to publish a suitable announcement for an earlier issue of this magazine, we received the following cablegram from our European representatives:

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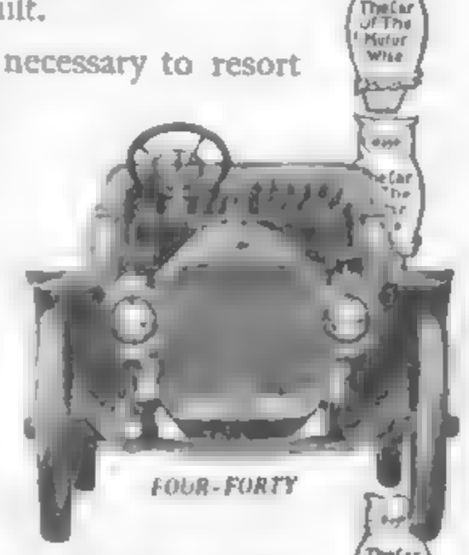

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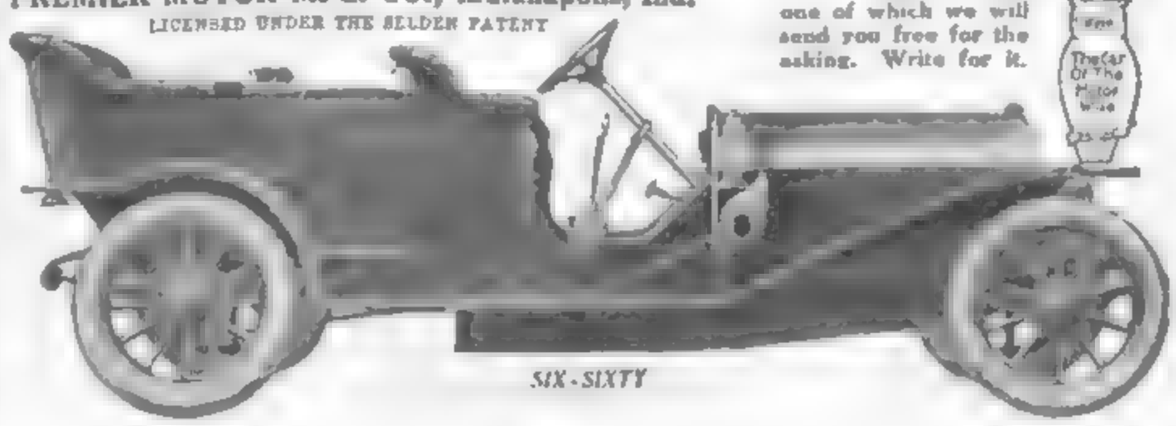

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to the impact of heavy masses flung against them by rushing waves. Suddenly the foremast went over the side and with it the head gear. As though satisfied, the gale yielded suddenly, and the Suisun was left leaping wildly to the rise and surge of the sea. The weary men made their perilous way forward and cut clear the fallen stays that held the foremast up under the bows, where it beat trip-hammer blows on the planks of the hull. This done, with wild swinging of axes in the darkness, Watson set them to trying to put tackles on the booms which were threshing across the deck load with deadly violence. But the wind piped up out of the west before the task was well begun, and the schooner heeled far over to hard, vicious squalls. They sought the poop again and no sooner had regained it than a comber swept the deck from fo'c's'le head to after cabin, and with its thundering passage went the rest of the deck load, deck house, pumps and the lee main shrouds. The mainmast broke off a few feet above the deck, the mizzen lurched after it, and the Suisun, wholly unmanageable, wallowed high in the careering seas, a wreck. Her master, mate and the four remaining men of the crew huddled by the wheel and waited for the end.

For some time the buoyancy of the dismantled craft saved her from being heavily swept, though sea after sea broke in spume across her hulk. Then a flying spar was flung from the windward darkness across the poop. In its passage it took the second mate, Oleson, Smith and the helmsman. Dragging a broken leg, Higgins clawed his choking way to the crushed wheelbox and yelled at the figure clinging to the stump of the wheel-pillar: "Smith! Oleson!" The cook, lugging a huge lantern, burst out of the cabin and staggered across the tilted quarterdeck, crying shrilly into the night. For one instant Higgins saw the pallid face of the captain framed in the swirling darkness, then the light vanished before a swooping wave which smothered the cook's last cry. Higgins caught a rope's end and passed it round the captain and the pillar, afterward lashing himself. Watson nodded and said in a strong voice, "Smashed a rib, I think."

As day approached the schooner's stout frame commenced to give. She filled, and as her sides sank deeper into the water the sea, though falling, made a clean breach across her main deck, and even the poop was continually washed by broken water. Dawn came, a gray, spumy light that made plain the wallowing hulk to the two men straining to hang to their little refuge. And with the light the wind veered into the northwest and blew shrilly and bitterly, laden with sleet, armed with the steel of driving hail. Watson, without a word, extricated himself feebly from his lashings and crawled to the smashed skylight. Higgins, watching him with dull eyes, knew from the expression on the captain's face that all below was awash and that neither food nor water nor warmth was to be theirs. He cleared his eyes and peered forward.

The schooner's bows rose like a ragged island, unapproachable except over the broken deck that now and then emerged from the foam to display gaping hatches and splintered planking. He could see that one of the anchors was still there, safe in its lashings. Higgins threw off the rope and dragged his stiffened body forward. Watson turned his head and saw him. "You and I are the only ones left," he said.

"The rest of the boys are gone—with the deck load," Higgins returned huskily. "I thought I'd get for'ad and cast off that bower, sir. It might make her ride easier." He made a wild clutch at a handhold as a sea creamed over the rail.

Watson's blue eyes gleamed slightly. "Your leg broken? You can't make it, Higgins. Nobody could get along that main deck now. We'll stay here. The sea is going down." He rose painfully to his feet, picked up the rope and made it fast around the helpless seaman. Then he sat down beside him, breathing harshly into his crushed chest, his booted feet waggling in front of him to the end of the deck. So they waited while the gray light grew into white and a rift of blue appeared in the north. Then Higgins stirred. His pallid face was set in stern lines. His hand, swollen by salt water, went out, and he touched his commander on the knee. "Is there any chance for us, sir?"

"There is no chance," was the calm reply. Then Watson went on: "We can't

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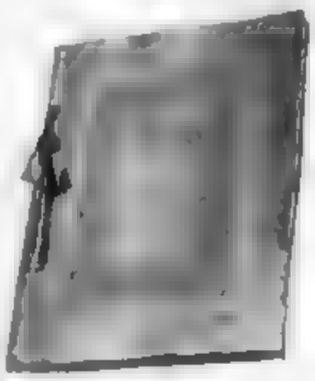

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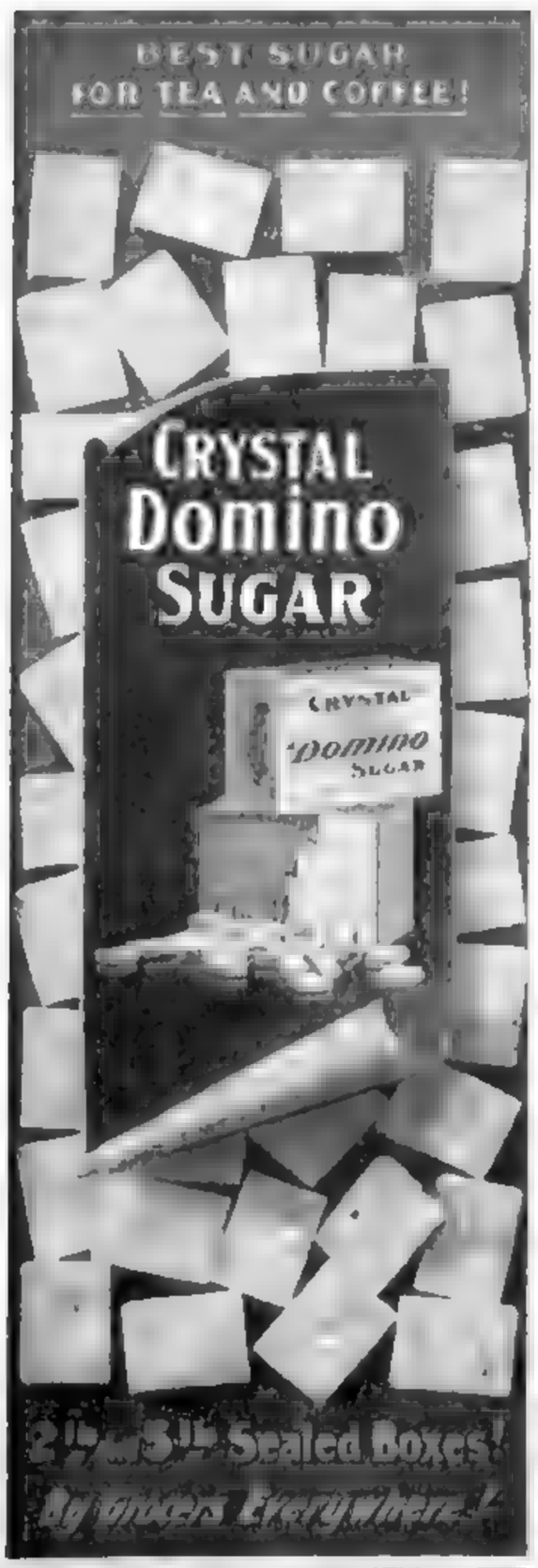

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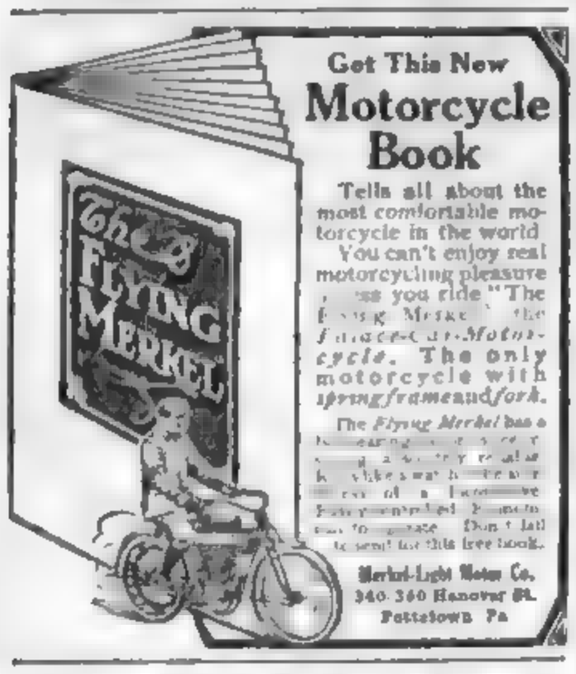

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he more than thirty miles off shore. If this wind holds we'll be ashore by tonight—on the rocks to the south'ard of Tillamook."

"She's not drifting very fast," the seaman said presently. "And if we could get that anchor overside and pay out the cable it would keep her head to the sea and bring her up when she got into shallow water."

Watson shook his head. "There's time enough for that," he remarked, staring into the cold sky.

In the afternoon Higgins drew himself closer to the pillar. "My wife knows your wife in 'Frisco," he said thickly. "I live next door to you."

Watson nodded. "I know it," he croaked. "We're neighbors. My wife got a recipe for cookies from Mrs. Higgins last time I was in port. . . . Good cookies . . . good neighbor . . . sorry to move away . . . we've a little place out in Sunset."

Higgins considered this, working his swollen lips. "My old woman won't starve," he said presently. "We've got a little in the bank . . . the union will look out for her . . . the union, you know . . ."

Watson's white face suddenly flushed and he broke out, repressing his agony, "I know. The union is all right for you boys . . . we're on different sides. Talbot has always been square with me . . . he'll see that the wife don't suffer . . . good man, always treated me white . . ."

They were silent.

As the ruddy sunset lit up the waste of water they both twisted their chilled limbs into easier positions and Higgins offered the skipper some of the sodden tobacco from his pocket. "Can't smoke abaft the foremast, sir," he said, with pale humor. "But we can chew."

Watson smiled a wintry smile and accepted the gift. "About that deck load," he said abruptly. "The ship could not give time and a half."

It was simply said, a statement of fact, without hint of apology or contrition. As such Higgins received it, meeting his old superior's eyes with frankness. "The union won't give an inch," he retorted. And without further words they settled down to the long night.

The northwester blew itself out to a gentle breeze. Higgins slept, his broken limb curled grotesquely out from his body, his stertorous breathing rising and falling, it seemed, to the slow surge of the wreck. But Watson, kneeling on the little deck, gasping for each painful breath, one arm around the broken pillar, peered open-eyed into the darkness to the east. Once or twice he brushed the spray out of his eyes and strained his vision to catch something on the horizon. At last he exhaled, chokingly. "Yaquina Head light," he muttered. "Due east. We aren't over ten miles off it." He figured in silence and then said, aloud: "She'll go ashore on the beach near the Siletz—maybe. There's a chance, if I can get that anchor over."

His mind worked rapidly. To get forward was, even now that the sea was smooth, a task of peril for an active man. For him, bruised and crushed, it held impossibilities. "But," he thought, "if I don't we shall go ashore in the surf and both of us will be drowned. Nobody will know why the Suisun was lost. Talbot may not know that I obeyed orders. All this may have to be done over again. He won't see that Mary doesn't suffer." He looked at Higgins a while and his face assumed an expression of interest. "Mary says the Higginses are good neighbors," he went on, formulating his thoughts more slowly. "And he's a good man. He and I have done our best. He's stuck to the union and I've stuck to owners. We're neighbors. It isn't rightly any quarrel between us. And he'll tell it straight . . . His wife knows Mary, and that'll make it better, so if I don't get ashore alive, maybe he'll do the neighborly thing." He wakened Higgins and said. "There's a light showing inshore. It's Yaquina Head. The wreck'll drift into the surf. If you get off all right just tell your wife to tell my wife that I did my best and that I stuck by the ship. . . . Don't tell her the ship couldn't pay time and a half . . . she and your wife are neighbors . . . women don't understand . . . you see, the ship couldn't pay time and a half . . . well . . ."

Higgins nodded, shivering in the chill. "And the union wouldn't give an inch," he proclaimed. "If you get ashore and I don't, sir, just tell the boys we stuck to the union . . . tell my old woman . . . she'll understand that much . . . and if Mrs. Watson could just——"

"I reckon Mrs. Watson will do the neighborly thing," the captain answered harshly. Higgins drowsed off feverishly.

With great exertion Watson added his own lashing to that about the sleeping sailor. Then he rose on unsteady legs and reeled to the break of the poop. Here he swayed, clinging to a bit of rail, and gazed searchingly into the shadows below him. When he had got his numbed limbs slightly warmed he let himself down till his feet touched the main deck, jerked his arm clear and turned and lurched forward, stumbling over the broken planks, clinging desperately now and again to some stable bit of wreckage while a wave threshed around his waist, and so he struggled on toward the fo'c's'le head. He made it, throwing himself up the ladder just in time to escape a sea that almost tore him from his precarious hold. A moment more and he was on the little deck, clawing his way over the raffle of twisted and useless gear to the big anchor. A wafer of moon showed through the drifting clouds to light him to his final stopping place. With infinite pains he managed to get his big knife out of his pocket. With it he hacked at the lashings.

For a quarter of an hour he worked pretty steadily, stopping now and then to lay his chilled hands on his bruised chest to limber the fingers. The huge anchor was partially loosened and worked slightly to the pitch of the hulk. He ceased and crawled to the windlass and knocked out the stoppers. Then he went back to the anchor. To get at the last ropes that held it in the chocks he must crawl to the edge of the deck and, he perceived, when that lashing was cut, the anchor in its plunge must inevitably drag him with it into the sea. He stared back into the shadows where Higgins, invisible, lay snoring and unconscious. "One of us or both," the captain thought calmly. The sailor's grim words came back to his ear: "The union ain't givin' an inch." All the firmness and resolution of the man's strong nature came forward. He shook his head fiercely. "Five of 'em went, not giving an inch. It was the smartest crew that ever shipped with me. They're gone, but I'm still here and still master. They wouldn't give an inch. . . . Here's another!" He dragged himself across the cold bulk of the anchor and, half clinging to the broken rail, half clutching at the slippery deck, he did his final duty, feeling at each roll of the wreck the great, overpowering, sullen thrust of the ton mass of iron.

Higgins was roused from his troubled sleep by a roar of steel links tearing through the hawsehole. He sat up and saw a shower of red sparks shoot into the darkness far forward. As he watched the great anchor reached the end of its cable and brought up short, sending great vibrations through the waterlogged hulk. He stared into the blackness and yelled, "Captain! Captain! Captain!" There was no answer.

The wreck of the Suisun, now tumbling within soundings, brought up slowly, as the anchor dragged, and settled with her head to the seas. The bright light on Yaquina Head shone from the invisible shore. Higgins' experienced senses caught the significance of the changed motion of the hulk and he ceased to cry out. "Him and me was neighbors," he muttered. "My wife knew his wife . . . the ship couldn't pay time and a half . . . the union wouldn't give an inch . . . why——" In the light of death he sternly considered the problem of life.

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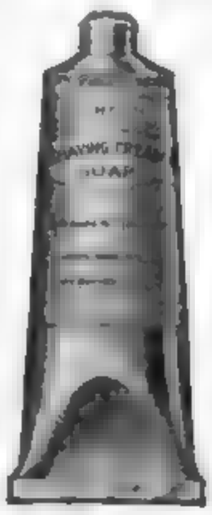

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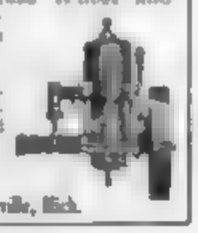

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"The muscles of the face need exercising quite as much as do those of any other part of the body. If you tie your arm so that it cannot be moved, in a month or so it is shrunk and enfeebled, almost useless from lack of exercise and consequent decreased flow of blood through it. Few people use all the muscles of the face. Some are overworked, others not at all. Consequently if you wish to keep the contour of youth, you must use massage or you will [illegible] morning to find a double chin, sagging or hollow cheeks, crow's feet, and a face that is [illegible] in some places and drawn in others. Frequent massage will also maintain proper blood circulation and prevent sallowness, pallor, or the muddy skin so often seen.

"Up-to-date nothing has been discovered which stays the hand of Old Father Time as does the massaging of tired or tunnied muscles."

Note:—See coupon offer.

Many Endorse Pompeian

The following unusual endorsements were a few of many sent to the *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, which asked what its readers thought of various advertised products. Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these interesting letters about Pompeian Massage Cream. We receive yearly hundreds of unsolicited endorsements of Pompeian, but these came to us from such an authoritative and unprejudiced source that we feel they are worthy of your special consideration.

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room *looking haggard, weary and worn*, and issue therefrom, a short time after, looking *as if she had discovered the bloom of youth*, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable.
Mrs. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream all the boys use at the barbers, and I have enjoyed its use, too. I have been in their Cleveland factory and am acquainted with some of the help so that *I feel that I can speak with experience as to its merits* as a cream and *its wonderfully sanitary manufacture*.
Mr. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to *be clean "Cell Deep"* I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath.
Mrs. ——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream [illegible] the skin. My husband uses it always after shaving. We began its use through advertisements in *Good Housekeeping*.
Mrs. ——, Cincinnati, O.

Your Letter? Did We Fail to Answer It?

We have several hundred incomplete or unreadable addresses of people who sent 10c for "Pompeian Beauty," our 1910 Art Panel, or 6c for trial jar of Pompeian. Did you ever write us and fail to get what you ordered? As we handle as many as 9000 letters a day we must make mistakes in reading countless strange handwritings. Many people often write us several letters of complaint and forget to sign name or give address. Last year nearly 14,000,000 pieces of mail matter also went to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Our earnest wish is that no one may ever be disappointed by the makers of Pompeian. If you failed to get a reply, or failed to get all the calendars or samples you ordered, please write to "COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT," of address below.

Most Popular Art Panel Ever Made. Order Now!

So great and persistent has been the demand for "Pompeian Beauty" (our 3 foot lavender-and-gold Art Panel) that we were literally *forced* to order edition after edition. Where or when the demand will stop we have ceased to calculate. We recently had 75,000 orders in the house at one time, all inspired by our offer in the magazines.

But now comes the best and real tribute to "Pompeian Beauty." Thousands of orders are today coming from people who have actually seen and admired "Pompeian Beauty" in all her regal glory of lavender-and-gold, as she holds forth in the sitting room, den, office and club.

The public now realizes that we are offering for a paltry 10c. an Art Panel that an art store couldn't duplicate for 75c. or $1.00. (There is no advertising printed on the front of the panel—only the artist's name plate as you see it in the small picture here shown.)

Three men to one woman is the proportion in the requests received. At first we were surprised. A short reflection soon explained this situation, for, after all, aren't men the most vitally interested in feminine beauty? No? Well, just watch a tastefully gowned woman, fair of form and complexion, enter a room where there is a crowd of men. Or rather, watch the men!

Yes, "Pompeian Beauty" does typify real wholesome American beauty. Many critics have called it the finest Art [illegible] produced in America. 3 feet high, 7¾ in. wide. Send [illegible] in stamps or coin. We will gladly return your money if not satisfied. Clip coupon now. "Obey that impulse."

She is "Proposed to" Almost Every Week

This Beautiful Woman Gets an Offer of Marriage Almost Every Week of Her Life

An interesting illustration of the power of beauty and the moving force of publicity is revealed in the case of this handsome girl. Her picture appears several hundred million times a year in the advertisements of Pompeian Massage Cream, and is here shown as she appears in an idealized form on our 1910 Art Panel

Hundreds of lonely men in this country and in far-off lands have seen her picture and have fallen in love with it. In all seriousness they have written to the Pompeian Mfg. Co. of Cleveland, soliciting her hand in marriage. Of course their suits cannot be encouraged, and a polite note from the makers of Pompeian Cream is all the reply they get.

A newspaper recently published her picture with a "mystery story" about this girl. "Who is she?" the paper asked. "Why, she is the Pompeian girl," "She is 'Pompeian Beauty'," etc., were the replies of thousands. It is interesting to note the number of letters she has inspired. On a single day the Pompeian Mfg. Co. has received over 9000 letters requesting copies of "Pompeian Beauty," samples of Pompeian Cream and literature about this famous product. Practically all of the advertisements that offered these samples had a picture of this beautiful Pompeian girl. And thousands of samples and Art Panels are still being requested daily by means of the coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Why not discover for yourself the merits and benefits of Pompeian by this simple means? All dealers sell Pompeian, but we don't [illegible] today [illegible] Trial Jar, or "Pompeian Beauty" Art Panel [illegible]. You may order either or both. Clip coupon today.

P.S.—Library Slips [illegible]

Massage For Men As Common As Umbrellas

Necessity for a Clear, Clean Athletic Skin Overcomes One-time Prejudice. Men Now Gladly Massage Face.

That umbrella comparison sounds a bit vague, but really is not. It wasn't many generations ago that the umbrella was considered a feminine proposition. But to-day men have forgotten any prejudice they may have had for umbrellas, and carry them without a thought of their being anything but masculine.

So with the massage idea. When it started, and even after it began to attain tremendous vogue, many men passed it up as a woman's proposition. Not so to-day, however. Every barber shop in the land that pretends to cater to the gentlemen's trade uses a massage cream, and those that care for a quality product use Pompeian Massage Cream exclusively. Druggists report also that much of the Pompeian Massage Cream they sell is bought by men

As a matter of fact, it is highly important to a man that he have a clean, clear skin, and be free from after-shaving soreness and rash.

Pompeian Massage Cream gives a clear, athletic look by keeping the muscles of the face well exercised, and by keeping the skin free from pore-clogging soap and dirt particles. A clear skin is indeed a good introduction into a man's office or into any social circle.

Note:—See coupon offer.

Do You Know "Human Nature"?

The ad. below is the best we ever published. In fact, this great business was practically built up on the simple-looking "hand test" idea. An idea that persuades millions, and creates a world-wide demand for a product is worth studying. Do you know "human nature"? Then why are millions of minds swayed by the following ad.? It isn't "clever," and it isn't even pretty. No, it is just simple, reasonable, truthful and convincing. That is why it has appeared so frequently in the magazines for eight years. If you are interested in "human nature," and incidentally in improving your personal appearance, study the "hand test" ad carefully. Then clip coupon.

THIS FAMOUS TEST OF

POMPEIAN

Preserves and Beautifies — Massage Cream — Overcomes Shaving Soreness

HAS CONVINCED MILLIONS

NOW LET IT CONVINCE YOU!

Pompeian Massage Cream makes people good looking by complete *facial* cleanliness, but you can make *the test* on your hand and see the result. We say that soap and water will take *off* the dirt, but won't take *out* the dirt. And it is the dirt that is *in*—not the dirt that is *on*—that makes the skin muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

Here is the Test: Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap. Get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in the above illustration, rub it gently but firmly. It is quickly absorbed and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt which has accumulated there. The darkened, dirt-laden cream astonishes you.

Try this simple hand test. If it does not convince you of the merit of Pompeian, and its necessity as a *complete* cleanser for the face-pores, we have nothing more to say. A skin "Pompeian clean" means a clear, fresh complexion.

All dealers, 50c, 75c and $1.

Trial Jar Sent for 6c in stamps or coin. Helpful 12-page booklet also sent with trial jar [illegible]

or either. Clip coupon now. Mention this paper.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Mfg. Co. 49 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I will know by the amount of money I enclose [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

City [illegible]

ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

Surmounting Hall Difficulties

THE Cockney who, approaching the completion of his house alterations, remarked that it was "very 'ard to surmount hall difficulties," was talking better than he knew. The hall is indeed a difficult part of the house to plan properly, arrange properly, alter properly. And yet, the matter is greatly simplified if, from the first, it is kept in mind that a hall must be hospitable and that it is essentially a passageway; that it is a place in which people are to be met, but not a place where they are to meet—not a place for converse and sociability. Although right here an important difference between the lower and the upper halls may be suggested. The two, in arrangement, must needs be part of one connected scheme, and both are essentially passageways, but although the lower hall should not be made a sitting-room, the upper hall may easily be a most admirable one.

The hall is almost always an infallible indicator of the character of the entire house and of the family. As the hall is, so shall the householder be also, whether generous or mean, hospitable or inhospitable, of good taste or bad, cultivated or the reverse, individual or commonplace.

Yet it is curious that, in the description of houses even by men of infinite detail, the always significant hall is so often overlooked, ignored, made little or nothing of. A host of examples might be adduced. Take the house of Mr. Wickfield in Canterbury. Dickens lingers lovingly over its exterior, with multitudinous particularity, and then suddenly sets the reader within the long, low parlor. And when the House of Seven Gables is pictured as proudly thrown open to the first guests, the reader is given a long and fascinating description of exterior details and then, with a word, is shown through the hall into one or another of the rooms. The outside appearance of the Wayside Inn is given ample description, and then you find yourself within the wainscoted parlor, without any notice taken of the spacious hall.

To say that the hall reflects the character of the householder does not mean that it is necessarily of just the height or width that he would prefer, or that the stair ascends precisely where he would like it. For the hall may possess imperfections and deficiencies which the owner would fain overcome, but cannot.

The Ideal Front Door

It is ordinarily a simple matter to alter a room, even though it involves the changing of partitions and windows and doors. But to alter a hall usually means, in the first place, an expensive altering of the stair—for although it is easy to take out a stair entirely and close the gap, it is costly to alter the shape of a stair, or its position, or the rise and tread of the steps, or the headroom. But much more important is the fact that changes in a hall involve changes and new conditions on two floors instead of merely on one. Plan a change which will work out admirably for the first floor and you will be confronted with unexpected problems for the second. Plan changes which will make a marked improvement in the second floor and you will be faced with unexpected questions of interdependence in regard to lower hall and dining-room or parlor. As a matter of fact, our own hall stands in some respects as an example of how not to have it, and thus in spite of the fact that we are enthusiasts for changing whatever ought to be changed and, from experience, optimistic as to the ease with which changes can be made. The point of importance with one's hall is, if it is necessary to leave some things in not the ideally best form, to have it at least representative and of proper effect—in other words, to rise superior to unavoidable defects.

In the first place, the ideal front door is heavy and broad and solid and thick Its use is not solely to let people in, but also to keep people out. It is a bulwark as well as an entrance; it should be heavy but not inhospitable. Just such a door we found in place, as old as the central portion of the house—older, that is, than the Revolution—and it is recessed within the thick stone wall, and paneled in the recess, and has a row of little panes overhead. Nowadays doors are tall and narrow—most are mill-made, and the mills set this tall and narrow fashion—but in the older days it was held as a canon of the best building that the width of a door should be half its height. This door almost follows that good, old-fashioned rule, for it is three feet five by six feet five, and it would have been the necessary trifle higher had not the old-time builder taken into consideration the effect of the little row of overhead glass panes.

But, fitting and delightful though the door was, it was not quite at its best. It had had, in the old days, a great doorlatch—the marks were still there—but some would-be improver without fear of the god of good taste before his eyes, had taken it off and put in its place a crockery knob. Fortunately, we had a fine brass latch from an old house in that town of beautiful old houses, Portsmouth. The door, unlike most old doors of its period, had never had a knocker, but we happened to have an old one of brass which gave precisely the needful touch of finish.

Points About Stairs

Ordinarily, the hallway is the room from which the main stairway goes upstairs. For ourselves, we believe that happy is the hall in which the stair does not instantly confront the person entering, as if it has been lying in wait for him. When the stair is set well back from the door, neither messengers nor casual callers are faced with what seems an invitation to ascend; and there is ample room for the formal and cordial welcome of guests. There is no better example of what a stair in a hall ought to be than that at Mt. Vernon; it is charming and dignified in every detail, and is set back well away from the front door, where it adds beauty and dignity of its own to the general effect.

In our own house we found the foot of the stair close to the front door, and there was a general effect of narrowness on account of the size and clumsiness of newel post and balusters, ugly interlopers of the seventies. For quite a while we earnestly hoped to be able to set the stair farther back, for the squarish shape of the hall—seventeen feet by fourteen—made it seem feasible. However, it was not quite feasible, but still there was much that could be done.

First of all, the stair was widened in reality, and still more widened in general effect by taking out the big balusters and replacing them with the slender, graceful Colonial balusters and newels and rail that we had secured from an ancient, demolished house, as already told; and it was astonishing what grace and general effectiveness were gained.

The stair turned at a landing beneath a deep-silled window, and at the right were a step and a door leading to a garret stair. Nothing was more superfluous than that stair, for in the back hall was another garret stair, and nothing could well be more awkward; and so the step and door and stair were removed, and the wall lathed and plastered. In all, there was a great gain in both dignity and simplicity—two qualities closely related in architecture and decoration—and when the stairs, left bare as hall stairs ought to be, were scraped and waxed, they did not seem to have the faults that had originally confronted us.

The floor of the hall was of hardwood; and a hardwood floor with a rug is about as good a combination as can be had. At the same time, if one is building a new house it would be well to consider a hall floor of brick or tile, such as is often used in Germany and France, and as was not infrequently used in American houses

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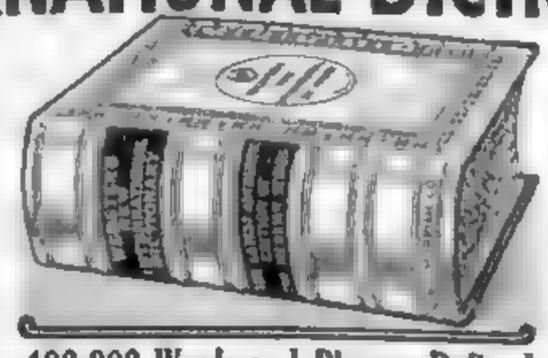

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"We guarantee this barrette never to break and to give entire satisfaction. A new one will be given in exchange for any Ball Bearing Barrette that breaks or is unsatisfactory."

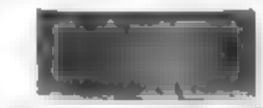
This illustration, an actual photograph, shows how strong Ball Bearing Barrettes are.

Ball Bearing Barrettes fit closer than any other barrettes, and are perfectly smooth inside—no hooks to catch or break the hair—can't come loose. Look more stylish in the hair than any other kind.

Ball Bearing Barrettes are perfectly made of the best materials and so carefully finished and highly polished they can hardly be told from real tortoise shell or amber.

Here are Three Ball Bearing Barrettes from our large line of 250 styles at 25 cents to $5.00 each. The 25 cent Ball Bearing Barrettes are just as well made as the highest priced. The difference in price is in the ornamentation.

Any one of these three numbers can be had in shell or amber, straight or curved.



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previous to 1750; as witness the hospitable, white wainscoted hall of Stenton, warmed by the homely glow of the dull red bricks of its floor. However, American architects of today do not favor brick or tile, and in our own case, even had there not been a good floor of hardwood, needful support for brick or tile would have required special construction.

There was a fireplace at one side of the hall. Now, ordinarily, it seems unfitting to have a fireplace in the lower hall, it not being a sitting-room. But there the fireplace was, and, on the whole, it seemed better to leave it there. Should we ever think differently, it could readily be taken out. But we set no chair, no bench beside it—we aimed at no inglenook effect. A square hall does not offer the objections to a fireplace that a narrow hall does, if all appearance of making it a gathering-spot is avoided.

However, the fireplace is not precisely as we found it. It was framed in a mantelpiece of those unfortunate seventies, the original mantel having been taken out and thrown away, and there was nothing for it but for us to take out this in turn. And a fitting one to take its place—for in house alterations everything comes to him who looks for it—came with pleasant promptitude. We were walking together past a large auction shop in the large city at whose edge we had found our home, and in its outer cellar stair lay just the ancient mantel we needed. It was to be sold the next day at auction, but two dollars at once secured it, delivered at the railway station—a thing of fine lines and shapeliness, of just the proper size and of the proper period

"How much there is in the world that I do not want!" remarked Socrates, once upon a time—and at least there are many things that people ought not to want. No one ought to want so many things as to clutter and crowd a room; and, most of all rooms, the hall should be sparingly furnished. It is a good point about not being rich, that one is not tempted to indiscriminate purchase of furnishings. We remember a hall, beautiful in itself, that is the despair of its architect through being crowded to repletive ugliness.

Clocks and Powdering-Rooms

One wants but little here below in the entrance hall; but, as to the clock, he wants it long. Really, the tall clock, of "grandfather's" shape, is peculiarly adapted to almost any hall. When the hall stairway turns at a landing which is not more than half the height of the stair that is a good place to set the clock. In this hall the stair turn is near the top, and so the clock, which happens to be an ancient one, with wooden works, was not set there, but beside the fireplace.

Above the mantelpiece is a long mirror, empire in design, paneled in three parts. Now, we had never intended to have a long mirror over a hall mantelpiece, but this old mirror so precisely fitted the old mantel that it was set up experimentally. It soon came to be appreciated for its obvious utility, for it permits several at a time to settle the eternal question of whether or not their hats are on straight.

A solid table, rather long and rather narrow, standing against the wall, holds the transient hat and coat and takes the place of the tentacled terror of the hat-rack.

A hall is not a storeroom. It is not the place to set out an assortment of laprobes, hammocks, raincoats, rubber overshoes, dropped in corners, draped on chairs, hung on hooks. Convenience is one of the false gods. Bovary had a bridle behind the hall door and a pair of muddy leggings in a corner, but Madame Bovary would have thought more of him if he hadn't been that kind of man

Do you remember the delightful old "powdering-rooms," spoken of familiarly in many a novel of old-time life? Well, the "powdering-room" was a little room just off the lower hall, into which a guest could slip for a final look at a mirror and a final touch of powder—for the hair, in those days, rather than the face—before entering the general gathering-rooms. Such a little room, retaining or not its old-time designation, is extremely convenient at the side of any hall; so convenient, in fact, that it is well worth some trouble to arrange, for it is so pleasant to have a room for the final touch to the toilet, the final primping, where one can be away from the full publicity of the hall. And here is how such a room was made in our hall:

Under the stairway was a space devoted to a stair which led down into the cellar. It was a bad place for a cellar stair—ingenuity could hardly contrive a worse; and, more than that, it was certainly surplusage, for there was another from the kitchen. So the stair from the hall was boarded over. And then it came to us that here was the "powdering-room."

Indeed, nothing could be more ideal, for a large window opens into it from the rear porch, giving plentiful light. And the extremely broad sill of this window gives a resting place for the setting down of several lamps during the day; for almost every lamp is far from a good-looking thing in daylight. It is the kind of thing best seen only when in use at night.

The Admirable French Window

The closet is not cramped in height, for although it decreases with the descending hall stair above it, it is quite high enough for anybody under the upper steps, and has also the high and level space under the high landing. Set in this adaptation of a "powdering-room" are a chair, a little table and a mirror; and, in all, it could not be more satisfactory if it had been especially planned for its present primping purpose at the time of the building of the house. And this is described—the purpose cannot be too often repeated—to show not merely the advantages of a little, lighted, mirrored room in downstairs accessibility, just off the hall, but to show that one should always be on the lookout to find some better use for a space than that space has been heretofore devoted to. That a space given up to the sole purpose of a useless cellarway could, with scarcely any trouble, be made into really delightful usefulness, is typical and illustrative of the possibilities that lie before any householder.

Such a room is a most advantageous place to have running water, and many a house is nowadays built with it there.

Opening from the hall upon a retired nook of a back porch—a porch which we were to pave with brick and beyond which we were to lay out a flowered and low-walled garden—was a doorway, in which were two sets of narrow, middle-opening doors, one set outside of the other. The outer two were of solid wood—useful for protection, but not ornamental—and the inner two were fly-screen doors. But we were not quite satisfied. And when, in a dusty corner of the roomy garret, there was found a pair of glass doors, we were impatient till they could be tested in this place. And they belonged to it! And while wondering that these doors should ever have been put away out of sight in the garret, we felt under obligation to the unknown owner of some past year for not having actually thrown them away; for now from within the hall one looks right out upon the garden through this windowed door space.

French doors, or French windows as they are often called, are not admirable because they are French but because they are admirable. If they were American or Italian or any other kind they would be just the same. French doors by any other name would look as sweet.

Above these French doors a little transomed nook formed itself which was just the place for a few pieces of Flemish pottery. For it is a theory of furnishing that gives good results, that decorative articles such as these should not be scattered throughout a house, but segregated in groups wherever possible.

In color the hall was left very light, with mantelpiece, window frames and balusters painted white, and a wall-paper of soft buff with narrow and almost indistinguishable stripe. The stair rail itself and the doors retained their natural color of mahogany; and this, not only because of the attractiveness of the combination of mahogany and white, but also from the practical utility of not having those things white which are frequently to be touched with the hands

The white window frames and the light buff wall-paper and the mahogany doors are for the upper hall as well as the lower, the two halls being as much a part of the same scheme of decoration as if they were parts of the same room on the same floor. The light buff paper was chosen as a good background for some old prints, Napoleonic and

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Our security is first mortgage security such as the law favors for savings banks, life insurance companies and all conservative trust investments

The $200 certificate can be bought, if desired, at the rate of $10 per month

For Booklet, return this coupon

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176 Broadway, New York

Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to

Name

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175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn
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6%
New Municipal Irrigation Loan

In the famous Greeley Country, Colorado

This loan is of the same character as the other high-grade Municipal District Bonds in the same prosperous section, the issues of which we recently handled.

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FARSON, SON & CO.

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New York, 21 Broad Street — Chicago, First Nat. Bk. Bldg.

Dear Sirs: Please send me Circular 1031 S P. describing new Municipal Irrigation Loan.

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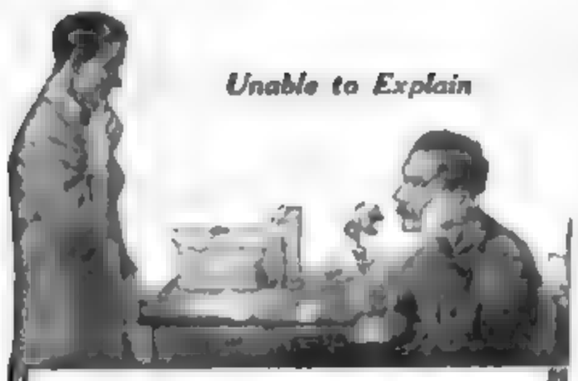
5% **EARN 5%**

on your savings. They should need as large a return as they can with safety. Let us show you how they may be made to earn 5% [illegible] Assets over $2,000,000 Surplus and Profits $150,000 [illegible] Industrial Savings & Loan Co. 1 Times Bldg., B'way & 42nd St., New York



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There's not much chance for the *untrained* man. The man in line for promotion is the *trained* man, the man who can give the right information at the right time.

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton have produced thousands of trained men by making them *experts in their chosen lines of work*. The I. C. S. can do the same *for you* in your spare time, without requiring you to leave home or stop work.

If you can read and write, there's a way. Mark the attached coupon and mail it to-day. Doing this involves neither expense nor obligation. So mark the coupon and learn how your position and salary can be bettered.

On an average 300 students every month VOLUNTARILY report advancement won through I. C. S. help. During December the number was 406. Get in line. Mark the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

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Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
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That Was An R-S Motorcycle

The pedestrian who watches the holes in the atmosphere made by an R. S. says, "That was a motorcycle."

The man who drives an R. S. says, "That is a motorcycle."

Let our nearest agent demonstrate to you the 1910 R. S. improvements—increase of power, new R. S. rotary mechanical oiler, R. S. mechanical intake. Consistent price. Built and tested in the mountains.

Write for catalogue. Agents wanted.

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Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles
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Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good Artists

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and upwards in easy, fascinating work. Our system of Personal Home Instruction by correspondence is complete, practical. Twelve years successful teaching. Expert Instructors. Superior Equipment. Positions ready for competent workers. Write for valuable Art Book, Free.

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$7.55 Buys Best 140-Egg INCUBATOR
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We ship Quick from Springfield, Mass., Kansas City or Racine.

Double walls all over, best copper tank, self-regulating. Hot water heating system. Hatches any kind of fertile eggs. Guaranteed 5 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shipments at any point are made.

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WE PAY YOU 6% interest on $100 certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums. The safety of deposits is assured by the Germania Bank Trustee holding $1,000,000 approved First Mortgages, together with $5,000 Capital, Surplus and stockholders' individual liability as security. No deposit has ever been lost in the past 7 years. The "Safety Deposit" booklet explains our plan of operation.

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

The John A. Johnson Statuettes

Distinctive representations of Minnesota's widely honored governor whose name is a household word in millions of Anglo-Saxon homes. In inch busts, prepaid $5. 50 in. busts, prepaid $15.00.

Dealers should get our proposition at once.

MODERN SPECIALTY CO. SAINT PAUL, MINN.

English, set within soft-colored mats and the narrowest of black frames. Old prints, not too large, spaced regularly around the lower hall, ascend with the stairs, and encompass the upper hall. They are always extremely fitting. Or a series of architectural photographs—say of Florentine or Venetian subjects—are suitable and attractive on the walls of a hall.

The charming ramp of the stair rail should always be preserved if, like ourselves, you are adjusting ancient balusters and rail—the ramp being that short and fetching slope, bend, curve, where the rail swings upward to the top to rest on the post at right angles. It seems incredible that so positively beautiful a thing as a ramp should have come to be disused.

And following the fashion of many an old-time house, it is often well to have a molding set into the wall to follow the line of the stair rail; but this practically necessitates the paneling of the wall below it.

In the treatment of the upper hall the opportunity is frequently neglected of making it into a delightful sitting-room. But it must be a sitting-room that is not a sitting-room—that is to say, it must never be forgotten that the upper hall, like the lower, is essentially a passageway—a place from which other rooms may be reached. But it ought, if possible, to be much more. It ought also to be a place for informal meetings, a tête-à-tête room—a room for brief and pleasant talks, a place where, without any appearance of design, two or three may gather together for the pleasant kind of chat that comes from the informal meeting of friends or members of the family. It should be a place to sit down in with a book; a place to sew in; a place in which lessons may be studied. In short, it may be made into a room almost indispensable, but its character and its interest and its effectiveness would be materially lessened if it were formally considered as a sitting-room and treated as such.

The Desk in the Hall

To get the best use from an upstairs hall it ought, therefore, to be of fair size—something more than the narrow corridor that it is in so many houses. In this house we found it already built as a practically square room, of precisely the size of the hall below, and with the extremely useful concomitant of a passage leading from it to storeroom, bathroom and attic stairs.

An old, long sofa at one side seemed both inevitable and ideal, and over this a large etching—the only exception to the smallish prints in their frames of narrow black; but the etching, being of one of the oldest New England towns, is in keeping with the character of this old house, and the size adds both relief and contrast.

As with the hall below, spareness in furnishing this upper hall is desirable. A sofa, two or three chairs, perhaps a chest—an admirable thing in a hall, this, for holding out of sight various things that it is well to have in so convenient a place. For a chest, popular fancy finds most pleasure in an old one. It is curious that the old is suggested with a chest more naturally than with any other article of furniture, even for houses which do not in any degree attempt the antique in their furnishing.

The upper hall, near the stair head, proves a most advantageous place for the hanging of a long-shaped mirror, for the reviewing glance of those going down.

Between the two front windows—and the four windows of this upstairs hall, all deeply recessed, point out the cheerful comfort of generous light—is set an old desk, with ink and pens and paper always ready to the hand. It is really a great convenience, obviating the necessity of having a desk in any of the bedrooms, and at the same time making it unnecessary for a guest or one of the family to go to the library to write a letter or make memoranda. Until a desk in such a place is actually tried, it is impossible to realize its great usefulness and varied convenience.

The hall, by wise and wide custom, is often the place where one sets an ivory-white cast, or a bronze, of ancient statuary—a good-sized Venus, or Dancing Faun, or Niké of Samothrace. And we remember the colored Virginian who, dusting our Victory, naïvely remarked that where she had last worked there was one of these same things but different, "not fit for any Chreestyan—a lady without any clothes!"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton on Home-Making.

Buy—

soda crackers when and where you will, there is only one way by which you can absolutely depend on their freshness and goodness, and that is to say

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢ (Never sold in bulk)

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Select from our Style Book the coat you would like to see and we will send it to your dealer on approval.

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is just bubbling over with good ideas for boys. The best stories, articles by experts on practical work in carpentry, mechanics, electricity, gardening, poultry raising, photography, outdoor sports and games. Fine illustrations. **Send $1 for a full year.** 10c *at news-stands.*

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Seeds which Succeed—Known 126 Years

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

This Advertisement with an order for over $1 is worth 20c., also a packet Red Rock Tomato. Say if Market or Private Gardener.

D. LANDRETH SEED CO.,
Bloomsdale Seed Farms, Bristol, Pa.

Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
275 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

FISH Write **Eureka Fish Trap Company, Dallas, Tex., or Griffin, Ga.,** for Free Book telling how thousands in over thirty states are catching dead loads of fish all seasons of the year where others fail the old forehand way. TEN THOUSAND SATISFIED USERS.

48 BREEDS Fine pure-bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4 cents for fine 80-page 16th Annual Poultry Book.

R. F. NEUBERT, Box 786, Mankato, Minn.

$200 Genuine Confederate Money, 25c

U.S. Half Cent Copper Coin, 20c. U.S. 20 cents Silver, 50c. U.S. 10 cent paper note Fractional Currency, 25c. 10 Broken Bank Notes, Fine Assortment, $1.00. U.S. Trade Dollar, $1.50. Diver & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

PRINT Your Own Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

If Interested in Florida, learn conditions by subscribing for the Tampa Morning Tribune, $6.00 a year, or the Weekly Tribune Growers' Edition, $1.00. Largest papers in State and published in the heart of the rich growing section.

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Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 300 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

Are You a Shriner?

Yes? Then you will want one of these. Solid Gold, White Enamel. Stick Pin, $1.50. Lapel Button, $1.00. Illustration exact size.

FRANK CLARK, Jeweler, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Sense and Nonsense

Near-sighted Porcupine: My! What a Disagreeable Person! Here I've Asked Him the Hour Three Times and He Never Answers.

George Ham's Bet

GEORGE HAM, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is the greatest Canadian mixer. He usually entertains all the visiting English journalists and statesmen who come to look over Canada.

Once a party of dignified English journalists came over, and Ham met them at the dock at Quebec. One was a particularly dignified representative of the London Times, much impressed with his importance.

"George," said a friend who was with him, "you'll never be able to make a dent on that man."

Ham looked him over. "I'll bet you a dinner," he said, "that he'll be calling me 'George' before midnight."

"Done."

At half-past nine that night Ham called up his friend. "You lose," Ham said. "He has not only called me 'George,' but he now has his arm around my neck and is calling me 'Georgie.'"

Realistic

JOHN H. RAFTERY, now of Helena, Montana, was star reporter on a Chicago paper when the last National Encampment of the G. A. R. was held in that city.

"Raftery," said the city editor, "I want you to do a column introduction for the big parade story today. It will be a corking parade, but do try to get away from the old, stereotyped boys-in-blue, fast-thinning-ranks, faded-battle-flags stuff. Give us something lively and new. Get a new angle on it and have your copy in at six."

Raftery went out. He took a long look at the parade. He saw that most of the veterans wore new shoes and he came back and wrote his column, which began: "Heavens, how their feet hurt!"

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¢ The fruits of idleness are lemons.

¢ Every receipted bill is a trouble buried.

¢ A celebrity is a transient guest in fame's hotel.

¢ Of course poor boys succeed. They have to.

¢ After Roosevelt comes back he may be sent back.

¢ Conscience is born early and is not made the morning after.

¢ The worst hypocrite is he who makes a boast of his sincerity.

¢ The wise graduate forgets his books, but not what he got out of them.

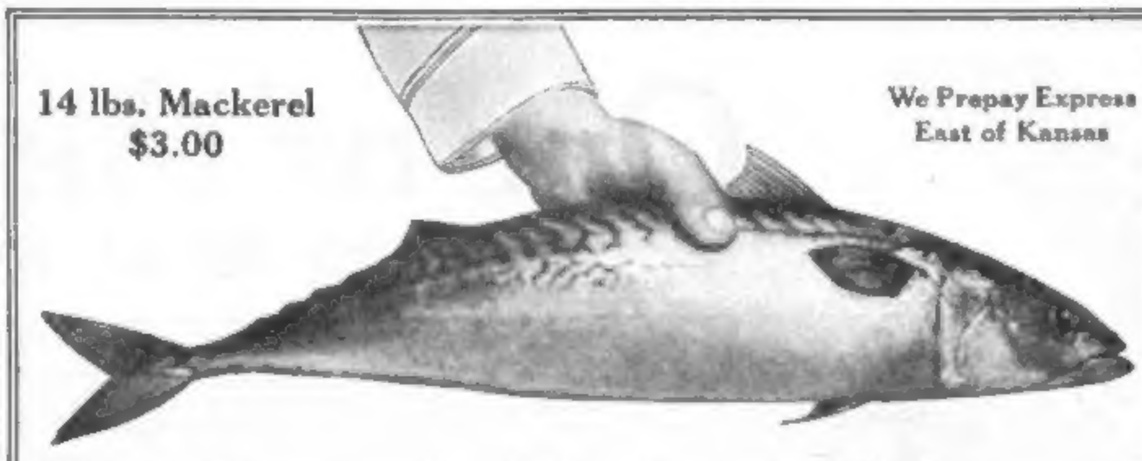
¢ Possibly if ancestors had been kodaked there would be less family pride.

¢ The dollar that comes out of Wall Street usually returns with company—and stays.

¢ Every discussion of the best age for marriage shows that it is between fifteen and ninety.

14 lbs. Mackerel $3.00

We Prepay Express East of Kansas



Eat Ocean's Choicest Fish

Buy Direct from the Wharf

10 large, fat, juicy, tender, white-meated, salt mackerel for $3.00, express prepaid to your door.

They come fourteen pounds or more in a tub (see picture below), with heads, tails, and all waste removed, fully prepared for cooking. Each fish weighs nearly one and one-half pounds, and is sufficient for four people.

Nowhere in the world can you buy more choice fish, for we select only the finest specimens from the catches of the entire Gloucester fleet. You have the privilege of returning at our expense if not entirely satisfactory in every way, and your $3.00 will be cheerfully refunded.

We prefer cash with the order, but with proper references we are pleased to send on approval, so that you may thoroughly examine your goods before paying for them. As to our standing, we refer you to any national bank, or to Dun or Bradstreet.

Remember, we do not sell through dealers, so order direct, sending your money or references, and we will ship immediately, express prepaid, to your door. *Order now or send for descriptive price list* of many other kinds of choice fish.

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY

64 Central Wharf Gloucester, Massachusetts

NOTICE TO

Commercial Travelers

A GREATER part of every year you spend in traveling—leading the hazardous life that men who sell goods must lead when on the road. *Are you insured against accident?* When you leave home, do you know that in case you are unfortunate enough to meet with injury, to lose an arm, a leg, or even your life, that your family are going to be well cared for?

The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association—the *oldest* and *strongest* in the world—is organized for this very purpose, and gives you insurance at cost. Think of it! For twenty-seven years the average cost to its members has been but $7.75 a year, a little over 2c a day. Can you in justice to yourself and family be without its benefits? Read this—then write for literature and application blank.

Weekly Indemnity—$25.00; loss of one eye—$1,000; loss of one leg and one arm—$5,000; death by accident—$5,000; loss of both eyes—$5,000; loss of one arm or one leg—$2,500.

Only traveling *MEN* engaged in the following occupations are eligible:

Traveling	*Traveling*
Wholesale Salesmen	Wholesale City Salesmen
Wholesale Buyers	Bank Examiners
Fire Adjusters	Government Inspectors
Auditors, Appraisers	Freight Solicitors
Advertising Solicitors	Passenger Agents

Write Today—Using Coupon

The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America
GEO. S. DANA, Sec'y-Treas., UTICA, N.Y.

Reserve fund, $490,767.90
Membership 64,000
Paid to policy holders over three and one-half millions

"Organized by Traveling Men for Traveling Men"

SIGN AND MAIL

The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America
GEO. S. DANA, Sec'y-Treas., Utica, N.Y.
Kindly send Literature and Application Blanks to
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COUPON

Enclosed find $5 for lot at South New York, in accordance with the guarantee in this advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 26, 1910.

Name _____

Address _____

One of the Greatest Offers

IN REAL ESTATE HISTORY

TEN years from now New York City will have added to its population a city the size of Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco combined. That means that a million and a half new people must have houses, stores, churches, schools, theatres — all the elements of city life — on land now within the limits of New York City.

Ten years ago all New York was valued by the Board of Assessors at three billion dollars — to-day, at seven billions. That is to say, those who own the land of New York have added four billion dollars, or 133⅓ % at least, to their personal wealth in 10 years.

Ten years ago we offered lots in what was then an unimproved district of this great city for $440 each. Some of these lots have sold since for over $3000 each.

The big fortunes in real estate are made (and Andrew Carnegie says, "Few can now be made from any other source") by buying cheap land near dear land. The dearest land in the country is at Wall Street and Broadway. The cheapest land in New York City — distance, improvements, and transportation considered — is in Richmond Borough, only 45 minutes from Wall Street, at South New York. $5 starts you, and the balance can be paid in easy monthly payments of $5. The Staten Island movement has only just begun. Will you get aboard now, or wait?

NEW YORK CITY
is made up of five Boroughs
Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Richmond
SOUTH NEW YORK
is in the Borough of Richmond, formerly Staten Island

OUR REFERENCES

Bradstreet's and Dun's rate us higher than any real estate concern in the world. For further information, apply to any commercial agency, bank or trust company in the U. S., or write to any first-class magazine about our reliability and financial standing.

Remember, our offer also carries a free deed in case of death, high class improvements free, a free round trip (railroad fare) to New York, east of Chicago or like distance.

You have absolutely nothing to lose by writing at once for full particulars, or better still, get best choice by sending us $5 upon the distinct understanding that if you are not entirely satisfied with our selection we will at once return your money.

Remember, too, that our unparalleled reputation, our standing after twenty-two years of honest dealing, and the millions of capital we have invested are behind our statements — each and every word of them.

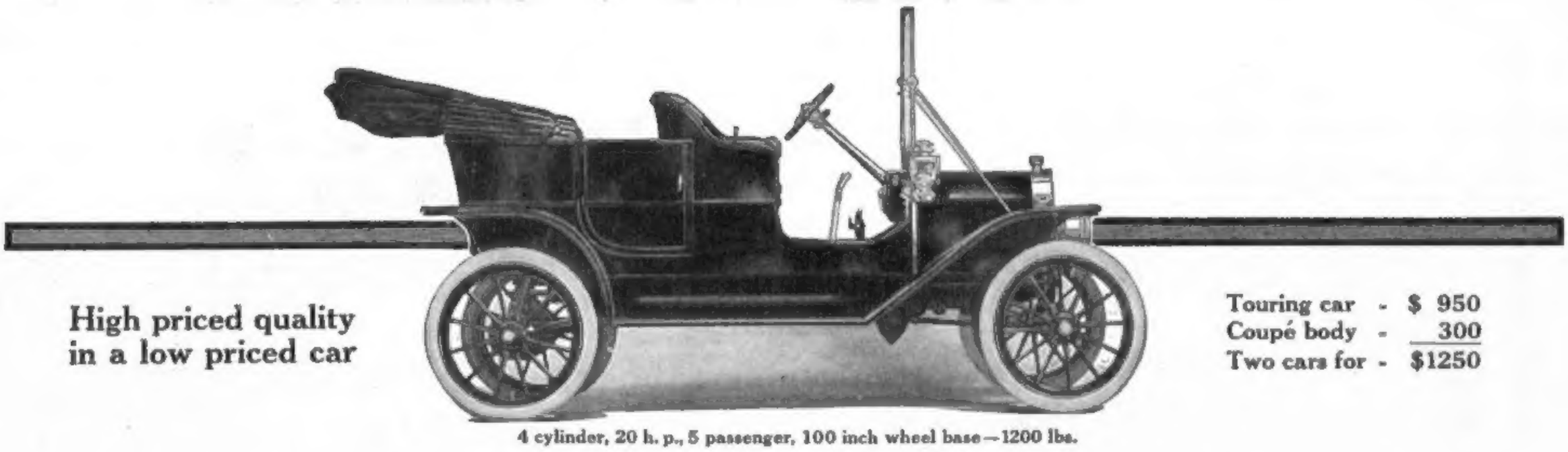
Wood, Harmon & Co.

Dept. G 7, 261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

COME TO NEW YORK at any time within a year after you purchase; visit our properties; keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain in our $10,000,000 holdings; change to any other lot if you will, or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us. It is all the same to us. We would prefer to have you a good friend and not a customer, rather than a customer and not a good friend.

This offer applies to all purchases made within 60 days from date of this periodical.



High priced quality in a low priced car

Touring car -	$ 950
Coupé body -	300
Two cars for -	$1250

4 cylinder, 20 h. p., 5 passenger, 100 inch wheel base—1200 lbs.

A heavy weight Car makes a light weight Pocket-book.

"A lean dog for a long race," as applied to men, might be applied to motor cars. Men of muscle, of endurance, of real strength, haven't very much superfluous fat to tote around. It is the fat man who gets tired first, and is continually growling ,because he has quantity instead of quality. If his motive power were proportioned to his weight, it would not be so bad, but it is not; so he puffs and wheezes through life envying the athlete whose strength more than counterbalances the excess weight of our heavy friend.

It costs more to clothe, to feed and to keep healthy a heavy man. So does it cost more to keep a heavy automobile. The heavy car requires a larger engine to run it, and the larger engine requires more fuel. The 20 H. P. Ford engine will, because of the light weight of the car, drive the Model "T" car twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Its heavy competitor wants a gallon for every ten to fifteen miles.

The larger engine, calling for increased expense, does not mean more power. Horsepower means nothing until you compare it with the work to be done. A 5 h. p. motor would be mammoth on a sewing machine and pigmy in a power house. A broken down horse finds it easy work dragging a light buggy, while a "twenty-mule team" would be powerless to haul a load of freight cars. It is the proportion between the power and the work that determines strength.

The rated 30 h. p. engine in a two thousand pound car is a smaller engine than the 20 h. p. Model "T" Ford, because the Model "T" car weighs only twelve hundred pounds. The Ford has a horsepower for each sixty pounds. The "30's" have a horsepower for each seventy to one hundred pounds. They need more than the extra horsepower merely to tote around the excess weight. The excess power demanded for that excess weight is what causes that excess expense.

Quality, not quantity, makes strength. Build your car of lead, and we will grant you it will be heavier. Put in place of this inferior material the Vanadium steel that is used throughout the entire Ford car, and not only is the weight reduced, but the strength is increased. It is the quality of the Ford that has reduced the weight—quality of material, quality of design, quality of workmanship—and this weight reduction means expense reduction to a most surprising degree.

An American toured Europe in a heavy "40," just himself and three passengers. He kept an expense account, and the December Cycle and Auto Trade Journal reproduced the figures. Gasoline cost him three cents a mile, oil one cent a mile, tires eight cents a mile, and the total automobile expense was twenty cents per mile of journey. At the same time the Honorable T. S. Harrison, ex-United States Ambassador to Egypt, and party, was touring the same countries, but in a Model "T" Ford, and his expense was approximately two cents per mile. The difference represents the enormous toll exacted by heavy weight.

The Royal City Garage of Guelph, Ont., contract to care for Model "T" Ford cars at the rate of $125.00 for 5000 miles, this to cover storage, gasoline, oil, tires, repairs and carbide. As 5000 miles is an average season's mileage, this figures less than $10.50 per month. One man traveling 5000 miles by rail would spend $150.00 for railroad fare. You couldn't board a horse in a public livery for that price per month, and 6 horses would not cover 5000 miles in a year. The Essex Automobile Company of Paterson, N. J., advertise a similar service for $15.00 per month, and both these garages make a profit.

It is not necessary to emphasize the fact that the Ford is a car of quality. It is recognized that this car embodies "high-priced quality in a low-priced car." The imprint "Ford" on an automobile is a guaranty of value equivalent to the mark "Sterling" on silver. This car will travel more miles, more days, more years with more satisfaction to its owner than any car selling at within several hundred dollars of the price. Ford price may have sold some Ford cars, but quality has doubled the factory and output each year of the past six.

That the price is so low is no reflection on the quality. A book could be written on the "Why of the Ford Price." Suffice it to say, any car now selling for several hundred dollars more could be sold at the Ford price, if the car were built by Ford in the Ford shops, in Ford quantities and by Ford methods, providing the Ford single, small profit per car would be satisfactory to the makers.

Anyway, it is worth your while to look into this question. Don't be kept poor by the expense of the car you buy. Don't let a heavy car lighten your pocket-book. Let common sense dictate your automobile purchase. There is a vast army of Ford owners "just tickled to death" to think they listened to reason and bought the light weight, low priced Ford.

Here's a hint that the man who takes it is wise. Now is the time to buy a Ford car. A month from now thousands will be clamoring for deliveries. Prompt shipment can be secured on immediate purchases, but we already have contracts specifying 3000 cars for March, 3600 for April and 4200 for May. So get in immediate touch with the nearest Ford dealer or branch and give him a hurry-up order. Anybody can order in April; the sensible man *buys* in February.

Town Car or Taxicab, $1200

1910 Catalog B Now Ready

266 Piquette Avenue, Detroit, U.S.A.

Branches or dealers in all the principal cities of the world

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Coupé, $1050

Ford Motor Company

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK.

THE day of irritation and aggravation caused by bristle shedding tooth brushes has passed. All these years you have subjected yourself to the dangers of stray bristles, causing havoc to the gums, the throat and the stomach, simply because no one else could devise a process of making that guaranteed the permanency of the bristles of a tooth brush.

By remarkable ingenuity, we have succeeded in adapting the marvelous RUBBERSET principle of gripping bristles in hard vulcanized rubber.

Through the formation of a hard-rubber base on the inside of each brush, each bristle is separately planted and forever held in its place. Nothing can dislodge the bristles from this hard and fast base. Hot water, vigorous rubbing, long service—three disastrous elements to the best brush you ever knew—mean nothing to the RUBBERSET. **It is the *first safety tooth brush,* the *really* sanitary tooth brush.**

It is sanitary the day you buy it. You keep it sanitary every day you use it, by giving it a cleansing in the hottest water the faucet pours forth. Each RUBBERSET BRUSH is sterilized at the factory, packed and sold in individual sealed boxes to insure its reaching you in perfectly germ-proof condition.

Every particle of bristle is carefully selected and made into brushes of extra soft, regular soft, medium and extra hard stiffness.

The shapings of the tufts are expertly and scientifically designed, insuring a style for all teeth and a fit for every mouth. The handles are either rigid or pliable, straight or curved, whichever you choose.

Irrespective of style or shape—each RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH is best and sells at 35c each.

Your **druggist** or **department store** will sell you RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSHES.

If not, send us the retail price, tell us the style of brush you like, enclose the dealer's name that does not keep them, and we shall supply you.

Rubberset Company,

Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.

Makers of Rubberset Shaving Brushes—Rubberset Paint Brushes and Rerset Shaving Cream Soap and Rerset Dental Cream.